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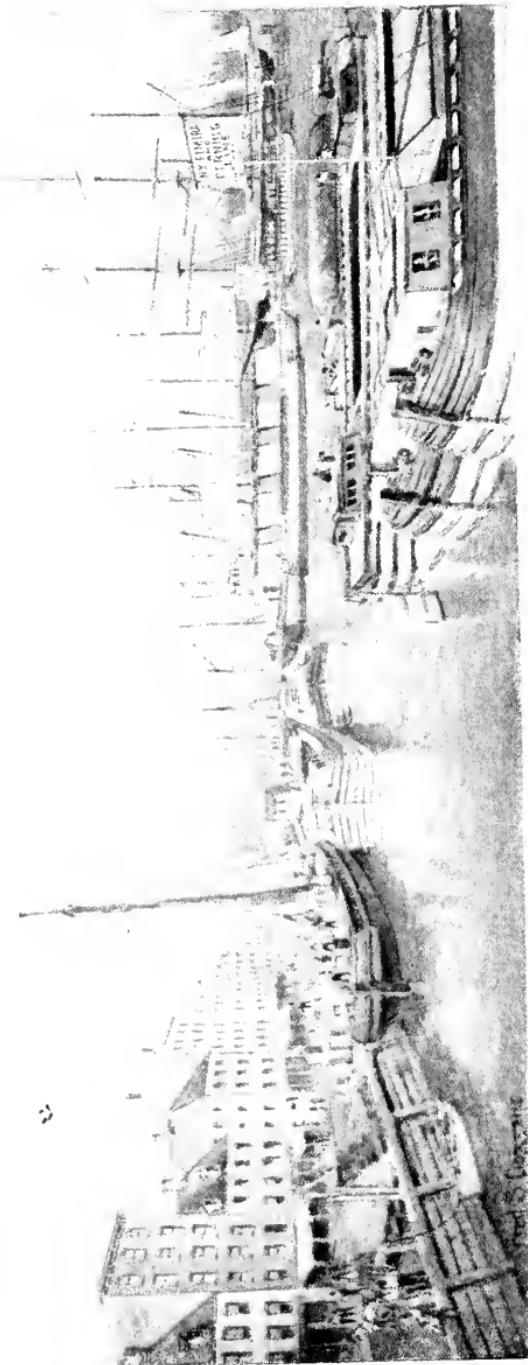
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Valentine's Manual of
Old New York



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HUDSON RIVER CANAL BOATS AT THEIR DOCKS ALONG WEST STREET, NEW YORK. WATER COLOR DRAWING BY F. S. COZZENS
FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL.

Valentine's Manual OF Old New York

No. 6, New Series
1922

EDITED BY
HENRY COLLINS BROWN

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY
OUR EYES—
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND
THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"
Shakespeare.

NEW YORK
VALENTINE'S MANUAL INC.
15 EAST 40TH ST.

THE HOLT COMPANY

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704947

To

Some Old Time 'Queens of the Hudson'

Katherine of Clermont

De Witt Clinton

Ben Franklin

Washington Irving

Katrina Van Tassell

Isaac Newton

Robert Fulton

Francis Skiddy

Chrystenah

and the

Mary Powell

This Volume is affectionately dedicated

Cur. Libr. 22.33 (9 Vols.)

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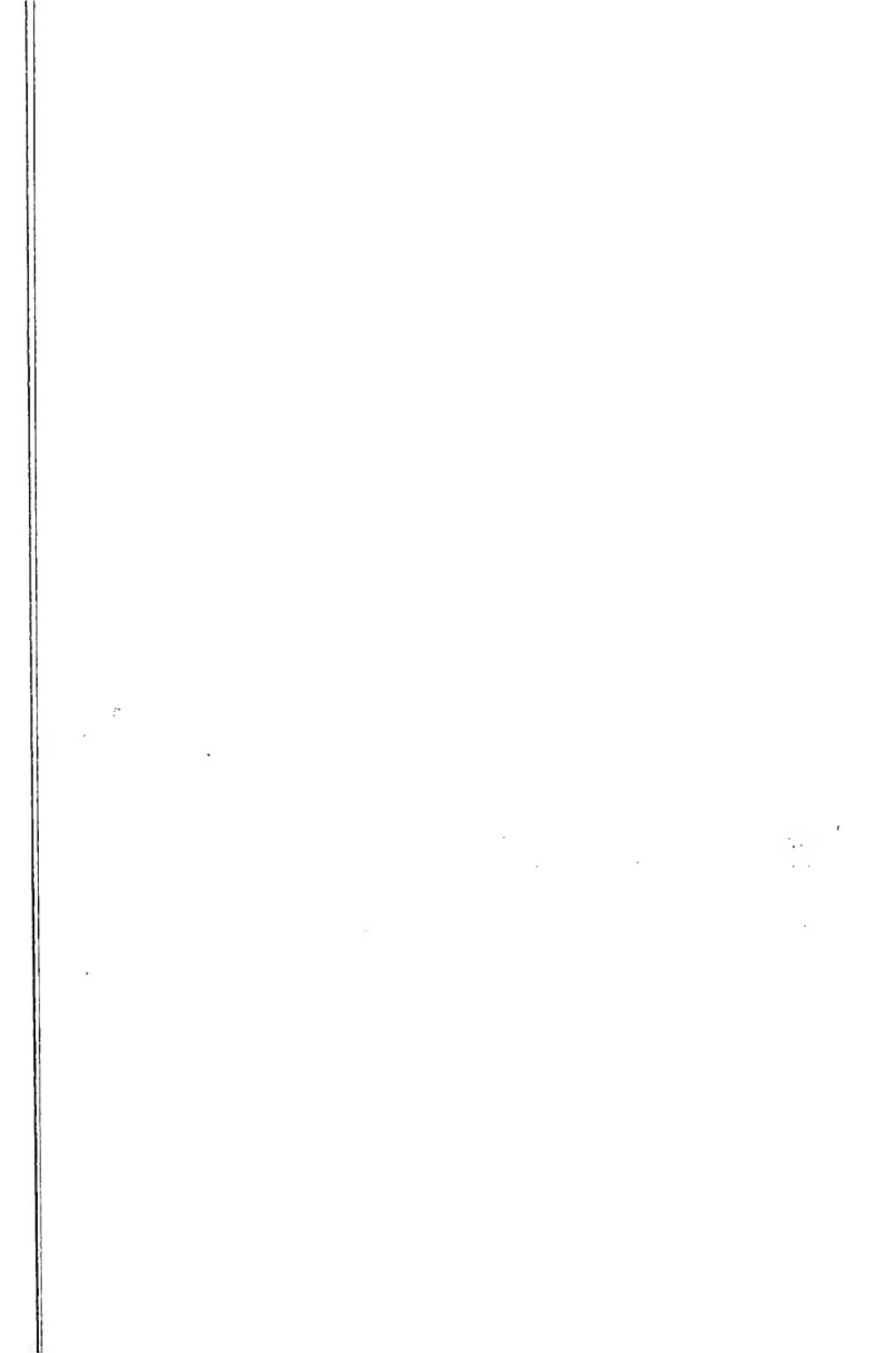
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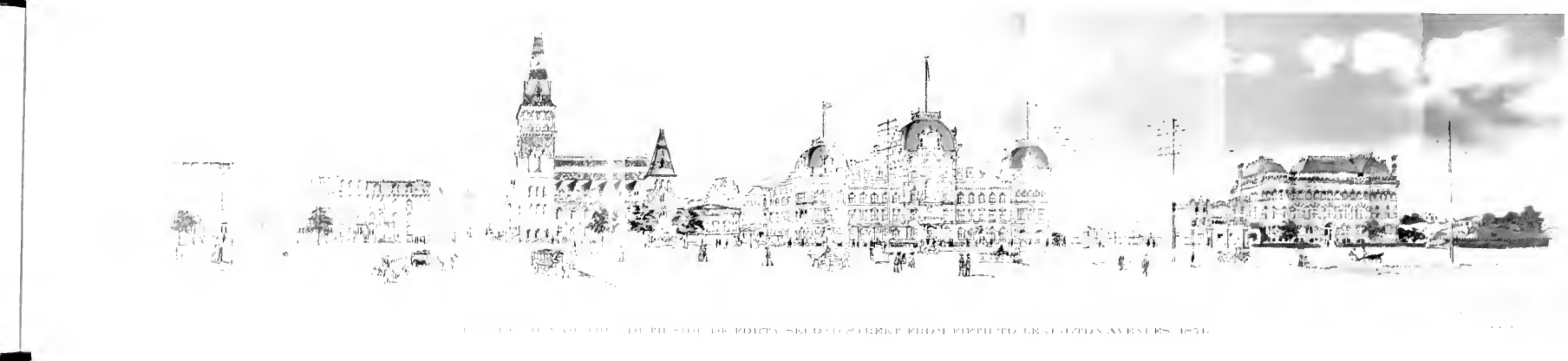
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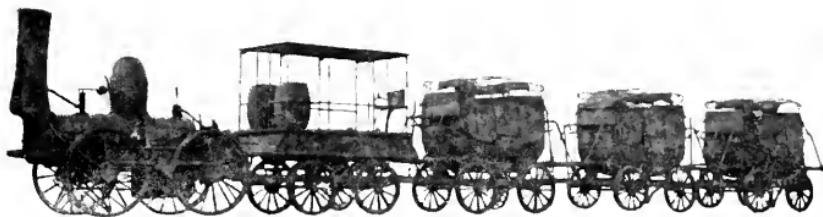
HOW WASHINGTON HEIGHTS HAS CHANGED IN LESS THAN
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THE PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG, SHOT FROM THE ROOF OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE SAVIOUR, 1874.



Quite recently the De Witt Clinton was again put upon the tracks and made part of a journey to Chicago under her own steam. She excited much interest on the way and received everywhere a cordial reception.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL *of* OLD NEW YORK

No. 6

FOR 1922

New Series

FIFTY YEARS ON OLD FORTY-SECOND STREET, 1870-1920

Doctor F. W. Schoonmaker, whose drug store is now among the oldest in the City and the only store on 42nd Street that has survived the changes since 1871 is still hale and hearty. He is at his business every day and has probably more personal friends in the neighborhood than any other man on the street. We asked Dr. Schoonmaker if he wouldn't kindly talk about the old days for the benefit of the present generation and for the edification of his old friends. The following article is very much as Dr. Schoonmaker recalled the old days but some interpolations by Mr. Simeon Ford, Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, Mr. Chas. Elliott Warren and other neighbors have been included.—*Editor.*

IT is very satisfactory and an inspiring thought to recall that the first important building to be erected on old Forty-second Street was one devoted to that noblest of all charities—the relief of pain and suffering among the children of the poor—the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled—which stood for so many years at the corner of Lexington Avenue. It was

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

then so far out of town as to be regarded as a Country Hospital. In the Annual report of 1871 we find the following description of its then picturesque location:

The elevation of the edifice commands not only a wide view of the upper part of the city, but also of regions beyond. On the one hand may be seen the bright waters of the Sound; on the other, in the distance, lie the wooded hills of New Jersey. Immediately around on all sides, broad handsome avenues stretch away with their long lines of palatial residences, while the unique and imposing appearance of the structure itself, which is the 'pointed style' of architecture presents a conspicuous way-mark for that part of the city.

The Institution has progressed under a management that has always commanded the respect of the public. It is interesting to trace the families in the personnel of the Board. For example:

Jonathan Sturges was one of the incorporators and a member of the first Board. His son, Frederick Sturges, was elected in 1871, became treasurer in 1875, and president in 1901. His son, Arthur Sturges, served on the Board for a number of years.

William H. Osborn, a son-in-law of Jonathan Sturges, became a member in 1870, and the latter part of his life served as president. His son, William Church Oshorn, and grandson of Jonathan Sturges has for many years been active as a member, secretary and now president of the Board.

Sons or grandsons of former Managers, all members of the present board are; William H. Macy, Jr., John N. Stearns, Jr., Adrian Iselin, Jr., R. R. Colgate, Frederick Potter, John Morgan Wing, Walter P. Bliss, and William Church Osborn.

The existence of this Hospital was the reason for the frequent appearance on this Street of the most eminent surgeons of the day, including such names as: Valentine Mott, William H. Van Buren, Willard Parker, John M. Carnochan, Gurdon Buck, Frank H. Hamilton, Virgil P. Gibney, Austin Flint, John T. Metcalf, Cornelius R. Agnew, Edward G. Janeway, William T. Bull, James R. Wood, H. Marion Sims, Drs. Agnew, Jacobi, Seguin, Helmuth, McCreery, to say nothing of the eminent consulting physicians on the present staff.

To Dr. James Knight, a struggling practitioner in the 60's the organization of this Society was largely due. He was doing what he could in his own home to care for the poor unfortunates who came under his personal care, but



EXTERIOR OF MR. F. W. SCHONMAKER'S DRUG STORE, THE FIRST ON 42ND
STREET. LOCATED AT THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF PRESENT
HOTEL COMMODORE, 1875

the necessity for larger facilities soon became a pressing need. He finally succeeded in securing the support of Drs. Valentine Mott, Willard Parker, J. M. Carnochan, James R. Wood, George Opdyke, R. A. Wittans, Wilson G. Hunt, Robert L. Stewart, Peter Cooper and T. B. Stillman. A regular institution was then formed in 1863 with the following Board of Managers:

ROBERT B. MINTURN,	GEORGE GRISWOLD
JOHN C. GREEN	JOHN DAVID WOLFE
STEWART BROWN	ENOCH L. FANCHER
A. R. WETMORE	JAMES KNIGHT
WILLIAM A. BOOTH	THOMAS DENNY
ROBERT M. HARTLEY	CHARLES N. TALBOT
JOSEPH B. COLLINS	J. F. SHEAFE
JONATHAN STURGES	HENRY S. TERBELL
JAMES W. BEEKMAN	NATHAN BISHOP
JOHN W. QUINCY	

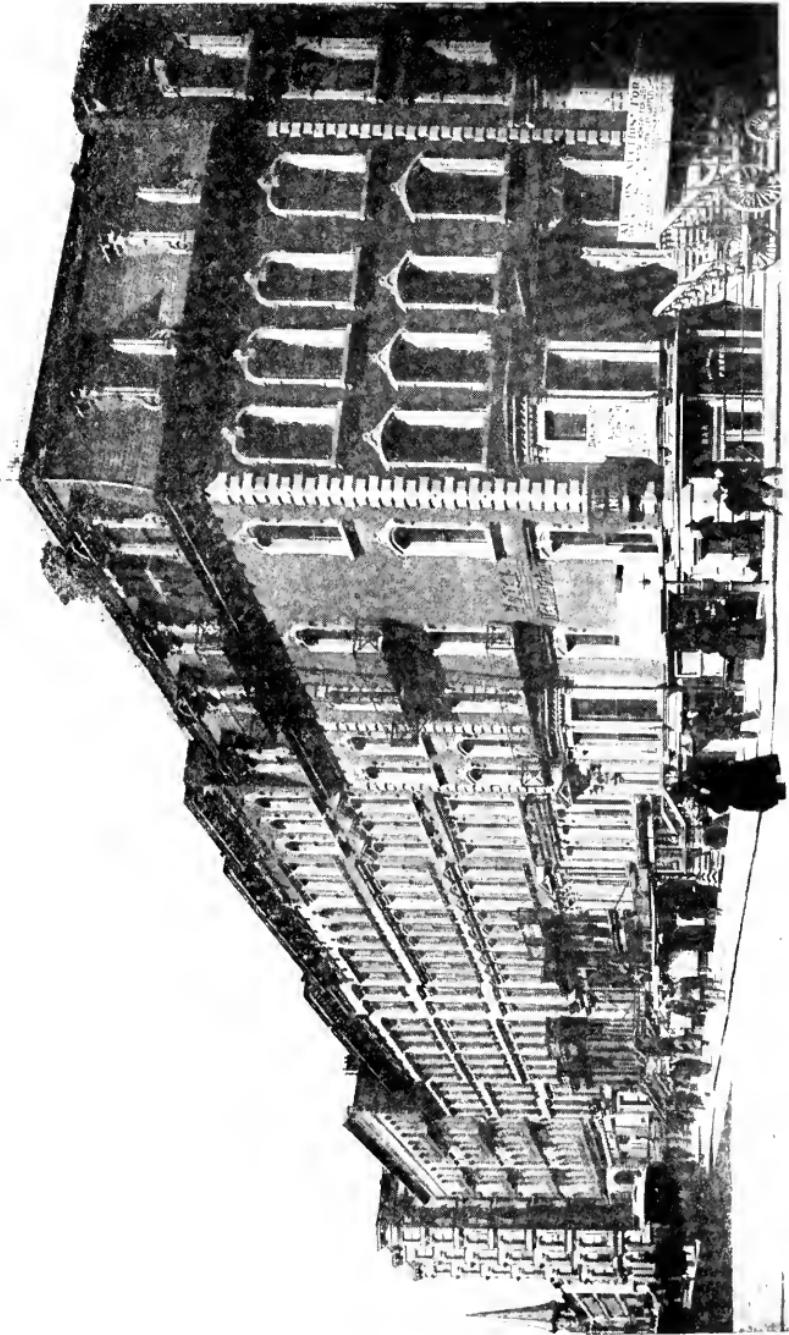
Its presidents have been John C. Green, 1864 to 1874; Stewart Brown, 1875 to 1879; Samuel Willets, 1880 to 1883; whose son, John T. Willets, has been for a number of years vice-president and a valuable member of the Board; William H. Macy, 1884 to 1887; William H. Osborn, 1888 to 1890; William B. Isham, 1891 to 1901; Frederick Sturges, 1902 to 1910; William Church Osborn elected 1911.

All New York now knows the magnitude to which this hospital has grown. Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, who succeeded Dr. Knight in 1887 has been connected with the active work of the institution as surgeon-in-chief for a period just one year short of half a century.

When the expanding business of the Railroad compelled the acquisition of the Lexington Avenue corner, the Society removed east of 2nd Avenue and now has a modern building of the highest type but still on the street of its origin.

Through the kindness of its friends, the Hospital is also able to provide its little patients with many a delightful sojourn in the country during the heated term, prominent among them being "Robins Nest," Tarrytown, with accommodations for twenty-two of the children, from May until December; the country Home for Convalescent Babies, at Sea Cliff; the Haxton Cottage at Bath Beach, maintained by the Children's Aid Society; the New York Home for Destitute Crippled Children; the Playground Assn. of America; the People's University Extension Society; the Crippled Children's Driving Fund Assn.; the model country hospital maintained at Sharon, Connecticut, built especially for the needs of the children, by Miss Emily O. Wheeler, and known as "The Bobolinks;" the annual treats, like the Potter entertainment, provided by Miss Blanche Potter, in memory of her father, Mr. Orlando B. Potter, a valued member of our Board; the McAlpin Day, the 20th of June, on which occasion there is a treat to all the patients, a ride in the Park, games on the lawn; the Witherell Memorial, a day set apart once a year, for an entertainment, drive in the Park, and a treat of ice cream, cake and oranges for the children.

I must mention an amusing experience I had with two of the young doctors in the Hospital with most of whom I was intimate. It was during the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The lower part was completed and they had fairs almost every night. We visited the Fair one evening and please remember these young physicians were only getting \$30.00 per month, board and wash. As we strolled down the aisle, a dear little girl came up to us selling flowers and asked us to buy some. Dr. Billy White said "I won't buy any flowers



FORTY-SECOND STREET LOOKING WEST FROM MADISON AVENUE ABOUT 1900. THE WELLINGTON HOTEL ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE MANHATTAN HOTEL, NOW ALTERED INTO OFFICES FOR THE NATIONAL CITY CO. NOTE SIGNS ANNOUNCING SALE OF FURNISHINGS, ETC., AND IN THE ACCOMPANYING PLATE OF THE MANHATTAN HOTEL, WILL BE SEEN A SIMILAR ANNOUNCEMENT ONLY TWENTY YEARS AFTER

but I will give you \$5.00 for one of your pretty curls." She came back to us after a time with a pair of scissors and said: "Mother said you can have one" and Doctor White had to part with a week's salary.

Altogether, it is a great satisfaction to know that this old street started its career as a friend of the many friendless children in our great city and that it has been able to do so much for those unable to do for themselves.

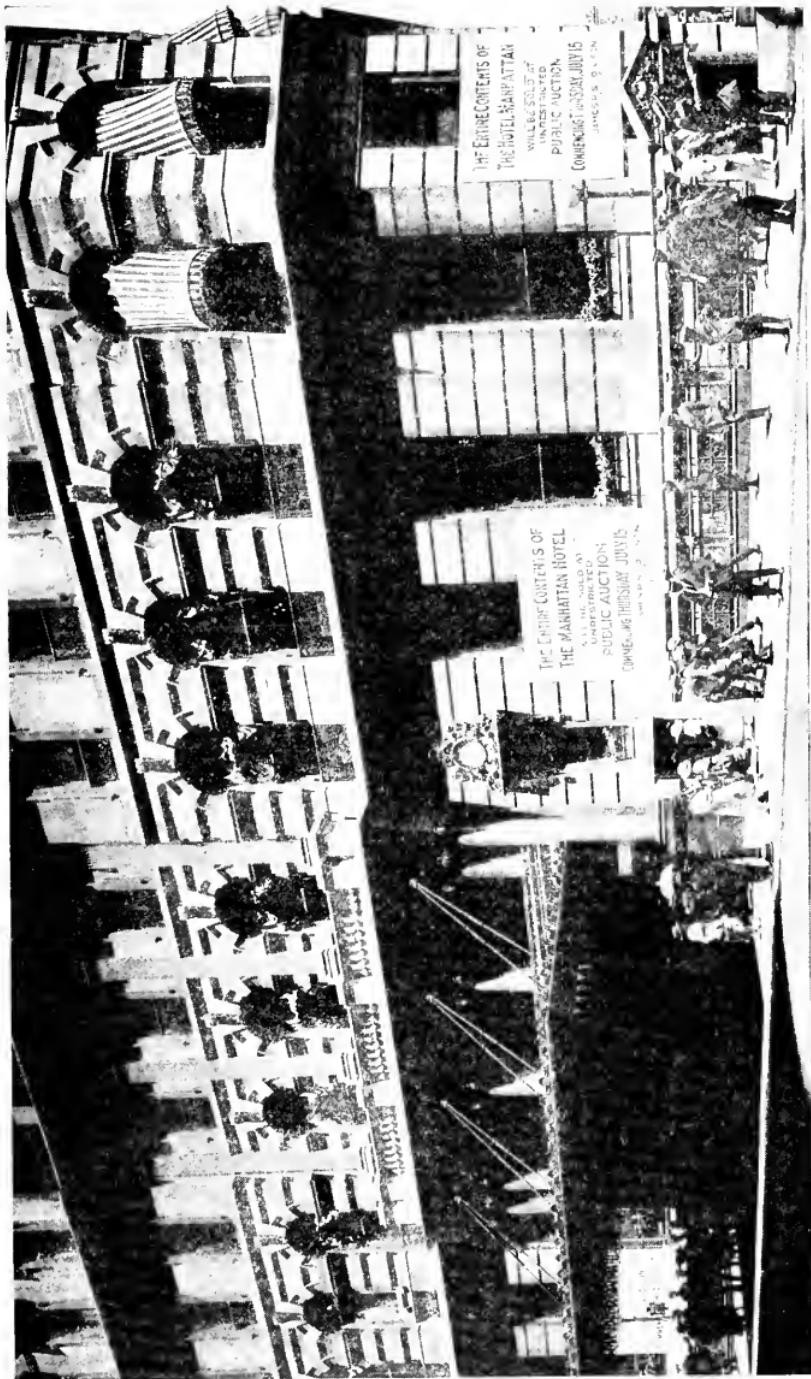
I was among the first of the old merchants on 42nd Street who came here when the original Grand Central Station was built. That was a famous building in its day. There was nothing like it in the country and for years it was the most talked of structure in the United States. I have lived to see this old time Eighth Wonder of the world pass away. I have seen its successor pass away; and if history moves much faster it would not surprise me if I lived to see the present building also disappear and all the commuters wend their way home not on the 5:15 but in their own machines like so many migrating birds.

Forty-second Street, when I first opened my modest drug store in the south west corner of the present Commodore Hotel, was a beautiful street. It was very wide and was lined with beautiful shade trees, most of the way to 6th Avenue. There were two particularly fine magnolias in the lawn in front of the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled. When they bloomed they were a beautiful sight and the neighbors for blocks around came to see them. Beyond Lexington Avenue the land was still unimproved and was surrounded by a white fence. The old lady who owned the plot lived in a small wooden house on the corner of 43rd Street. She kept a large herd of goats and sold goats' milk which was then in great

demand. Goats were about the only profitable crop that could be raised on this soil as can be readily understood when you look at the picture which shows how this part of town looked in those days. When the goats wearied of gamboling on the green they foregathered on the front steps of the Hospital and chewed their cuds contentedly while some took a nap. Farther down the street the land terminated in a large overhanging bluff commanding a splendid view of the East River, with a gentle hill sloping to the pebbly shore. A row of nice houses was built here—Prospect Terrace—in one of which I started housekeeping, and after business hours with Mr. Zenos Crowden with whom I shared the house, we all—the neighbors—used to sit in the gardens facing the river and watch the Harlem boats go by—the Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Glen, Sylvan Grove and Rosedale. A little later the great Boston boats added to the interest of the scene. It was about the time Jim Fiske secured control of the Fall River Line and no such gorgeousness was ever before seen in steamer travel as he provided in the “Bristol.”

Besides being my warm friend, Mr. Zenos Crowden was also the owner of the Fish department in the Grand Union Market adjoining my store and frequently took some of us with him in the very early morning to the foot of Fulton Market where all the fish came in. We went in his fish cart but you needn’t turn your nose up at this. All the fish carts and butcher carts had nifty horses in those days and a brush down the Bowery with a rival team was a heartening sight! Zenos had several very speedy animals and I greatly enjoyed these little side trips. Refrigerating cars were unknown in those days and the finny tribe were still swimming around in the

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Forty-second Street at Madison Avenue, 1920. The passing of the Manhattan Hotel.
See announcement of the sale of furnishings similar to that on preceding
illustration of the former Wellington Hotel in 1890.

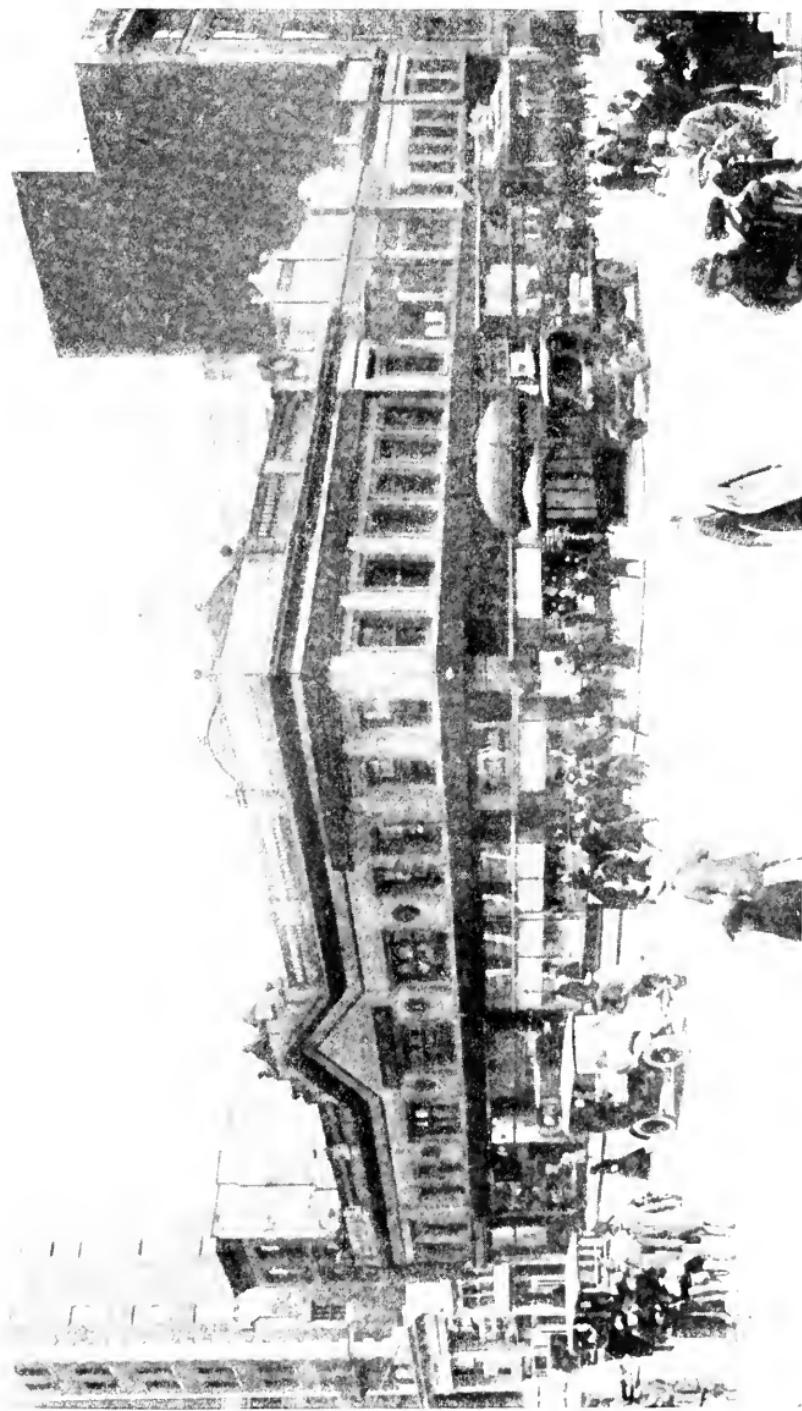
OF OLD NEW YORK

tanks of the sloops where Mr. Crowden bought his supplies. We generally took breakfast at Billy Hitchcock's, a tremendously popular place with the all-night workers of the city. He sold a fine cup of coffee and two crullers for 3 cents. There was a coin of this denomination in circulation after the war but it finally gave way to the nickel. Then Billy made his cups bigger and added an extra cruller and charged 5 cents.

The crockery in this establishment was unique. I think it was made of the same stuff out of which flower pots were produced. There were no handles on the cups, the rims bore the honored scars of many a desperate encounter with the dishwasher and large rough spaces ornamented the edges of cups, plates and bowls. This provided a disagreeable impression at first but you soon became used to it once you became a regular customer. It would hardly find credence if I were to enumerate the long list of distinguished men who at one time or other dined at this modest establishment. It remains a fact, however, that with the passing of Billy Hitchcock passed also the fine art of cooking "beef and." I know of a lot of men who would back up this statement were it not for the fact that they are bank presidents, railroad magnates and "Big Business" men generally, some of whose wives might shy at these early recollections.

Running a drug store in those days was a pleasant occupation. Everybody knew us and we knew everybody. It was very much like being a doctor, only we had none of the doctor's heavy responsibility. Yet we took a lively interest in all the patients and shared in the doctor's relief when a crisis had been passed and the road to recovery made certain.

My very first location is now covered, as I have said, by part of the Hotel Commodore. The great Croton Market was on one side of my little store, the Grand Union on the other side. And as it was the custom in those days to have long racks in front of the Market with beef, mutton and fowl, displayed hanging from the rack, it was no uncommon thing for my store to be well hid on either side and many a time I have gone and asked Mr. Henry Tyson, a fine friend of mine, to let me have a little more gangway for the entrance to my store. I would like to say now that I never have been thrown in with a finer set of men and the people also that came to Market. Mr. Joseph Kinch, a relative of Mr. A. T. Stewart, had one of the stands in the Croton Market, also Mr. Henry Tyson, who after the Market was taken down, went to Fifth Avenue and 45th Street and conducted a market near the Windsor Hotel of which my friends, Mr. W. S. Hawk and Mr. George Weatherbee were the proprietors; afterwards taking over the Hotel Manhattan. Then came part of a row of "tax payers"—small wooden buildings one story high. Among them was J. Abrahams who kept a cigar store; the Billy Willis, who sold shirts and gent's furnishings; the Croton Market, Frederick Brandies, a fashionable grocer, famed for his Madeira wines and high class wet goods. Beyond him was perhaps the most important store of all—the Grand Union Market. This place kept the astonishing number of twenty-five clerks. In those days all New York did its own marketing and it was nothing unusual to see men like Collis P. Huntington, Henry Clews, Levi P. Morton, Dr. John W. Draper, Stephen Tyng, A. T. Stewart, Shepard Knapp, Frank Work, Robert Bonner and others of that class come to the Market before going down town to select their own



THE TAXPAYERS AT THE CORNER OF 42ND STREET AND MADISON AVENUE JUST BEFORE THE ERECTION OF THE PRESENT LIGGETT BUILDING 1921. COLLECTION MR. DUNLEVY MILBANK

supplies. New York was still in the "Age of Innocence" as Mrs. Wharton says.

Next to the Market, on the Lexington Avenue side, was a large wall paper house, Warren, Fuller & Lang. Mr. James Pinchot, the father of Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Roosevelt's friend, being one of the firm. I was quite honored to have the formation of their partnership drawn up in my store and to be a witness to it and thereby brought into friendship with these men.

The managing physician of the Hospital proved a great friend to me. When he met me one morning and asked me what I intended to do, I said I was going to open a drug store. "That's fine," he said. "I will help you all I can." And he did. For more than forty years this friendship with Dr. Virgil P. Gibney continued and I recall it with pleasantest recollections. In the late afternoon the young internes practiced target shooting in the Hospital grounds.

I remember also the great Doctor H. Marion Sims. He had a patient at the old Grand Union Hotel and sent over to my little store for a mustard plaster. I had not at that time been introduced to the mustard leaf, just being introduced by Seabury, now Seabury and Johnson so I went out and got an egg and some cloth and with mustard made him one like mother made for us children. I took it over to him at the Hotel on a platter and he said, "Thank you, very much, I will remember you for this," and he did.

We had in those early days only a few specialists among our doctors. They were nearly all in general practice. I can quote Dr. Agnew, Dr. Seguin, Professor Sands, Dr. P. Callan, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, Dr. Andrew H. Smith, Dr. William Todd Helmuth whose home, S. E. corner Madison

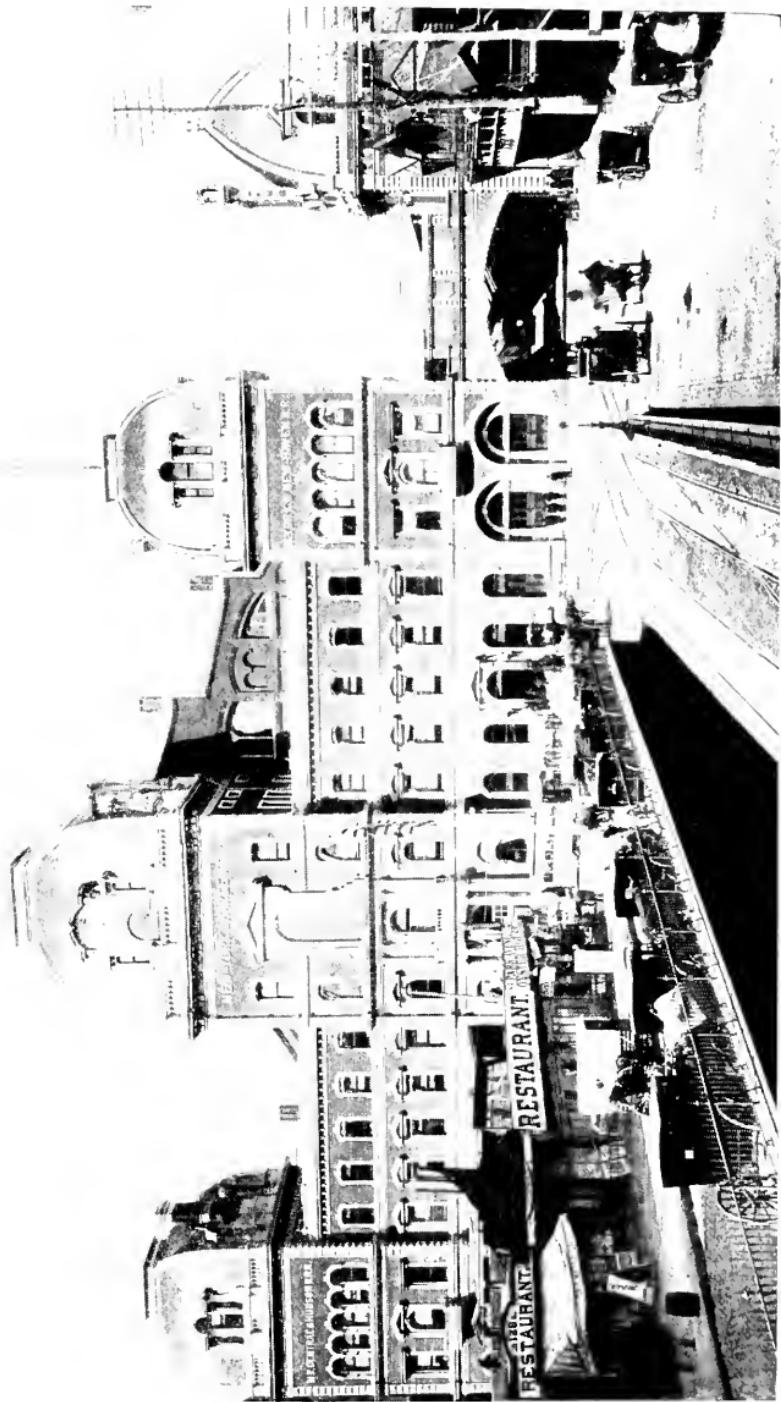
Avenue and 42nd Street was much to me and my family physician, Dr. John A. McCreery, a wonderful friend of mine.

I must not forget the other side of the Grand Central Station. On the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue and 42nd Street, which was J. N. Galway's fine grocery store, a two story building and over the store were the first of the overflow offices of the Grand Central Depot. Judge Ashbel Green and Mr. Van Arsdale, were the legal advisers.

Mrs. Gibson's candy store was next door to the grocery store on 42nd Street. And the way into her store, a little ways from the Street. This store was afterwards taken over by Mr. William Mendel, in after years, who today, has many stores in and around the depot.

Mr. George Sands, a brother of Professor Sands, drug store was in the middle of the block on Vanderbilt Avenue, opposite the Harlem waiting room. Afterwards taken over by Mr. James Hetherington, who now has a corner on 42nd Street. The Charles Grocery Store was then at the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue and 43rd Street, and private houses clear around to Dr. Tyng's church. The building of the subway was a sad trial for all of us as we pretty nearly lost courage and our business besides. I remember my friend, Mr. Harry Sanford, who had charge of the construction work on 42nd Street for Degnan & McLean, calling it a great big celery trench, and so it was. I well remember the explosion at the face of the tunnel on Park Avenue, in which General Shaler lost his life and which played havoc with the Murray Hill and Grand Union and blew my windows clear out and nearly me also.

We were so far "up town" that the large wholesale houses sent their drummers only once a week, or when-



PARK AVENUE AT 42ND STREET ABOUT 1880, SHOWING THE OLD DEPOT AND THE RAILWAY CUTTING NOW REPLACED BY A VIADUCT FROM 40TH STREET

ever they made their regular trips up through the State. After stopping at 42nd Street the next was to take the train for Boston, Albany and all points East and West. When we had to go down town for anything we left the store about noon and were rarely back before seven or eight o'clock. There was no rapid transit in those days and in very stormy weather in winter the snow made the trip practically impossible, and the Street cars had six and eight horses to draw them. I have seen almost a week go by before normal relations could be resumed with down town, and in the great blizzard of 1888 we were without communication of any kind from anywhere for several days as even the railroads were out of commission. That blizzard was certainly a most remarkable storm. I never saw anything like it before or since. For many years everything dated from before or after the blizzard. Many lives were lost but perhaps the most conspicuous was that of Roscoe Conklin. He became confused in Madison Square and was found wandering helplessly around the winding paths. An illness resulting from this exposure brought this brilliant career to an untimely end.

In front of the Grand Central on the Vanderbilt Ave. side, old New Yorkers will recall that for many years a vacant lot stood there enclosed in a picket fence. It covered the entire block. The great Hotel Biltmore now occupies the same identical place.

For many years that was the private play ground of beautiful Maud S. the greatest little trotter in my opinion that ever stood on four feet. She was Wm. H. Vanderbilt's great pet and he had her brought where he could see her out of the office windows where he managed the great railroad. Many a time I have felt the silky nose of this beautiful mare against my face and it was rightly con-

sidered a great honor to be allowed this privilege. I often wonder if Johnny Bowman, himself a great horse lover, knows that his great hotel stands on Maud S.' playground?

Building soon began on the vacant lots east of Lexington Avenue and the goat farm disappeared. On the corner rose a hotel called the Vanderbilt. It afterwards achieved great local fame as the headquarters of the redoubtable John L. Sullivan. Small boys used to haunt this locality persistently in the hope of catching a glimpse of the famous slugger. I often wish Miss Anne Morgan could have seen John L. Only if John L. had lived, there would have been no Devastated France, because, in the opinion of the average man in those days, John L. could have licked the whole German Army with one hand tied behind his back. What Sullivan would have said could he come back and attend one of those prize fights (?) pulled off by my good friend Sweeney in the soft carpeted room of the Commodore, staggers the imagination. "Boxing Bout in the Ball Room; take the Elevators to the right!" Imagine the effect of this announcement on John L.! And when he saw the mad rush to the tea room, between bouts, for a drink of Orange Pekoe, the old man would doubtless have committed murder. Ah! me.

But I digress.

Events along the old Street were now moving with amazing rapidity. The immense amount of business created by the opening of the new depot already began to make itself manifest. Hotels began springing up in every direction and soon we had the Allerton, adjoining the cattle yards at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue; Wellington at the corner of Madison Avenue, the Meurice and the Bristol occupying the opposite corners of Fifth Avenue and the Riggs house on Park Avenue in the middle of a



FORTY-SECOND STREET LOOKING WEST FROM PARK AVENUE, 1875.
AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF 42ND STREET OPPOSITE
THE DEPOT, OCCUPIED BY SMALL SHANTIES. PRESENT SITE
OF THE BELMONT HOTEL, IRVING NATIONAL
BANK, ETC.

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row of houses between 41st and 42nd Streets, and the Westchester, which faced 42nd Street just around the corner from the avenue. These last two hotels as well as the entire block, subsequently became the Grand Union, which for more than a quarter of a century shone with enviable brilliancy in a city soon to be famed for its remarkable achievements in the line of Hotel accommodation.

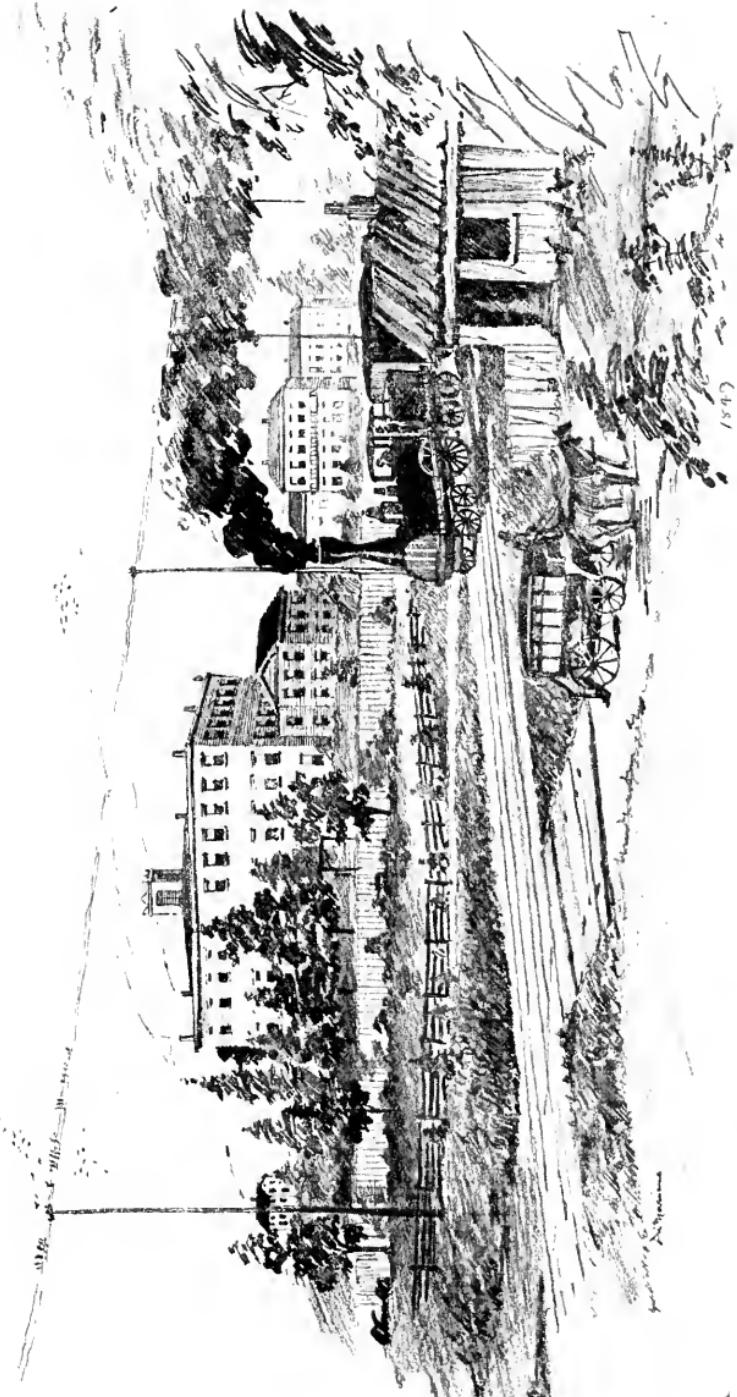
About 1880 additions to the station on 42nd Street caused the removal of the "tax payers" in which I was located and I removed to the corner of Park Avenue where the Belmont now stands and remained there for the greater part of my life. The old location had been splendid in its day, and I gave it up with great regret. Not only did I enjoy the trade of a somewhat prosperous neighborhood, but many distinguished travellers from the railroad—from abroad as well as at home—found occasion to need the services of my establishment. In the course of time I came to know a great many men prominent in all walks of life. When I moved to my new store I found the accommodations were larger and better in every way and I continued to add to the list of my friends and to hold the old ones.

The telephone at that time was beginning to be introduced and the Company made strenuous efforts to popularize its use. It was hard work, as a grating, rasping noise all but drowned the conversation in those days and sometimes it took an hour to get a message through. My dear old friend, the late Marshall P. Wilder, used to convulse his audience by his imitation of a telephone conversation. He would put an imaginary receiver to his ear and commence, "Hullo Billy is this"—and then he would break off into a series of "ar-r-r-rr's" that re-

produced exactly the aggravating sound with which most of us were familiar. Marshall got away with this story long after the trouble had disappeared. He kept it up till the Subways were opened when he substituted his now classic story about how they originally came to be built—"so that a New Yorker could go to Brooklyn without being seen." Marshall was very diminutive in appearance and once when he announced to an out of town committee where he was to perform that evening that he was Mr. Wilder, the chairman asked him "Where is your father?" What a pleasant memory my merry little friend has left to a lot of us old New Yorkers!

Well, as I was saying, the telephone was here all right and I was so much impressed with it that I was among those who decided to give it a show. I was the only one in the neighborhood to have an all night service and soon after five, just as today, it was surrounded by a group of tired business men who wanted to get word to their wives that they were detained at the office and not to keep supper for them. It soon began to grow in favor and every day it seemed to me Theodore Vail would step off the Boston train on his tireless quest for more money for its development.

Population began to build up the neighborhood rapidly and soon we were surrounded on all sides by handsome "brown stones." No one ever thought of varying the type of architecture and long rows of these doleful structures lined both sides of every street. Churches too, began to make their appearance, the most prominent of which was, I think, Dr. Tyng's on the corner of Madison Avenue. The design of this church was quite bizarre, the prevailing features being diamond groups of colored bricks, suggesting nothing so much as a piece of kitchen



GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, FORTY-SECOND STREET AND PARK AVENUE, AS IT APPEARED IN 1849, FROM A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH SHOWING THE HARLEM R. R. STATION, A WOOD-BURNING LOCOMOTIVE, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, AFTERWARDS COLUMBIA COLLEGE, BEFORE MADISON AVENUE HAD BEEN OPENED UP THROUGH ITS GROUNDS

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oil cloth. It was promptly nicknamed the Church of the Holy Oil Cloth. St. Bartholomew's moved up from Lafayette Place to 44th Street. It has recently gone to the site occupied by F. & M. Schaefer's Brewery. The Church of the Disciples with a hundred minarets and towers stood where the Manhattan Athletic Club subsequently erected its building. This was afterward occupied by the Tiffany Studios. Then there was the Emanuel Church; Dr. Robinson's Presbyterian; Bishop Newman's which General Grant attended (called the Circus Church because all the seats were arranged almost in a circle,) and the Scotch Church where the Aeolian Hall now stands, presided over by Dr. Thomas Hastings whose son's firm, Carrere & Hastings, the famous architects, built the noble Public Library which stands on the site of the old Croton Reservoir.

The Reservoir marked the end of the Sunday Church parade crowd. At noon on Sundays and especially on Easter, the display of finery was impressive and until one o'clock the avenue was the scene of as animated a gathering as could be found anywhere in the world. Leaders of society, mighty men in the world of politics, art and commerce were recognizable everywhere, and it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Glistening equipages filled the broad Street, the occupants of which were kept busy acknowledging greetings from the sidewalk. Not an automobile was in existence, smart looking Victorias being all the rage.

One day there was a fire in the store next door to mine, kept by Purcell the famous Caterer. I was greatly damaged by the water which almost swept my store into the Street. I was for the moment put out of business. Seeing my plight, Mr. Simeon Ford of the Grand Union Hotel

opposite sent over a cordial message to come over to his place and they would make room for me, which I did. At the end of two weeks or more my own damage was repaired and the store fit for business again. I thanked my generous neighbors for their great kindness to me and asked for my bill. "You don't owe us a cent" replied Mr. Ford; "Shaw and I were only too glad to help you out." That's the kind of neighbors we had in those days.

The Grand Union was a wonderful institution in its day. It was probably at its best in the early 90's. On summer evenings they used to set chairs out on the sidewalk and I have counted nearly a hundred at a time. Guests used to tilt them back, smoke and chat till midnight.

About once a week a couple of darkies used to come around. One whistled and the other accompanied him on a guitar. The wonderful flute like notes of this old darky were something I cannot begin to describe. This little impromptu concert always ended in a burst of applause and the guests of the hotel filled the hat that was passed around with shining silver instead of the coppers that was the usual portion of this itinerant band.

On the 42nd Street side of the hotel were the car barns of a new line that ran up to Manhattanville and Bloomingdale Asylum. Harry Kernell a popular comedian of the day, used to tell how he took this line one day and got off at the Asylum. Walking through the grounds he espied one of the inmates trundling a wheelbarrow along upside down. "I say, my friend," said Kernell, "you got that thing wrong side up." "No I haven't," he replied, "the other day I turned it that way and a man filled it full of bricks."



GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, ABOUT COMPLETED 1870, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH END, 45TH STREET AND VANDERBILT AVENUE

Another sight which the guests of the Grand Union enjoyed free of charge, was the pigeons that lined our side of the avenue directly opposite. Their homes were in the belfry of Dr. Tyng's Church which provided an ideal retreat and they had multiplied to an amazing extent. At noon the cabbies put the feed bag on their horses and the pigeons gathered to share in the grain that fell from the bags when the horses tossed their heads up in the air to get the last morsel. The birds were so intent upon feeding that you could almost pick them from the ground and their antics trying to get a place of vantage caused many an amusing incident.

After the meal the pigeons would roost on the eaves of the Depot building and enjoy a period of quiet. Some of them selected the hour hands of the big depot clock for their siesta with the result that many a passenger lost his train. There are still a few descendants of this original flock living in the eaves of the Hotel Belmont, but the number is sadly depleted. The taxi and the subway have made the struggle for existence a serious problem.

The Grand Union grew out of a row of private dwellings that stood on the site before the opening of the depot. One by one the houses were absorbed, the walls knocked in and the building annexed. These various additions introduced a surprisingly numerous lot of stairs in the most unexpected places in the hotel. You could always tell a regular boarder by the peculiar way he walked in the open. Every few steps he would climb an imaginary flight of stairs or open an imaginary door. When the hotel was finally torn down, all these old timers were qualified for parts in "The Yellow Jacket."

But the management ran the place in an orderly business like fashion and prospered mightily. Mr. Ford told

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of his early days one night at a hotel men's dinner. He said :

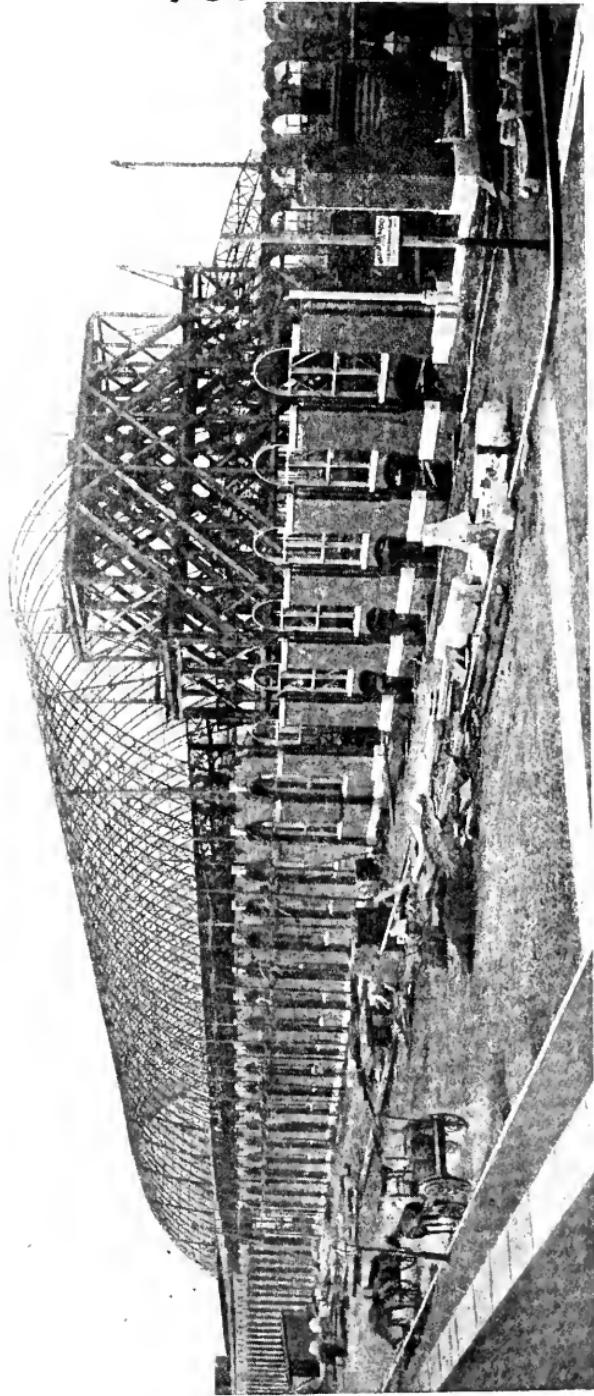
“When I first plunged into this business I had a foolish notion that there should be rules for the conduct of a hotel, and that guests should be expected to observe them. In consequence, I made some bad breaks. I remember once when a nice, benevolent-looking old gentleman had registered, and was about to go to his room. I stepped up to him, and with an engaging smile I said: ‘My dear sir, pardon me for addressing you, but from the hayseed which still lingers lovingly in your whiskers, and the fertilizer which yet adheres to your cheap though serviceable army brogans, I hazard the guess that you are an agriculturist and unaccustomed to the rules to be observed in one of New York's palatial caravansaries. Permit me, therefore, to suggest that upon retiring to your sumptuous \$1 apartment you refrain from blowing out the gas, as is the time-honored custom of the residents of the out-lying districts, but turn the key, *thus.*’”

“He glared at me, and went his way, and I noticed that the clerk, who had been standing by, had broken out into a cold sweat.”

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘that man is a United States Senator from Kansas; didn't you notice his whiskers? He expected to stop at the Manhattan, but chancing to see one of their advertisements, observed that the Grand Central Depot was attached to the house, and he was afraid the locomotives would break his rest, so he came down to this sequestered nook so as to be quiet, and now you have driven him away.’”

“‘It makes no difference to me whether he is a Senator or not,’ I replied; ‘I am no believer in class distinctions.

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THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S WONDERFUL DREAM NEARING COMPLETION, 1869.
DEMOLISHED 1910 AND REPLACED BY THE PRESENT MONUMENTAL STRUCTURE, 1921

We cannot afford to give any man a room for \$1 and have him absorb \$2 worth of illuminating gas.' "

When the Lincoln Bank (now the Irving) was first opened General Thomas L. James was a familiar figure on 42nd Street. James D. Layng of the West Shore, Col. Van Santvoord, Dr. Seward Webb, his brothers Walter and Frank, John Carson, S. R. Calloway, J. H. Newman, Chauncy M. Depew, Ira M. Place, Miles Bronson, J. M. Toucey, George H. Daniels, Wm. H. Mendel and others were also much in evidence. J. N. Galway & Co., Gibson Candy Store and Hetherington's Drug Store were near the corner. Dave Hammond and Fred Hammond, who opened the Murray Hill were for a time being the cynosure of all eyes. Lon Roberts who afterwards came to the Belmont, opened the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine, the first of Flagler's great hotels in Florida. There were no less than thirteen baths in this hotel as Carrere, the architect loudly boasted, and it was regarded as the very last word in hotel luxuriance. They afterwards put a bath in every room. It was to that hotel that Cleveland went on his honeymoon and attended a great reception by W. C. Whitney and others.

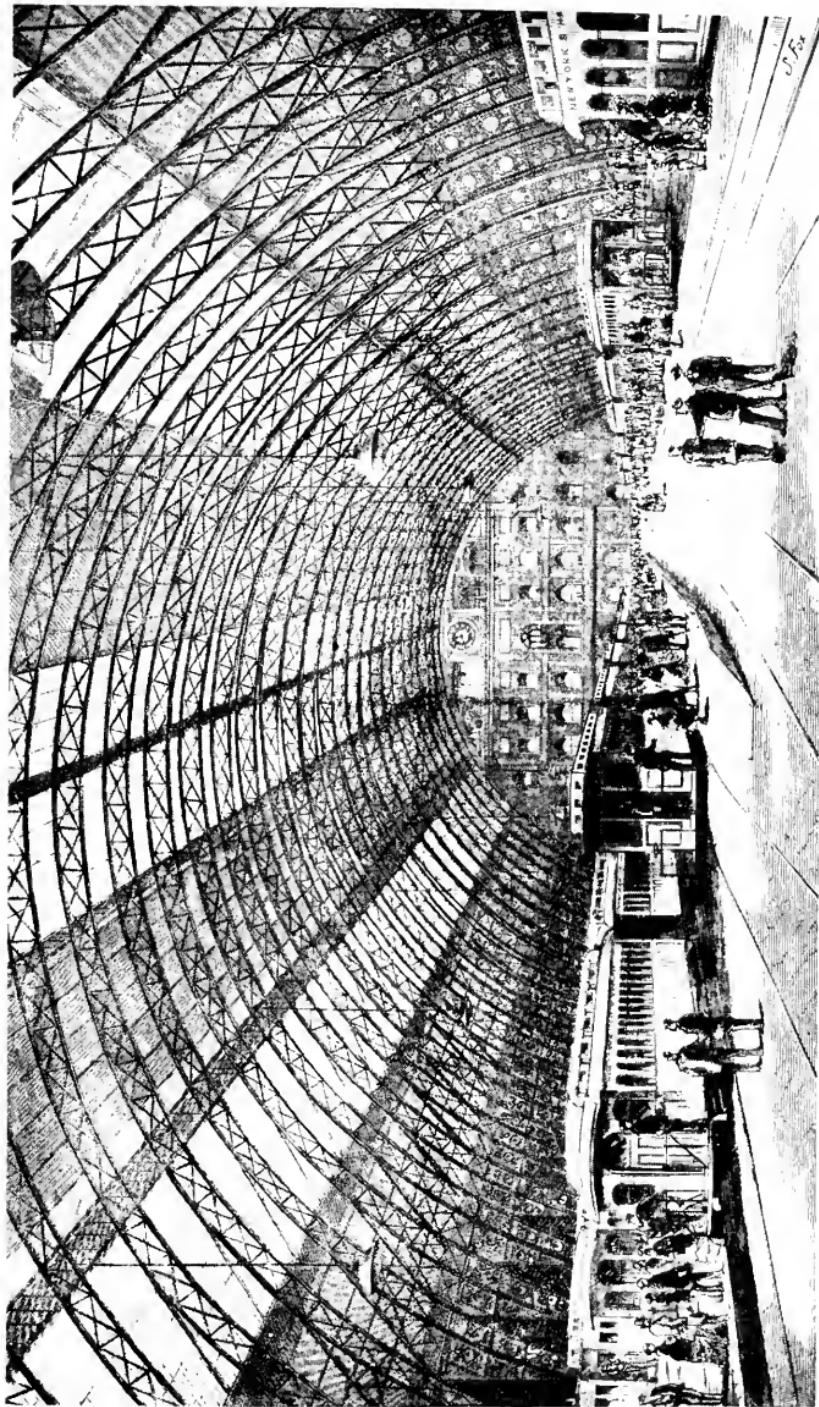
The Lincoln National Bank was organized in the upper floor of a little building on the northwest corner of 42nd Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, in which building the West Shore Railroad Company shared occupancy. Since that time, the Lincoln Bank has become a branch of the Irving and instead of one bank on the Street, or in the immediate environment, every financial institution of size, and almost all of the smaller ones, have their branch offices and some their main offices, immediately at hand. And the Street has jumped in a very short period of time from its primitive condition to a Street which bids fair,

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in the near future, to outbid Wall Street and rapidly become the financial center of the world.

It would take a much larger number of pages than the Manual contains to write an adequate description of old Forty-second Street. It is easily the heart of the new world in a sense, as it directly connects with all the capitols of the old World. As a matter of fact, one can start from the Grand Central, circumnavigate the earth and wind up where he began should he so elect and travel in a straight line all the way.

NOTE. This is the second article in a series of the Great Streets of New York of which old Bond Street was the first. Others to follow are *Fifth Avenue, Broadway, etc.*—EDITOR.



GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT. THE FAMOUS TRAIN SHED AS FIRST COMPLETED, 1871

THE NORTH RIVER

Sometimes Called the Hudson

Henry Collins Brown

[NOTE BY STUYVESANT FISH.]

When the Dutch came here, in 1609, they gave the name of "Mauritius" to the river flowing into the sea in North Latitude 40, which had figured on previous Spanish maps as "Rio San Antonio." To that river the French gave, and perhaps had given before Hudson arrived here, the name of "Riviere des Montagnes." But the name by which the river was generally known throughout the Dutch domination, under their West India Company, was "North River," indicating its general direction from the mountains to the sea. Among those living on our river the name "North" prevails very generally to this day, although throughout the long period of British domination from 1664 to 1776 and later, every effort was made to substitute English for Dutch names, sometimes effectually and sometimes ineffectually, as, for instance "Dunderberg," at the south portal of the Highlands, which the English marked on their maps as "Thunder Mountain" still retains its Dutch name, while at the north end of the Highland "Butter Hill" (Boerberg) has become "Storm King."

THE hillsides of our majestic river, which the gentle fancy of Washington Irving has clothed with undying romance, must ever remain to the New Yorker a region of never ending charm. Aside from its beauty, the practical value of this superb waterway has had a tremendous influence on the development of our great city's commerce and was easily the first in importance of the various natural advantages which tended to create the Empire City and an Empire State.

But it is not of the Hudson of legend and story that I would write nor of its irresistible historic fascination. They are already part of our country's literature. It is the more intimate commonplace details which I would fain recall of a period almost within the memory of men still living or perhaps just beginning to recede into the dim and shadowy past.

Recollections are still fresh in the minds of many of my readers of numerous passenger boats plying up and down the Hudson within the commuting district—the *Sunnyside*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Riverdale*, *Chrystenah*, *Sylvan Glen* and others. Nyack, Tarrytown, Irvington, Dobbs Ferry, Hastings and Yonkers were all connected with New York by these little flyers which made many trips a day and were crowded on every trip. One morning, about 1886, the boats were delayed by fog. The railroad, watching for just such an opportunity, started a local that touched these points just when the passengers had fully lost their patience. The result was that the train swept the docks bare of business that morning and stranger still, the boats never again regained that lost traffic. It seemed to mark the closing of a distinct era. And to this day the 8 o'clock train from Tarrytown, stopping at the other towns a few minutes later, has never been changed. It remains a poignant reminder of the delightful trips by water that are no more.

Up to the time of De Witt Clinton's Canal, steamboat development had progressed but little. First there was the monopoly exercised by Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston. The State of New York had practically turned over to them the exclusive rights to steam navigation on all the adjacent coastal waters besides rivers and lakes inland. It took the best efforts of Daniel Webster to destroy this somewhat modest grant and in the meantime any attempt to interfere with the patent meant long and costly litigation. This case—*Gibbons vs. Ogdens*—has now become the leading reference in all questions of inter-state commerce and the queer part of it is that in that suit, the real party who won out for the people against the monopoly was Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt who



HUDSON RIVER STEAMER "CHRYSTENAH," ONE OF THE MOST PALATIAL BOATS OF HER DAY, BUILT IN 1869 AND WELL REMEMBERED BY ALL RESIDENTS ON THE HUDSON BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PEAKSKILL. SHE IS NOW A WRECK AT NEW ROCHELLE, HAVING BEEN WASHED ASHORE IN A HEAVY GALE LAST WINTER. LOANED BY MR. W. McCONNELL.

was then running a line of steamboats in opposition to Fulton and Livingston. The complainant whose name gives title to the case was one of Vanderbilt's captains. As a result of this situation the marine boiler languished. No such progress was made as characterized its development in European waters. Explosions were frequent, attended with loss of life. In consequence, sloops with their aggravating delays were still the most popular method of travel.

These sloops were peculiar to the river and a Hudson River sloop meant something entirely different than is conveyed by the usual meaning of the term. They were kept scrupulously clean and the freight consisted mainly of the passengers' baggage and perhaps a few additional articles to which no objection could be made. At the home of the late John Bigelow at Malden on the west bank of the river, his father built five of the best known boats—*Gideon Lee*, *Asa Bigelow*, *Edward Bigelow*, *The Eric* and *The Phoenix*. On the day that Lafayette was to arrive at Robert Livingston's at Clermont across the river from Malden, Mr. Bigelow invited all his neighbors to go with him. And his sloop carried all the bunting flying at her masthead that Ulster Co. could produce. Poultney Bigelow, erstwhile bosom friend of the Ex-Kaiser's, still resides in the ancestral home and the same old dock from which these sloops were launched is still part of the homestead.

Although speed could not be claimed as one of its attractions, one must admit, however, that for a honeymoon trip these sloops were ideal. The captains were very accommodating and the hire of the whole boat was not a serious financial matter. Stopping at various points along the river to visit friends and relatives—what could be

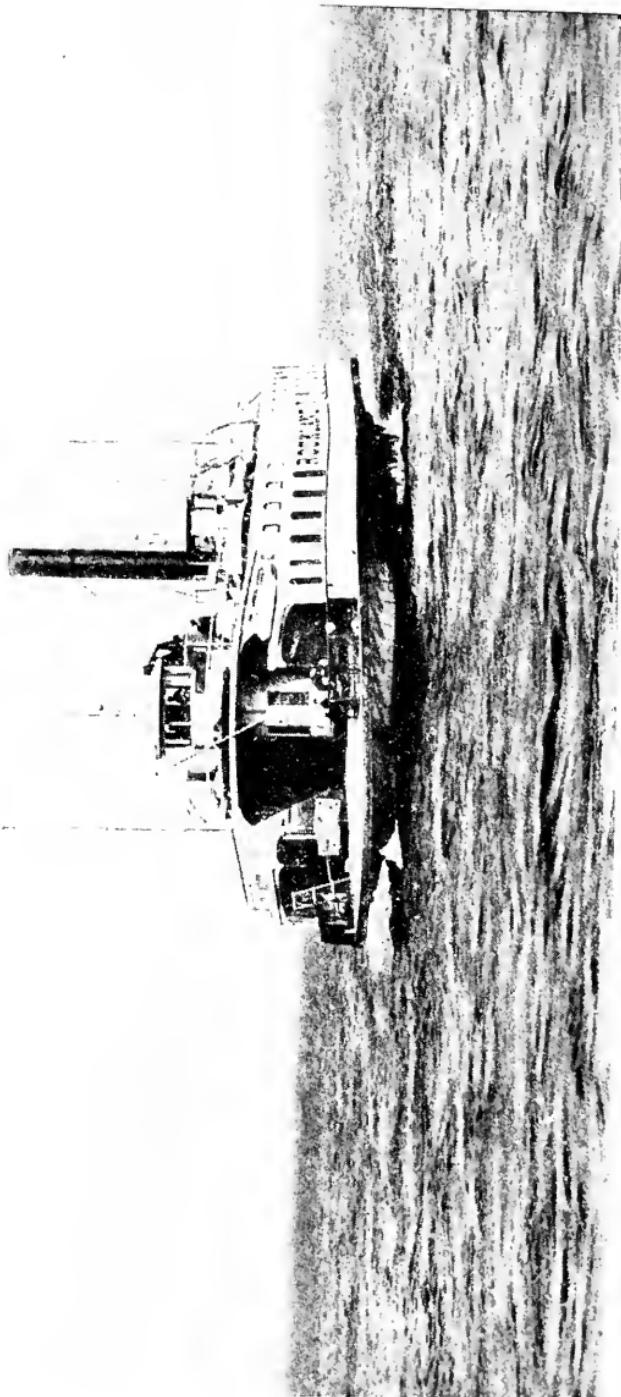
more enjoyable? Old letters and diaries are still numerous, containing accounts of just such journeys performed by our dear old great-grandparents. She, with her poke bonnet, wide flaring skirt and dainty little sun shade. He with his tall beaver hat, brightly hued waistcoat, blue swallow tail coat with brass buttons and tightly fitting trousers strapped over snug fitting hunting boots. Oh! they made a brave looking couple these two old friends of ours and it must have been a pretty sight to see them riding down to the pier in the family coach with old Sam as postilion.

It is a fine summer's day, and a slight breeze ruffles the calm waters of the Hudson as the sloop casts off. The sails fill, and the boat draws gracefully away, leaving guests and parents waving farewells.

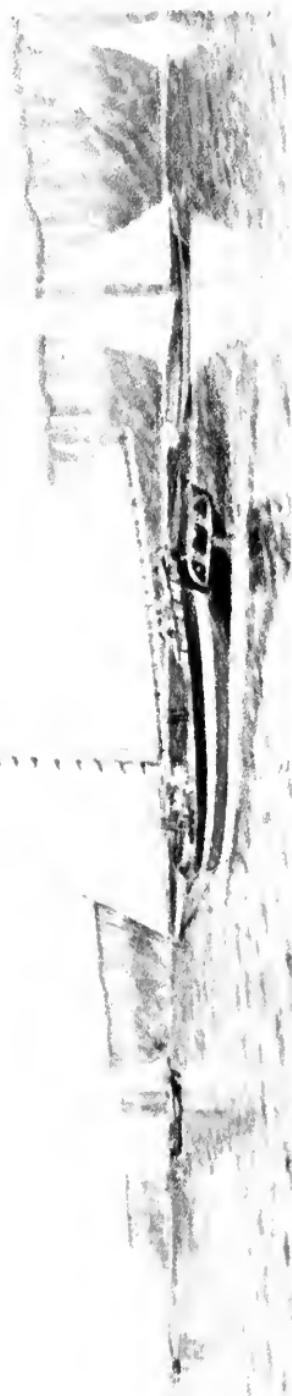
Besides the newly married couple there were only the crew and some servants on board. They had a journey of one hundred and fifty miles before them; but in the joy and pleasure of their sailing trip they were in no hurry to reach their destination. Stopping at charming spots which they discovered along the river, they would land when they pleased, take horses, and ride to different points in the interior, whence magnificent views were obtainable. After the long day's rambling and exploring through wooded country, where they would sometimes come across the traces of an Indian camp fire, they would return at dusk to their sloop.

Thus day by day their boat glided silently along, as there came into view the splendid panorama of the Palisades, the calm widths of the Tappan Zee, the highlands, and the narrows, where deep gorges lie beneath lofty hills.

After passing many interesting points, the young couple



HUDSON RIVER FERRY BOAT, "ROCKLAND," RUNNING BETWEEN TARRYTOWN AND NYACK. COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN JOHN LYON WHO IS KNOWN TO THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS AND AFFECTIONATELY CALLED "POP," BY EVERYBODY. HE IS EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD, PUTS IN TWELVE HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS IN THE WEEK, AND HAS Sailed ON THE ROCKLAND SINCE 1853. PHOTO LOANED BY MRS. W. McCONNELL.



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OLD TIME HUDSON RIVER SLOOP USED MAINLY BY PASSENGERS AT FIRST, LATER FOR FREIGHT.
THESE BOATS WERE KEPT IN IMMACULATE CONDITION.

at length reached the Catskill Mountains. They only felt one regret as they approached this stage in their journey—that they were now nearing the end of their trip.

These sloops seldom left New York on the up trip until a full cargo of freight and passengers was secured. This caused exasperating postponements and when an enterprising captain at last advertised that his sloop would sail "Every Thursday at ten for Albany" he was considered not enterprising but foolhardy. Nevertheless he succeeded. Yet a succession of calm days or the tides—"Pear Tree"—"Apple Tree" or "Witch Tide," according to the moon, would impose a delay of a week or ten days and with all its imperfections a boiler could do better than that. So, to lessen the risk from explosion an auxiliary boat was built, called a barge, which was towed by the steamer, and it eventually superseded the sloop.

These barges were built with some pretense of elegance and comfort; had a nice dining room, comfortable sleeping compartments and permitted the luxury of movement around the decks. At meal times quite a little ceremony was observed, the Captain sitting at the head of the table after the most approved fashion of the modern Atlantic liner.

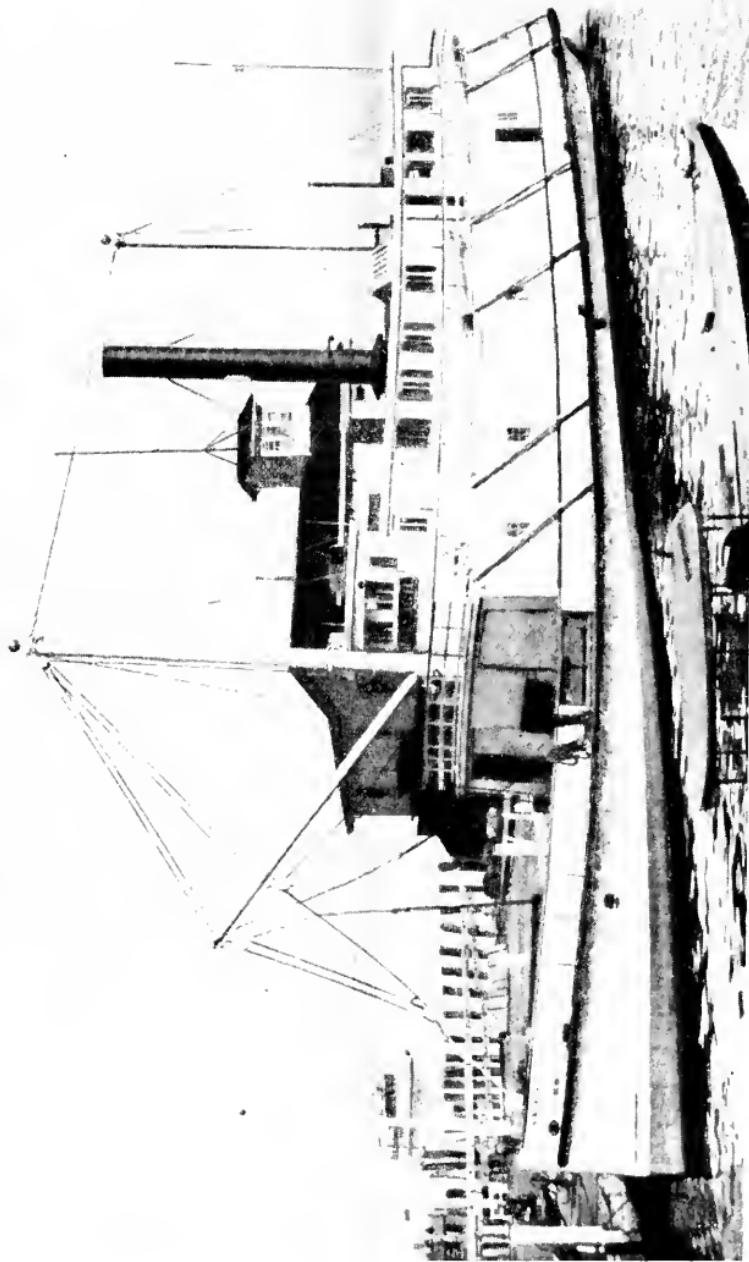
The improvement of the boiler continued. Greater safety was secured and speed much accelerated. In time the barge gave way as a passenger boat, and later was used for handling hay. In our day, not so long ago, we knew them as the Pic-nic barges. The Starin people and the Myers Company rented them for many years to Sunday Schools and political parties who sailed up the river to Alpine Grove, Dudley's Grove and half a dozen others. They were towed along by saucy tugs and had a row boat trailing on behind to rescue any unfortunate picknicker

who happened to fall overboard, as sometimes occurred.

Fishing of all kinds has now practically disappeared from the river. It seems but a short time ago when I read in the papers that steamboat men were going up to Governor Hughes to protest against the numerous shad nets which were a serious menace to navigation. Before the governor could act apparently, the factories, sewers, etc., got in their deadly work and now there are neither shads, nets nor fishermen. Yet I frequently rowed out to the shad nets from my home in Hastings, and for a quarter secured all I wanted of the finest roe shad that ever gladdened the eye of the epicure. That was not over twenty years ago.

The picture of the leaping sturgeon shown on another page was witnessed by the writer while sailing opposite Indian Head. That same season another sturgeon was captured measuring nearly seven feet. Other fish killed by the paddle wheels of passing steamers were frequently found mid the rocks beneath our boat house and were taken ashore and for obvious reasons buried. It is said these deep sea beauties do not care to chew their water before they swallow it. So they have forsaken the Hudson forever.

It is pathetic to hear old time amateur fishermen speak of former days on the Hudson. Around Croton Point every Sunday was a fleet of small boats just like that at Canarsie. And many a fine catch of perch, white fish and Lafayettes rewarded the patience of the fisherman. Further up the river all sorts of boats with all sorts of occupants would anchor almost anywhere and catch a mess in a few hours. The water was crystal clear. The cool breezes from old Dunderberg or Sugar Loaf fanned the cheek, and the eye never beheld more beautiful scenery



"IT WILL BE UP ON THE RALEIGH," ALMOST THE LAST OF THE LOCAL FREIGHT BOATS PLAYING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEARBY RIVER TOWNS

OF OLD NEW YORK

than was spread all around him. No wonder the river fisherman is sad. There are now few fish to be caught below Croton Point. Sludge acid has done its work.

On this interesting subject Mr. Fish contributes the following observation:

As to the shad fishery, which is the only fishing industry of which I have any recollection, I doubt whether the sludge acid or manufacturing of any kind, or the drainage of sewers into the river, has destroyed the fish, and think the cause is rather to be found in the idiotic experiment made some thirty or forty years ago in the introduction into the waters of the North River of German Carp, which lie on the spawning beds formerly used by the shad and Guzzle up the shad spawn. Certainly the river is full of German Carp of very large size. There is quite as much manufacturing on the Connecticut River as on the North River, and good shad are caught there today.

I am glad to see you use the term "Lafayettes"; are not those fish otherwise called "Tom-cods"? [Yes—Ed.]

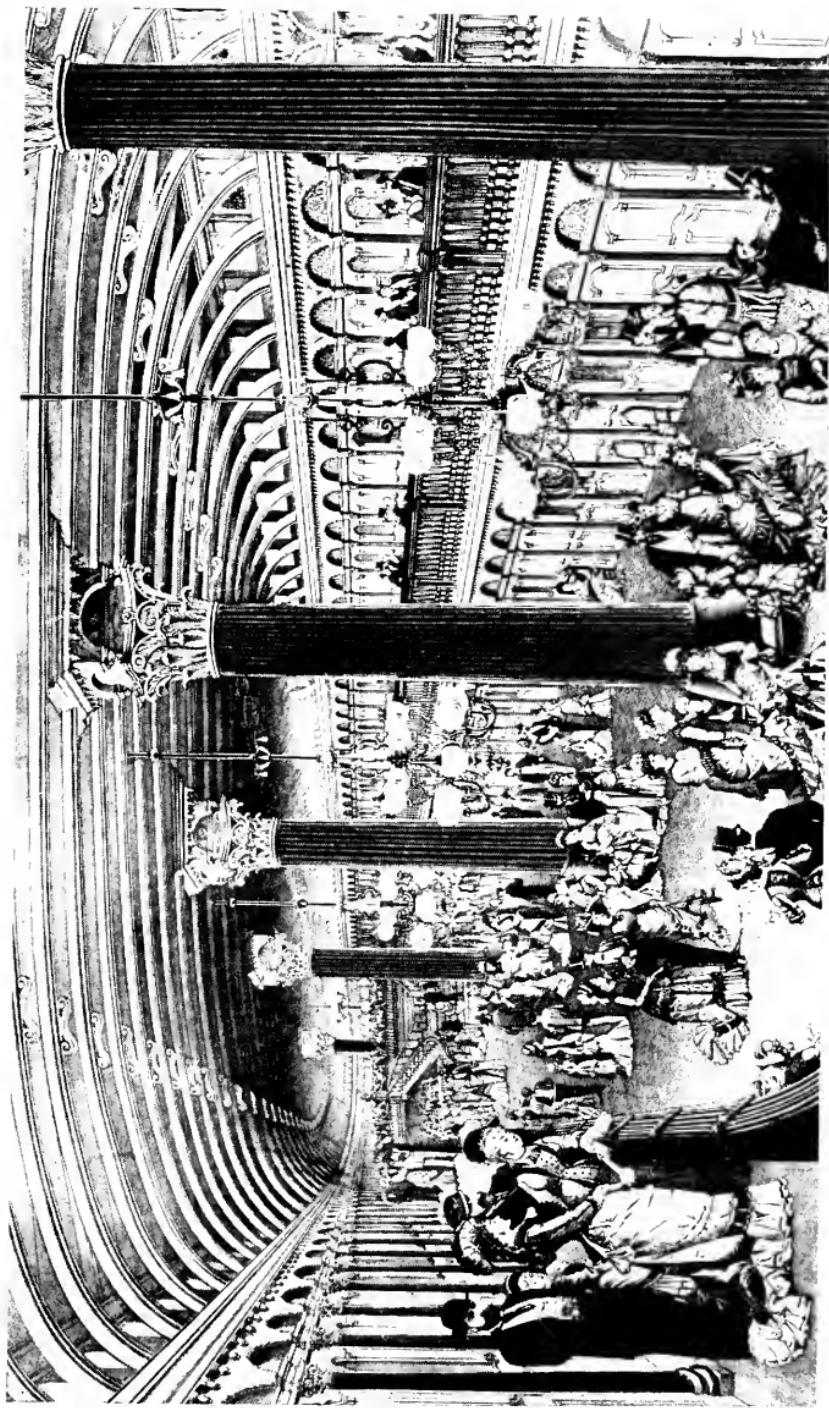
You may be right in saying that there are no longer any fish to be caught. South of Croton but below West Point, on the west side of the river a mile or so below Mr. John Bigelow's summer home, "The Squirrels," lies a point known as Con's Hook, and opposite it a reef which is shown on maps made for the British during the Revolutionary War as "Fishing Rocks," where fishing goes on to this day, as it did in my youth, for sport, the catch being perch, sea bass, and so called horse mackerel really the young of the blue fish. This reef lies well out in the middle of the river and carries but nine feet of water. The Government maintains a light house on Con's Hook and a buoy on the reef.

Another point of interest that will be recalled by some of my readers was the old Palisades Mountain House—a great wooden Summer Hotel that stood on top of the Palisades at the old Englewood Landing. It was a famous place in its day and very popular with a good class of New Yorkers who could not go far from town in summer. I fortunately came across a portrait of this old Caravansary which is reproduced on another page. It burned down in the early seventies and was never rebuilt. It had begun to decline in popularity the same as Rockaway—another fashionable and popular resort at that time. The same people who made the Palisades turned their favors toward Newport and the Jersey Coast and the Palisades region languished in consequence.

Along these Palisades are now many beautiful private estates built almost on the edge of the cliffs. Mr. George

A. Zabriskie to whom we are indebted for several beautiful paintings reproduced in this issue, and whose ancestors owned most of the land around here before the Revolution has his home at Alpine. Mr. John Ringling the circus man has the old Updike place nearby. Mrs. Francisco Rionda has "Glen Goin," Mr. Manuel Rionda has "Rio Vista." All along the Palisades are similar establishments.

Long before the Central came all the way down the river—it ended for many years at Poughkeepsie—the Erie had its Eastern terminus at Tappan Landing, now Piermont, just a little south of Nyack on the western shore. If you watch closely going up on the train you can still see opposite Irvington the long narrow pier jutting out nearly two miles from the mainland. It is quite easily seen from the Albany Day boats, and as you are considerably above the water an excellent view can be obtained of its whole length. Through the kindness of Mr. Simeon Ford I have been able to show one of the now very rare views of this famous terminal as it originally appeared in 1837. The size of the locomotive and of the cars is rather modest compared with the huge affairs of today, but you must remember that this was the very beginning of railroading and the Erie was the most stupendous thing in this line yet projected. It was nearly four hundred miles in length and connected New York with Buffalo without a stop. Quite a few years were to elapse before a serious competitor to this gigantic undertaking was thought of, and for the time being it was the eighth wonder of the world. Connection with New York was by boat which left the foot of Chambers Street every morning. The old Erie was rightfully entitled to the affection bestowed upon it by railroad men. It is one of the few roads around which linger any sentiment at all, if not the only one.



GRAND SALOON OF THE PALACE STEAMERS OF THE PEOPLE'S EVENING LINE,
BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ALBANY. 1878.

Before Commodore Vanderbilt bought control of the Hudson River Road, the somewhat diminutive locomotives were remarkable for the wonderfully smart appearance they presented. All over the outside, ran strips of brass which shone and glistened in the sun. The men took great pride in the appearance of their engines and all this brass work was rubbed and polished every day. The black paint was never allowed to grow rusty and had an extra coat of varnish that made it cast a reflection like a mirror. Oh! they were joyful sights to see, these little engines and were the pride of all beholders. When Vanderbilt took over the road all these gew-gaws were removed. It took time and money to keep them looking natty, and nattiness never earned a dividend or added an ounce of pulling power to an engine, and never would. So all these furbelows were consigned to the scrap heap and a dull serviceable sombre black took its place. And if you look at a N. Y. Central engine today you will see that this same practical economical color scheme has been continued ever since.

Along with the brass work went another more or less ornamental custom—the naming of the engine after a prominent person or an official of the road. In the fine new concourse in the present Grand Central Terminal you will see a replica of their first train and you can read its name a block away—De Witt Clinton. On the road itself, however, you will encounter nothing of this kind—only numbers. The train as a whole may have a name in the advertisements—“The Empire State Express,” “Twentieth Century Limited,” etc., etc., but you will never see this designation on the cars or anywhere except in the time tables or the newspapers.

The Hudson A Hundred Years Ago

One of the delights of writing an article like this, is the charm of the old Guide books which are still extant. Away back in the early part of the last century the Hudson River and adjacent territory was the favorite haunt of the foreign visitor and many were the quaint little books provided for his delectation.

It was long before railroads, and the routes given are all by boat to Albany; thence by Canal to Buffalo and the West, or to Canada. And the time tables, distances, etc., are as carefully compiled as are those of the railroads of today.

But of much greater interest are the little foot notes, here and there, referring to noted personages so long dead to the present generation, that it seems as if they had never lived. Yet in these books they are spoken of as living near by, and there is a peculiar feeling, difficult to describe when one reads these notations. For instance in the *Tourist* published in 1831 is noted (anent the account of Major André's capture) :

David Williams one of the captors, still survives and resides in Schoharie, 25 miles distant from Albany. He enjoys good health and takes great pleasure in recurring to past events and fighting all his battles over again.

And this under Peekskill Village:

Enoch Crosby the original of Cooper's *Harvey Birch* in the novel of The Spy is now living near Peckskill.

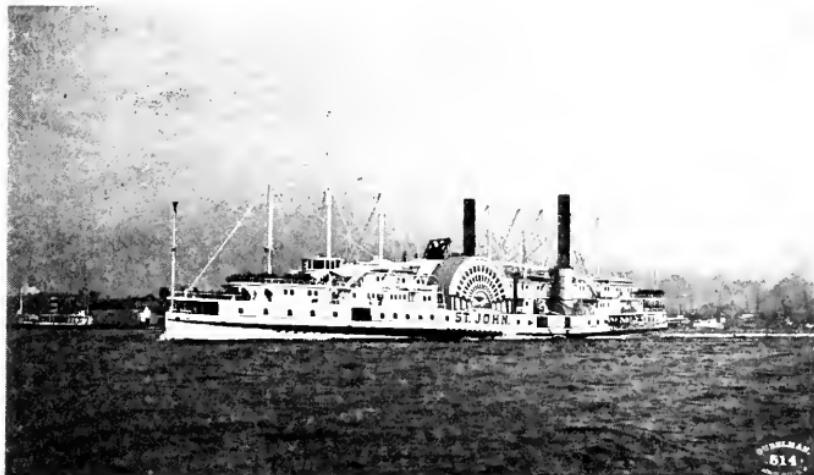
And here is another human touch:

The grave of Major André was marked by a solitary cypress. When the British Government moved the body in 1825 it was discovered that the roots of the cypress had lovingly entwined themselves around the body of the unfortunate young Englishman. The tree, it is said, now (1828) serves to embellish the private garden of George IV.

OF OLD NEW YORK

Going up the River the points mentioned in these books of interest are:

Red Fort, Fort Gansevoort, The Old State Prison, Hoboken Point, Weehawken, The Palisades, The Lunatic Asylum (Bloomingdale), Harlaem—a small village containing a church, three stores, a blacksmith shop, etc.; Phillipsburg, (now Yonkers) 17 miles from the city contains a church and several houses; Dobbs Ferry—no description beyond “22½ miles from the city”; Tarrytown—Major André was captured here; Sing Sing—site of new prison to be erected; Cold Spring—a small village where is located the West Point Foundry.



THE ST. JOHN

Here is a curious remark which indicates that speed was as greatly desired, then as now—passengers evidently made a flying leap to get off.

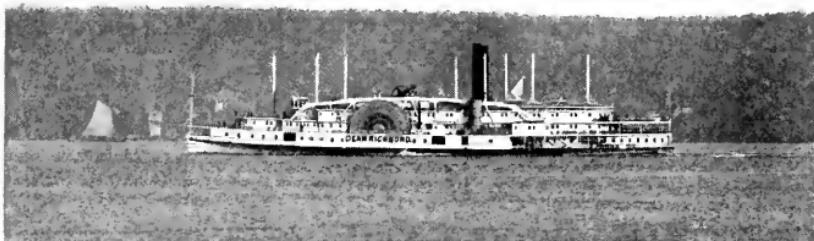
Till within two or three years accidents were not uncommon owing to the continued motion of the boat but by a late law (1828) Captains and Masters are required to stop their boats whenever passengers are landed or received by them.

After reaching Albany the Tourist proceeded by Canal or Stage so this information about the former was important.

The Erie Canal Packet Boats charge 4 cents a mile including board and lodging and every other expense. These packets are drawn by three horses having relays every 8, 10, to 12 miles, and travel (?) every 24 hours. Have accommodations for about 50 passengers, furnish good tables and wholesome rich fare; and have very attentive, civil and obliging captains and crews. The bustle of newcomers and departing passengers with all the greetings and adieus help to diversify the scene and to make most persons seem to get along quite as fast as was anticipated.

The great growth of the towns along the Hudson, since then, receives added emphasis by contrast with these early days in which these feeble beginnings are carefully recorded.

Newburgh is spoken of as "an incorporated village of 3000 inhabitants" and Poughkeepsie the same, Albany is praised for its appearance, "but the stranger is too often reminded of its original settlers by the frequent occurrence of their antique edifices."



THE DEAN RICHMOND

What would we not now give to possess some of these same old Dutch antiques which struck such a jarring note to the chronicler of 1822! Boston contains 4,300, "and has recently become a city by act of incorporation."

The *Chancellor*, *Richmond* and *James Kent* were the favorite boats to Albany.

The *Fashionable Four* (1822) says in describing West Point "that in the selection of students, preference is given

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to the sons of officers of the Revolution and secondly to the sons of deceased officers of the War of 1812."

In another of these books the author complains somewhat of the difficulty he meets with, getting adequate information about the localities he visits, and encounters, just as we do today, an astounding amount of ignorance, among the natives, concerning the history and traditions of the locality he is trying to describe. His language is in that ponderous and awe-inspiring style, so common in those days.

The amount of information to be found here seldom exceeds the practical knowledge of the humblest duties of life. If this general ignorance were to be regretted, still more was to be lamented the presence of a certain reservedness of manner on the part of the inhabitants of this region, or of an indisposition to communicate freely with strangers, but for which, many circumstances and incidents which would only be traditional, might have been imparted.

Before bidding adieu to our chronicler of those far off days let us include his closing paragraph and add our regret to those of his readers that he did find room to describe the old steamboats to which he refers.

It was the intention of the writer to have introduced a history of steam navigation on the Hudson, and to gratify the curiosity of the distant reader, regarding the splendid boats that plough its waters—to have spoken of the speed of the *Swallow*, *Erie*, *Champlain*, *Robert L. Stevens*, *Utica* and *Rochester*. Of the elegance and comfort of the *North America*, *South America*, *Isaac Newton*, *De Witt Clinton*, *Albany*, and of their efficient and gentlemanly officers.

Whales and Whalers of the Hudson

In this connection the Hon. Frank Hasbrouck has this to say:

The whaling industry at Poughkeepsie was an exotic plant, fostered here in the earliest "boom" that our city had, one of the attempts of the early "boomers" of what is known in the history of Poughkeepsie as the Improvement Party of the 30's.

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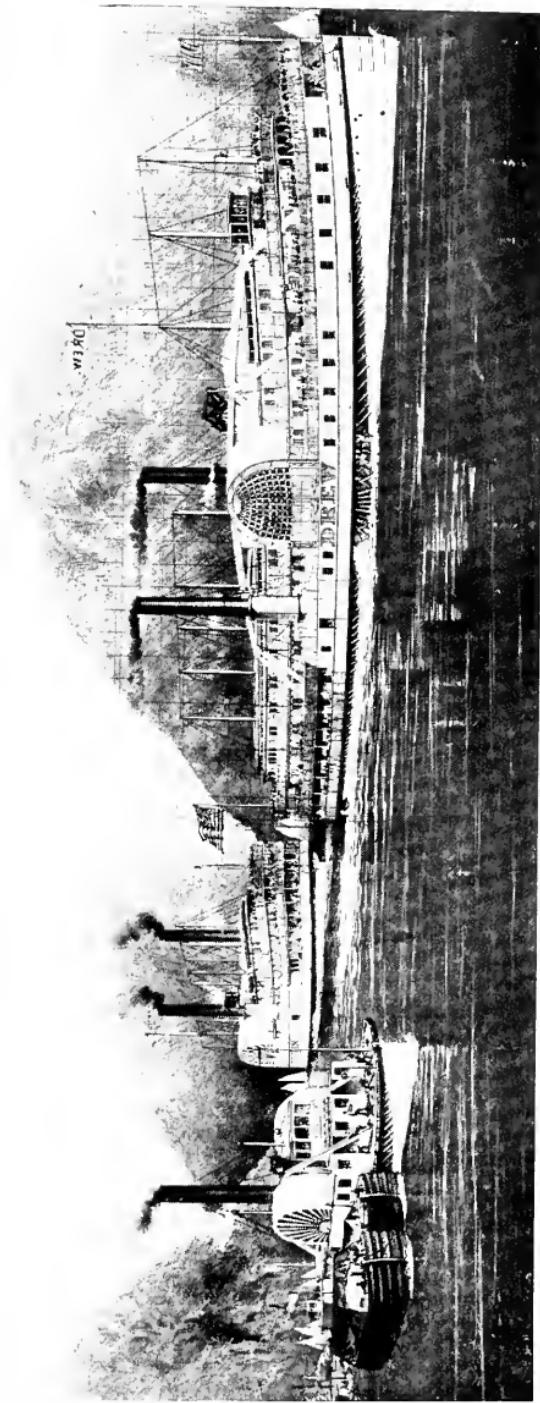
There were started a Silk Industry, Locomotive Works, Pin Factory, Carpet Factory and the Whaling Industry, and the country all about was laid out in building lots, where today are still pasture fields. The boom "busted," and we never yet have quite gotten over it, although we have had several others since, and at present are doing very well. There were only one or two whaling ships fitted out here, and the business was short-lived.

The only survival of it in my time, since 1852, has been the name of a certain part of the water front of our city, which is still called, by some of the old residents, the "Whale Dock."

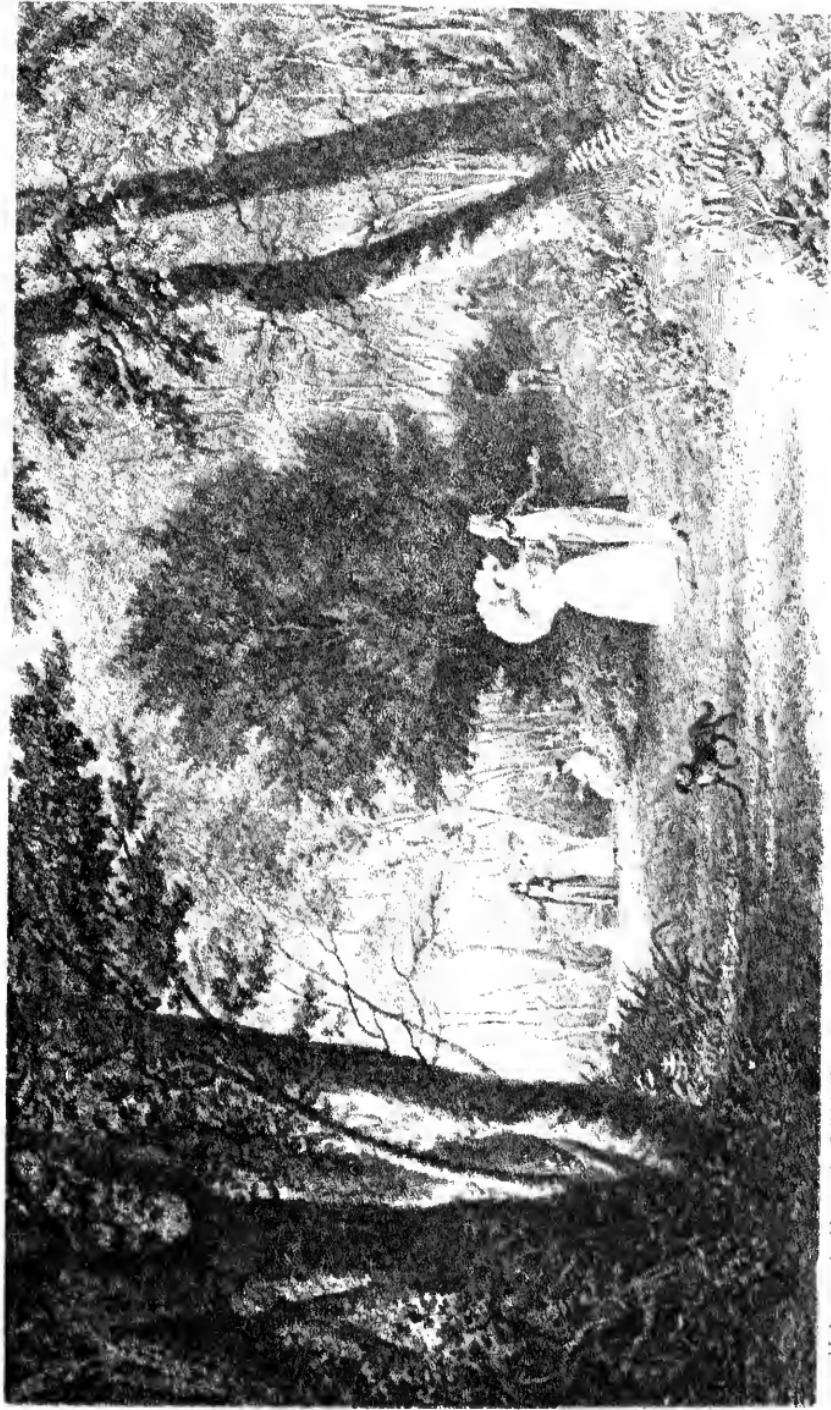
It will come as a surprise to many persons to hear that the Hudson was once headquarters for many Whaling fleets. Yet such was the case. It had more ships engaged in this industry than had New York.

At a much earlier date, as we learn from the Journal of Dankers and Sluyter the Labadist travellers, who visited this vicinity in 1679, whales were seen almost daily, sporting themselves in the salt water at the mouth of the river in the bay. These gentlemen made a sketch of their visitors which we have reproduced from their manuscript published by the Long Island Historical Society. We have redrawn this sketch, including the eagle with a fish in her talons as large as herself and the boat in the foreground smaller than the fish. It is, however, a contemporaneous drawing and of great historic value.

Whales eventually disappeared from the mouth of the Hudson and the land locked waters of the bay, but in after years were caught in large numbers off Long Island. My main purpose, however, in recalling these whales is to direct renewed attention to the large whaling business existing in the Hudson River in the Thirties and Forties at Newburgh, Poughkeepsie and Hudson. In both these latter cities this industry must have reached considerable proportions, as the record shows that Poughkeepsie had two companies with a capital of over \$300,000 while Hudson had even more. The latter town was originally settled by men from Nantucket where whaling was always an important business. The same old Nantucket names—Folger, Coffin, Starbuck, etc., reappear frequently in Hudson River towns today. Our own V. Everitt Macy is



THE DREW AND ST. JOHN PASSING THE HIGHLANDS. FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CURRIER & IVES IN 1874



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THE ELYSIAN FIELDS AND RIVER WALK AT HOBOKEN, 1830. A FAMOUS AMUSEMENT RESORT FOR NEW YORKERS
IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

a descendant of Wm. H. Macy, a renowned whaler of Nantucket. One of this Macy's sons founded the old and well known oil firm of Josiah Macy's Sons. This concern subsequently entered the Standard Oil Company and laid the foundation of the present family fortune.

It has been impossible to obtain a genuine picture of an old Hudson River whale ship similar to what can be had at Nantucket, or New Bedford; or of the sailing ships that traded from Hudson with Smyrna, China and the Orient in competition with the better known ships of old Salem. If any of our readers is so fortunate as to possess one of these "portraits" as they were then called, the *Manual* will promise to reproduce them in exact facsimile of the original and record them in the pages of this journal. In 1833 the following whale ships hailed from Hudson,—*America, Henry Astor, Meteor, Washington, Alexander Mansfield, Huron, Martha Edward, Beaver and James Monroe.*

One of these Poughkeepsie Whalers—the *New England*, belonging to the Dutchess Company—has achieved immortality by reason of the fact that she spoke the *Pilgrim* of Boston having on board the then unknown author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Young Dana writes this picturesque account of the old Poughkeepsie ship in his diary—

"At two P. M. we saw a sail on our larboard beam and at four we made it out to be a large ship steering our course under single reefer top sails. . . . He ran down for us and answered our hail as the whale ship *New England* of Poughkeepsie, one hundred and twenty days from New York. . . . About half past ten (the next day) their whale boat came alongside and Capt. Job Terry sprung on board, a man known in every port and by every vessel in the Pacific Ocean. His boat's crew were a pretty raw set just out of the bush and as the sailors phrase it "hadn't got the hayseed out of their hair""

Besides its whale fisheries, Poughkeepsie, the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt tells me, enjoyed the distinction of

almost possessing the first U. S. Navy Yard. Mr. Edmund Platt, author of the *History of Poughkeepsie*, writes me;

"Two of the first ships built for the American navy were built there, both frigates, but they never got out to sea. They were taken down not fully rigged or equipped to help in the defenses of Fort Montgomery in the fall of 1777 and when the British broke through the chain stretched across the river they were set on fire to prevent their falling into enemy hands. A number of smaller vessels were built there during the Revolutionary War. I am not sure, however, whether the yard could properly be called a Navy Yard or not. My recollection is that the ships were built under contract but of this I cannot be quite sure at this time."

The Old Beverley Robinson House

One of the things deeply to be regretted is the constant destruction by fire or otherwise, of historic sites along the river that can illy be spared. A case in point is the Beverley Robinson house at Garrison, N. Y. This was the headquarters of Benedict Arnold when in charge of West Point and the scene of his treason. A particularly dramatic incident happened in this old house. Arnold had married the year before, Peggy Chew of Philadelphia. The exigencies of war had prevented them seeing each other for several months, and in the meantime a baby had been born. He entered the Robinson house, to which his wife had come and held her in close embrace for a moment, when both walked to the cradle where the infant was sleeping. He was still gazing intently at the innocent little face when a messenger entered with the fateful news that an American spy had been captured—Major John

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THE PALISADES MOUNTAIN HOUSE, AN OLD TIME SUMMER RESORT AND STEAMBOAT LANDING. VIEW FROM LEEDS POINT ABOUT OPPOSITE DYCKMAN STREET FERRY TODAY. FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.





THE HUDSON RIVER. VERY RARE VIEW OF A BAPTISMAL SCENE NEAR THE WHITE FORT, 1850. LATER THE SITE OF
GANSFAVOUR MARKET. COLLECTION NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

André. Benedict Arnold knew too well the import of this intelligence and immediately prepared to escape. He pleaded urgent business, kissed his wife and his sleeping babe and made his way to the river edge where he was rowed down the river about twelve miles and escaped to the Vulture.

Arnold never again looked upon the face of his wife or child.

The story which you make up about Arnold is pretty, but entirely fallacious. Arnold's separation from Mrs. Arnold was of very brief duration, as was his service at West Point in the summer of 1780. One of the first things he did after arriving at the Beverley House himself was to send his aide, Major Franks, for the wife and child. I think it can be shown from the date of that child's birth, presumably in Philadelphia, that Arnold was there at that time. Certain it is that Mrs. Arnold was in the house for some little time before Arnold's treason was discovered through the capture of Major André. The Vulture did not put off a boat for Arnold "in answer to his signal" but was lying down the river in the neighborhood of Stony Point. Arnold was rowed down there by his American bargemen, a distance of about twelve miles.—*Stuyvesant Fish*.

The picture of this historic house is one kindly loaned us by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, who has written on the back that it shows the entrance from the north side as it appeared when he was a boy. It was located not far from the Fish residence in Garrison, and Mr. Fish remarks that the figure in the left foreground may have been that of Mr. Henry Brevoort, who in or about 1840 happened to be occupying the Robinson house. The original of this engraving is in the Jared Sparks collection, Cornell University.

Additional indication of our claim that the Hudson River is about the only section of our country universally known in Europe, we might cite the beautiful French lithographs made by Milbert, about 1830, one of which—the Parade Ground at West Point—we are able to present through the courtesy of Mr. Grenville Kane. St. Memin another French artist also made one or two pictures. It is interesting to recall that in that year Robert E. Lee

was one of the cadets, as was also Joseph E. Johnston and Wm. Magruder—all three to be afterwards prominent in the great Civil War.

In addition to the charming color effect, we have an accurate and interesting detailed picture of the exercises which are a daily feature of West Point life throughout the summer toward evening. The buildings that we see today from the river are of comparatively recent construction. They are admirably designed for the purpose for which they are intended and this mediaeval treatment of the bluff overlooking the Hudson is a triumph of the architect's skill in achieving a result in complete harmony with the imposing grandeur of the surrounding country.

West Point

The stranger on a visit to the Hudson will naturally include the United States Military Academy among the places he most desires to see. And it is doubtful if a more enjoyable short trip from New York is possible. One can leave after early breakfast and return in time for dinner. In the meantime he will have enjoyed a day-light sail through the most picturesque region of the Hudson, have seen the entire establishment at West Point, the daily parade of the cadets, a spectacle of the greatest interest and one of the most enjoyable events connected with a trip to New York.

In and around the Academy are many historical associations connected with the Revolution. The ruins of Old Fort Putnam, are in the vicinity as is also Fort Montgomery. The site selected for West Point was originally on Constitution Island, which lies directly north of West Point, but on much lower ground. This defect was im-

mediately recognized and a recommendation to abandon the island in favor of the high land at West Point was made to the Continental Congress. This was the first official recommendation (Nov. 23, 1773), to occupy West Point as a military garrison, and ultimately out of it grew the plan to provide a National school for the training of young officers for the regular army.

West Point and its long line of distinguished graduates have occupied a large place in America's History. The record of its famous visitors from all lands include the names of very many statesmen, warriors, painters, authors and publishers, who have achieved the highest prominence. All of our early American generals, beginning with Washington, have walked upon its historic ground, and it has been the subject of more articles than perhaps any other single institution on our continent. It provides greater interest and novelty for the stranger than any other attraction in the neighborhood of New York, and there are many excursions in the vicinity on both sides of the river, that will more than repay the time spent on the visit.

The Shores in the City

On the western shore of the river now covered by coal pockets, factories, docks, etc., can still be seen Castle Point, the home of Col. Stevens, who helped Ericsson build the *Monitor*. The surroundings of this old mansion are a sad sight compared with its former beauty. Just beyond the Castle there existed a magnificent open forest covering a rich greensward, highly popular with New Yorkers in the "Age of Innocence." This was the Elysian Fields. A more delightful spot it would be hard

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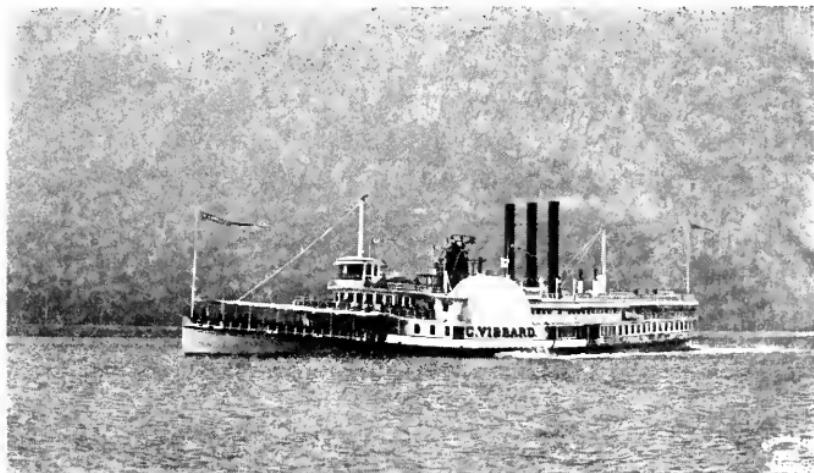
to find. The old trees stretched down to the water's edge, and a walk along the shore under the cliffs on a moonlight summer night was a delightful change from the sun-baked streets of New York. A little above the Fields is the famous Hamilton-Burr dwelling grounds—a tragedy that stirred all New York and made of Burr an outcast and fugitive. What is now Fort Lee Ferry marks the site of an important fortification, and in the immediate neighborhood is the site of an old Block house, the scene of the unsuccessful attack by Gen. Wayne, at Bulls Ferry, against the British. This affair was celebrated in a series of verses, entitled, "The Cow Chase," by Major John André, the ill-fated young officer of whom we shall hear more later.

The Palisades proper now begin here, and the wonderful work by which this great gift of the Creator has been fortunately saved from the hands of vandals, constitutes one of the most pleasing chapters of our local history. We cannot here recite all the difficult steps that ultimately resulted in the preservation of the Palisades and secured to New York one of the most wonderful playgrounds the world will ever see.

This huge task is now being developed under the direction of the Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, an organization under the control of the States of New York and New Jersey. It is the culmination of the public spirited efforts of a few men who realized the importance of saving the Palisades. Years ago the face of these remarkable cliffs were in imminent danger of destruction at the hands of quarry men. Great gaps were torn in the sides of the gigantic rocks and it was only a question of time, ere one of the most wonderful of Nature's gifts to man would become a heap of unsightly

ruins. Vast damage had already been done and the situation was critical. At this juncture, a number of prominent men became interested in the matter. Under the able leadership of the late George W. Perkins definite steps were taken and the destruction arrested. Mr. Perkins passed away last year but he has left an endearing monument to his memory in the present wonderful park.

In those early days when the success of the project seemed much in doubt the late J. Pierpont Morgan came forward with a princely donation and started the plan on the right track. The two States, New York and New Jersey then passed some much needed legislation and presently other men were found ready and willing to



THE C. VIBBARD

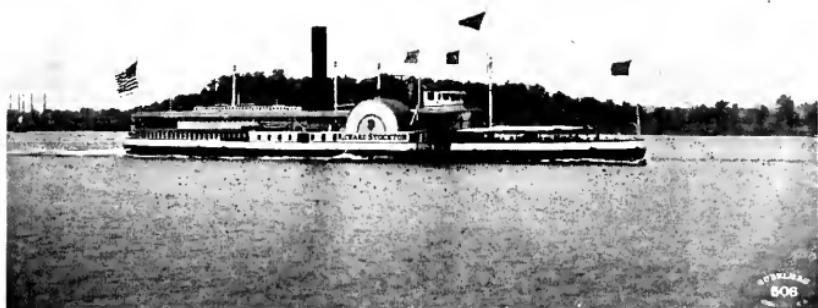
help the good work along, especially the Rockefellers. In all the huge benefactions bestowed by the Rockefellers, father and son, none seem to be productive of more good to the general welfare of the community than their splendid donations to this work. Time and again their millions

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have gone to supplement the grants by the State and no demand seems so far to have been too great. In consequence the public of this city possesses a recreation centre unique in the history of municipalities. Almost at the door of the crowded metropolis, wonderful camping locations are accessible, possessing all the solitude and grandeur usually obtainable only at a great distance from civilization. Underneath the shadow of these lordly heights are nooks and corners almost inaccessible except by the recently developed roads. For centuries they have thus been preserved inviolate. The Adirondacks affords no more quiet and peaceful solitude than do certain sections of the Palisades. Campers have discovered the joys of this sylvan retreat and each year the numbers increase. Hundreds of white tents dot the green shores in summer time. Bathing, sailing, canoeing and all sorts of water sports are available. The charge for a tent is merely nominal and parties of young persons and families live here all through the summer with supreme indifference to the high cost of rents and high expenses generally. It is astonishing how much happiness can be derived by living close to nature and the privilege is one that can not be over-estimated.

Fine roads for the tramp are everywhere, the further up you go the wilder becomes the environment; for a stretch of several miles one is in the heart of a wilderness. The footpaths are the same that have always existed, and follow the line of least resistance. They wind in and out, among leafy shades, and always there is the fascinating view of the river. When Piermont is reached, the first break in the wilderness is encountered in this village and its neighbors, Grand View and Nyack, but it is restored again at Rockland and continues until we reach

the climax of all this loveliness, Bear Mountain and Harriman Parks, some thirty miles up from where we left the campers.



THE RICHARD STOCKTON

There are still many interesting localities to be seen from the river before the city is passed. Half a dozen separate and distinct little villages clustered round the shore of the island in the old days. What we now know as West Street, was the "Shore road to Greenwich." West Street continues to 23rd Street and becomes Tenth Avenue. As if to recall its old days as a "Shore road" it meanders off as all good shore roads do, into the heart of the city, forsaking the toil and bustle of the water front to reappear, resplendent in new asphalt and imposing architecture as Amsterdam Avenue—again reminiscent of Colonial days—and makes a glorious exit in the sanctity of the classic atmosphere of the great Cathedral and Columbia University.

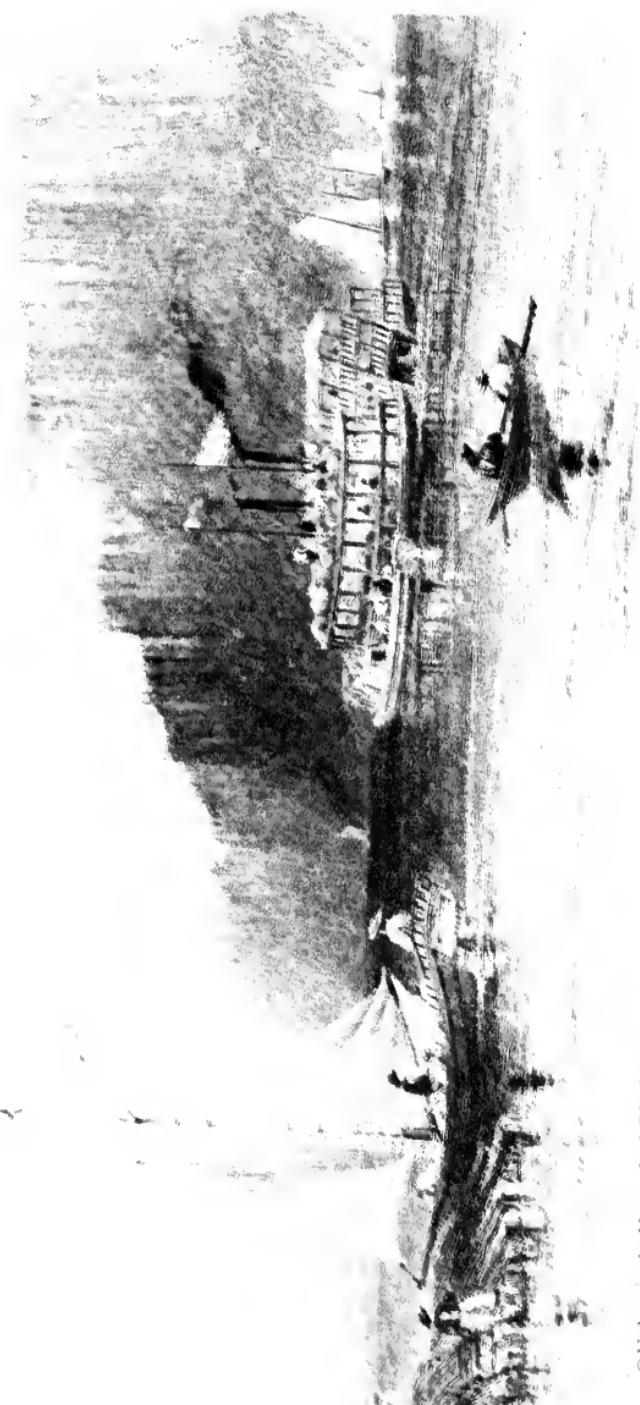
During the War of 1812 three forts were constructed in the lower reaches of West Street, one at the foot of Hubert Street, called the Red Fort or North bastion; another at the Battery, called Fort Clinton. The latter became in time the celebrated Castle Garden and was for years the Emigrant Landing Station. It is now the Aquarium. Few buildings are better known in the United States than is old Castle Garden and few have a more romantic history. The third was at the foot of Gansevoort Street, called the White Fort or Fort Gansevoort. We print a very interesting old print of the "White Fort" being used as a place of immersion by the Baptists. It shows several persons in the water being baptized, while the congregation lines the shore. It is a very interesting reminder of old days and is rarely seen.

Just before you come to the great thousand feet Chelsea piers built by the city for the accommodation of the huge Atlantic liners is the site of the old Delamater Iron Works where John Ericsson built the Monitor. Curiously enough, another inventor, Holland, brought his idea for an undersea boat here also, and so the first practical submarine was launched from the same yard that produced the *Ironclad*. Both these ideas revolutionized naval architecture the world over, and our Hudson River gave birth to the two greatest modern inventions in marine construction, to say nothing of the steamboat itself, which was, of course, the greatest invention of all. Quite a record for one little river in old New York.

Soon we pass the foot of Twelfth Street, and what was formerly the beaches of Greenwich Village—the haven of refuge for the lower city, in the time of yellow fever. A limped crystal pellucid stream flowed through this vil-



VIEW OF THE HUDSON FROM ABOUT THE FOOT OF 135TH STREET (MANHATTANVILLE) LOOKING NORTH.
THE AUDUBON AND LAWRENCE RESIDENCES ADJOURNED EACH OTHER AT THIS POINT. FROM A CON-
TEMPORARY PAINTING BY VICTOR AUDUBON, SON OF THE GREAT NATURALIST, ABOUT 1845.
LOANED BY MRS. CHARLES E. SHERMAN, GRANDDAUGHTER OF COLLECTOR OF THE PORT,
CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE.



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HAYBOATS AND BARGES OFF THE PALISADES. SECOND STAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE PASSENGER BARGE. ABOUT 1830.

lage—Minetta Water—and the soil was of a sandy, porous nature. Drainage was naturally perfect and this no doubt was largely the cause of its freedom from the plagues that periodically devastated the lower part of the island. The village today, however, is populated largely by short-haired women and long-haired men who pride themselves on their general superiority to the average citizen.

Beyond 72nd Street, on what is now Riverside Drive, were many beautiful country estates located in the villages that formerly dotted the shores of the Hudson—Bloomingdale, Striker's Bay, Manhattanville, Harsenville, Carmenville, Fort Washington, Jeffries Hook, Tubby Hook and Inwood. At 155th Street still remains what is left of the former residence of John J. Audubon, the great naturalist. His home was referred to as being "12 miles from the city." Through the kindness of Mrs. Charles E. Sherman, granddaughter of Cornelius W. Lawrence, Collector of the Port in 1848 we are able to reproduce a painting which shows how this neighborhood looked in those days. The Lawrence house adjoined the Audubon house and our picture shows how the river appeared at Manhattanville about 1845. The ruins of Fort Tryon and the redoubts of the Battle of Harlem are seen just before you come to the heights of Inwood. The hill at the north end of the island, sloping to the waters of Spuyten Duyvil creek is still densely wooded and almost primeval. It is in striking contrast to the many-storied structures that pierce the clouds at the opposite end of Manhattan.

It was my good fortune to take a moonlight stroll over Bear Mountain and it was a delightful experience. I crossed from one side to the other. The night was cool, yet the asphalt roads still retained some of the day's heat.

This attracted quite a few snakes who stretched their languid lengths across the path at intervals. They looked very much like broken branches fallen to the ground. They were not of the venomous type and their beautiful markings, I was sorry to think, would cause them to ultimately appear on Fifth Avenue, as a vanity bag or a jewel purse. The antipathy of the average man or boy toward snakes, which impels him to kill them wherever encountered, is largely due to ignorance. Lying there in the moonlight or slowly turning their heads as I passed, they seemed a most natural part of the surroundings, and they perform a much needed part in Nature's domestic economy. There are, of course, plenty of rattlers and copperheads in Bear Mountain, but they are not often encountered on the main travelled roads.

Every once in a while I would come upon one of the motor police. Some of them live in little houses back from the road and they were unmistakably glad to see another human. Up there, at the top of the mountain, the people you meet are not numerous, and the sight of an unexpected visitor is always a source of pleasure. I don't remember when my company was so much appreciated as it was by these guardians of Bear Mountain. When we parted I was sorry to leave, and looked eagerly forward for the next meeting. One of these guardians was perched on a fence leisurely whittling wood, and I talked with him quite a while. He was loath to let me go, and cordially invited me to tarry the night with him. We kept up a conversation till I was out of sight.

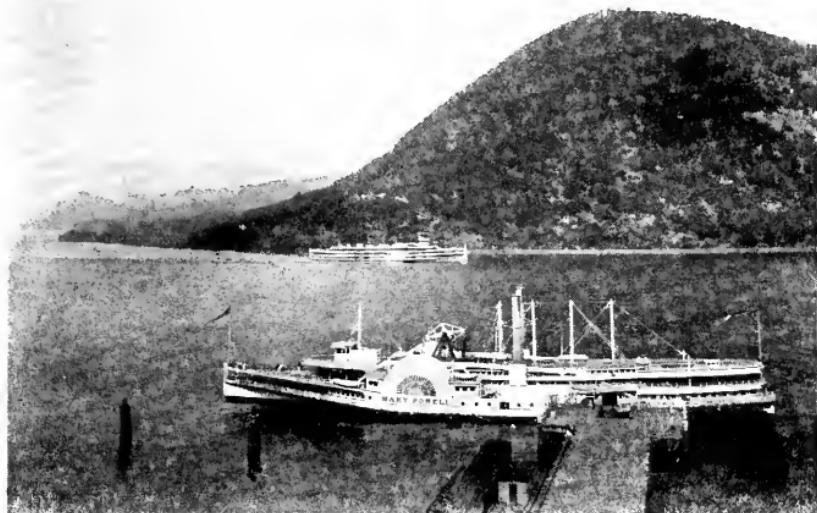
Woodland sounds in these pine clad hills, in the deep silence of the night are very fascinating. The hoot of the owl is ever present. The twittering of an aroused bird, the chirp of the crickets, the sing-song call of the Katy-dids,



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THE PARADE GROUND AT WEST POINT, FROM A RARE FRENCH LITHOGRAPH, ABOUT 1825,
BY MILBERT. COLLECTION MR. GRENVILLE KANE

and the pleasant whistling noise of the tree toad; the occasional bark of a dog, and the crackling of dry leaves, the breaking of a twig, are strangely clear and appealing in the silent atmosphere of the night. Foxes and cotton-tails break cover, ever and anon. The coolness, the clear mountain air and the stillness are all a novelty to the city man. In the distance stretched the river, a long silvery streak in the bright moonlight, and beyond the bend rose the frowning heights of old Dunderberg. It was an experience long to be remembered and as I clambered aboard the train at the foot of the mountain, it was hard to realize that I had left so much natural charm and beauty behind.



THE QUEEN OF THE HUDSON: THE MARY POWELL

Old Families on the River

A great number of changes have taken place among the families who were prominent along the river in the 70's,

and those who are there today. A considerable number of old estates have also been cut up into small house lots; and lovers' nests of the approved suburban type have taken the place of velvety lawns and stately old shade trees. Riverdale is about the only one retaining its old time aspect and yet many deplorable changes have taken place there also. A colored Orphan Asylum has located just on its north boundary and the southern part has witnessed the advent of the apartment house and the small private dwellings. The great homes of D. Willis James, Martin Bates, Robert Colgate, Wm. H. Appleton, Wm. D. Doyle, Jr., Percy R. Pyne, James W. Creery, S. D. Babcock, R. L. Franklin and J. F. Spaulding have long since moved away. Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, and Mrs. Geo. W. Perkins and a few others still remain.

Yonkers, perhaps, shows the greatest change of all. Besides being the home of John Reid, founder of Gold in America, it is now a city of many important manufacturing industries and practically all of the estates between it and Glenwood, except Colgate's and Trevor's have disappeared. A line of trolley cars now runs to Hastings through Rowley's Woods, past Spring Hill Grove, Dudley's Grove; and a new station—Greystone, breaks the old time stretch between Yonkers and Hastings. The old Waring homestead, better known as "Greystone," famous as the residence of Governor Samuel J. Tilden, is now occupied by another equally famous personage, Mr. Samuel Untermyer. Wm. Boyce Thompson, prominent in mining circles and civic betterment lives next to him, adjoining Rosemount, occupied by Mr. Caleb C. Dula, a prominent capitalist. The old Lilienthal mansion is no longer prominent.

OF OLD NEW YORK

At Hastings the ruins and chimney of the old Hopper Sugar Refinery and the clock tower on Dr. Huyler's place have both long ago disappeared. A huge cable and chemical factory occupies nearly a mile of the beautiful shore



THE SYLVAN DELL

front which formerly showed such a pleasing prospect from the river. The Far and Near lawn tennis grounds have been cut up, David Dudley Field's beautiful estate has been halved. The old Minturn house still stands and has been kept practically intact, but the land has been largely sold. The Villard, Moore and Fraser places are about the same. "Billy Burke" now has the Kirkham place. At Dobbs Ferry the same thing applies. The old Cyrus Field place; David Dow's mansion with the finest lawn on the river and the J. D. Mair's residence belong to the past. At Irvington the same influences have been at work. A big printing plant faces the river and a huge green house factory covers the water front. Lewis DuPont Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving, occupies

"Sunnyside" and Gen. Coleman DuPont now has the old Hamilton place "Nevins." The old church in which Irving served as warden still stands, and sleepy Hollow where he is buried, shelters also Andrew Carnegie. Cunningham Castle is now a private school. Kingsland Point is now an automobile plant. The Aspinwall residence, "Polgraves Folly," is now the Gould Place. S. B. Schieffelin, Wm. E. Dodge, John T. Terry, James H. Bunker, Mrs. Gen. Merritt, Albert Bierstadt, E. S. Jaffray, F. Cottinett, Jas. Wilde, Jr., and many others are merely memories.

The John D. Rockefeller estate in Pocantico Hills begins just north of Tarrytown and extends almost back to the Saw Mill River. Farther up the river other names are missed—Samuel B. Duryea, F. W. Seward, Mrs. C. B. Underhill, H. C. de Rham, N. P. Willis, F. R. River, Dr. James Lenox Banks, Hayden Holland, and Geo. P. Morris. Hamilton Fish is represented by Stuyvesant Fish and Samuel Sloan by his descendant of the same name. Irving Grinnell lives at Newburgh, James Parish, S. F. B. Morse, J. Pierpont Morgan, Alfred Pell, John Bigelow, Arthur Pell, Charles Tracy, E. A. Livingston, John S. Gilbert, D. Huested, E. P. Roe, Albert Palmer, Wm. H. Clark, Charles Birdsall, Daniel Taft, Peter B. Verplank, Thos. Nichols, E. P. Miller are all among the passed. Of that brilliant group which made Cornwall one of the literary centres, on the Hudson, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot alone remains.

At Poughkeepsie the same transformation is apparent but the magnificent road to Hyde Park remains undiminished in beauty. The Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt still holds forth in the old family homestead, but David Hosack has been gone these many years, so has Henry E. Coggswell, W. C. Smillie, John P. Garland, J. A.



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VIEW FROM ALPINE SOUTH TO NEW YORK, LOOKING FROM CLIFFDALE, RESIDENCE
OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE.

Stoutenburgh, Walter Langdon, A. P. Rogers, Gen. D. Butterfield, Wm. Dinsmore, Wm. Livingston, Wm. Kelly, Levi P. Morton, Wm. M. Goodrich, John T. Hume, John F. Winslow, Alexander Holland, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, J. Lawrence Lee, Mrs. Hoyt, Mathew Livingston Edward Henshaw Jones, William Astor's "Ferncliff;" F. H. Delano, John R. Livingston, Wm. B. Astor's "Rokely;" Mrs. M. L. Marshall, John S. Stevins, Carleton Hunt, Col. Chas. Livingston, J. C. Cruger, Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, Col. J. L. de Peyster, Johnston Livingston, E. A. Livingston, P. W. Rockefeller (no relative to J. D.) and only recently the well-beloved old naturalist, John Burroughs.

All these were magnificent estates and were modelled largely on the plan of the English Manor House. The grounds were very extensive and beautifully kept. The houses would hardly compare in size and beauty with the Newport "cottage" of today, nor would the style of living compare with the modern idea—that we must herd together in droves and be near enough to dine at one house, dance at another and go to the movies in between. Today the old time life for the country gentleman would be voted too slow—not enough "pep"—and the result is that many of these erstwhile ideal places are ignored for the more accessible though less beautiful locations nearer the great city.

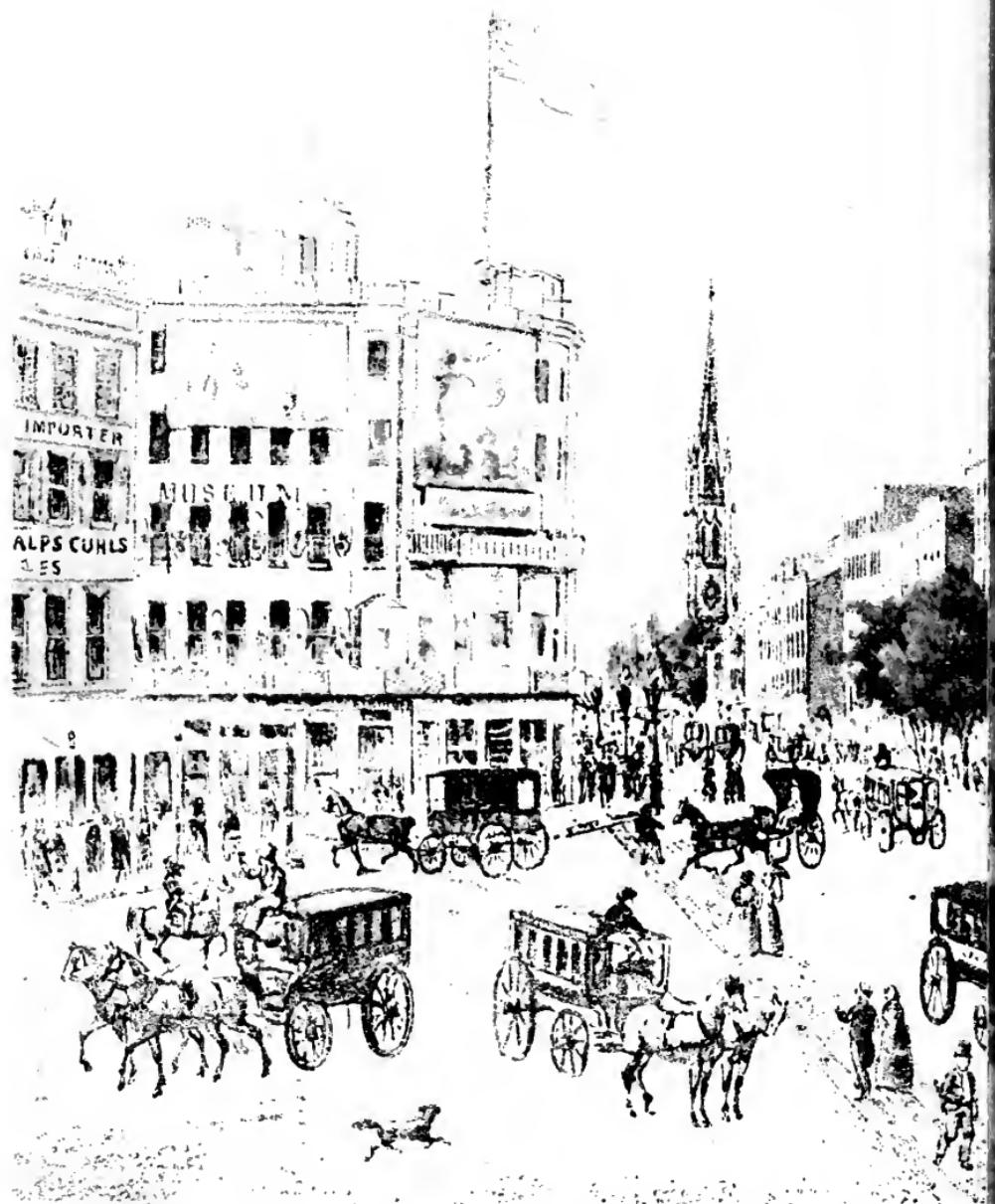
Yet the recapitulation of these names, will awaken a flood of pleasant memories in the hearts of many New Yorkers, who will recall many a summer holiday spent as a small boy at some of those places I have mentioned. Some of that old time atmosphere is still preserved along the river, but it does not begin much before you get to the Highlands. Putnam and Dutchess counties are still

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the citadels of the dying Knickerbocker, and the legend and traditions of the old days are part and parcel of existence in the shadow of Dunderberg and Sugar Loaf mountains.

And so as the purple shadows fall upon the placid waters, as the distant mountain tops fade into the hastening twilight, we take leave of the wraiths of the Van Rensselaers, the Van Cortlandts, the Verplancks and all the other tribes of Stuyvesant's valiant army.

This article will be continued in the next two numbers and published in book form in 1925 to commemorate the opening of the Erie Canal a hundred years ago by De Witt Clinton. Pictures and other contributions of material from old residents along the river will be appreciated.—EDITOR.



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BROADWAY SOUTH FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE ABOUT 1850. DRAWN



M NATURE BY A. KOLLNER. COLLECTION OF THE DOWN TOWN ASSOCIATION.



THE DOWN TOWN ASSOCIATION

1860-1920

The Down Town Association has an unique interest for New Yorkers on account of its being the first down town club in the city. When it was organized in 1860 there were seven other clubs more or less active in other parts of the city, but the Down Town Association has the distinction of being the first in a movement for club life for the business man right in his own habitat so to speak—a movement which has expanded to great proportions in our own day.

Mr. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart has written an interesting account of the club from its early precarious days to its present highly prosperous condition and we reproduce here the more salient parts of the history. A feature which distinguishes the club and gives it a special interest for New Yorkers is the fine collection of old prints, engravings and maps of Old New York and of Americana—most of them of great rarity and all of them of exceptional interest. The Down Town Association was the first club to adopt this idea as a feature of club life—an example which has been followed by many other prominent organizations since. The early start in this field together with the liberal policy pursued in this direction has resulted in placing the club collection far in advance of any ordinary achievement and has brought it to a point rarely reached by a museum.

THE recent discovery among the papers of the late Robert L. Maitland of the long lost first book of Minutes of the Down Town Association containing entries from December 23rd, 1859, to October 27th, 1862, establishes as truth the almost forgotten story of the Association's beginnings, and carries back more than seventeen years the club records from which its year books have been compiled. These early records show among other things a complete organization of the club preceding that first mentioned in the year books, and the ownership and occupation of a club house in 1860.

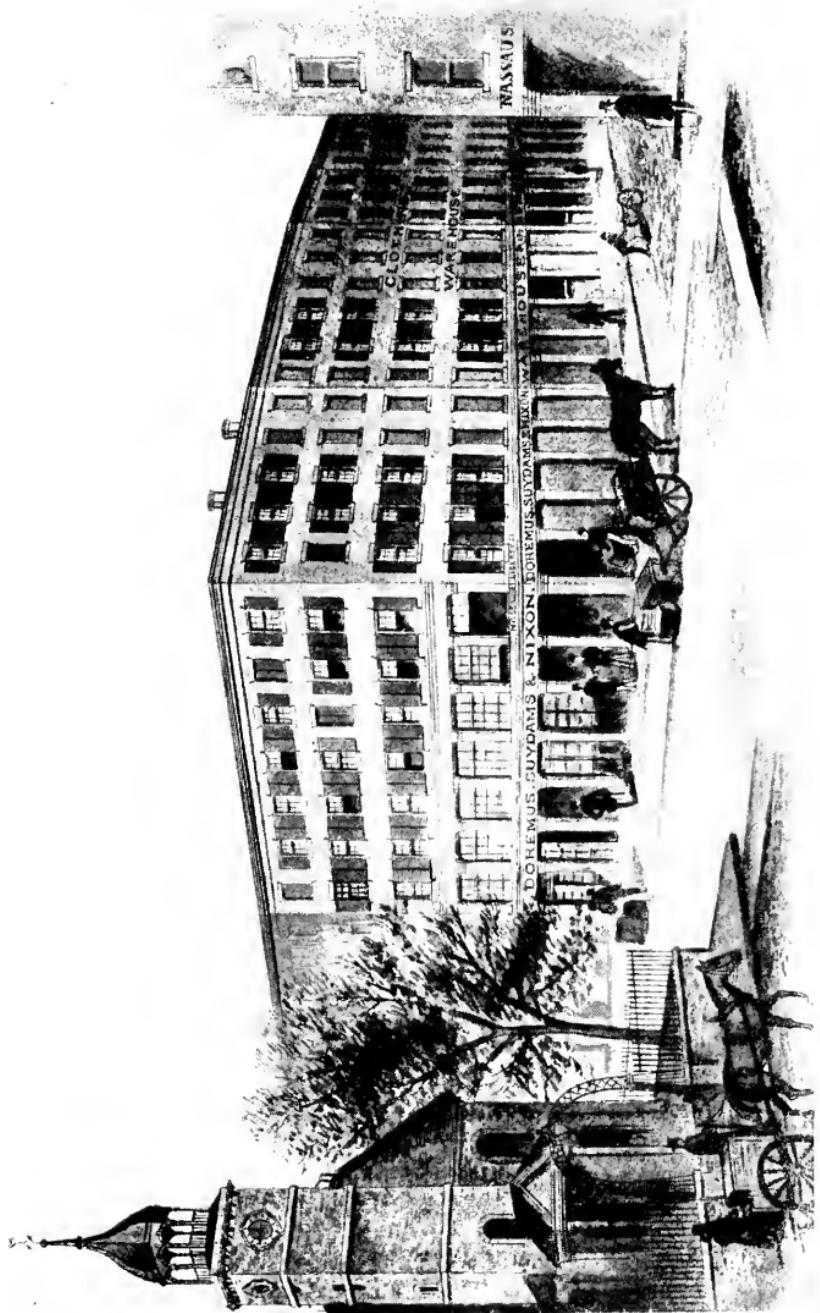
VALENTINE'S MANUAL

On December 23rd, 1859, in pursuance of a notice previously sent out, a group of gentlemen in favor of forming a down town club assembled at the Astor House in Room 41; Robert Gordon acted as Chairman, and James Couper Lord as Secretary of the meeting. The first steps towards organization were taken and on motion of William Allen Butler twenty-seven gentlemen who had previously expressed their desire to join were elected. The names are given in the minutes of this meeting; among them are noted Henry M. Alexander, James M. Brown, Benjamin F. Butler, William Allen Butler, A. H. Gibbs, Robert Gordon, James Boorman Johnson, J. Couper Lord, Robert L. Maitland, Howard Potter, Benjamin D. Stillman, William H. Tillinghast and Fletcher Westray.

A nominating and a business committee were also appointed at this meeting, framing of a constitution and a set of by-laws was ordered and the initiation fee fixed at twenty-five dollars yearly.

The first general meeting of the club was held at the Astor House on February 4th, 1860, at which time the membership was increased to 42. The Executive Committee was authorized to hire the premises at 42 Cedar Street for the club for three years and an annual rental not exceeding \$1,600, provided a renewal of the lease or privilege of purchasing at end of the term at a reasonable rate could be obtained.

Incorporation was advanced at a meeting of the Executive Committee held April 11th, 1860, when Robert L. Maitland, Acting Treasurer, was authorized to pay the expenses of procuring a charter. This was obtained from the Legislature of the State of New York by a special act on April 17th, 1860, on which date Robert L. Maitland, Henry M. Alexander, Robert



ONE OF THE EARLIEST ESTABLISHED DRY GOODS FIRMS IN NEW YORK. DOREMUS, SUYDAM AND NIXON, 39 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF LIBERTY STREET, ABOUT 1820, OPPOSITE THE MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH. FROM A RARE CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPH.

Gordon, James Couper Lord, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Howard Potter, William Allen Butler, Francis H. Palmer, James Boorman Johnston and George Fuller, "with such other persons as may be associated with them," were constituted a body corporate under the name and style of "The Down Town Association in the City of New York." The object of the corporation was stated as follows: "To furnish to persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits in the City of New York facilities for social intercourse and such accommodations as are required during the intervals of business while at a distance from their residences; also the advancement of literature and art by establishing and maintaining a library, reading room, and gallery of art." The ten persons named in the first section were constituted the Trustees and Managers until the election of others in their place; and the corporation was authorized to purchase real estate of the value of not to exceed \$300,000.

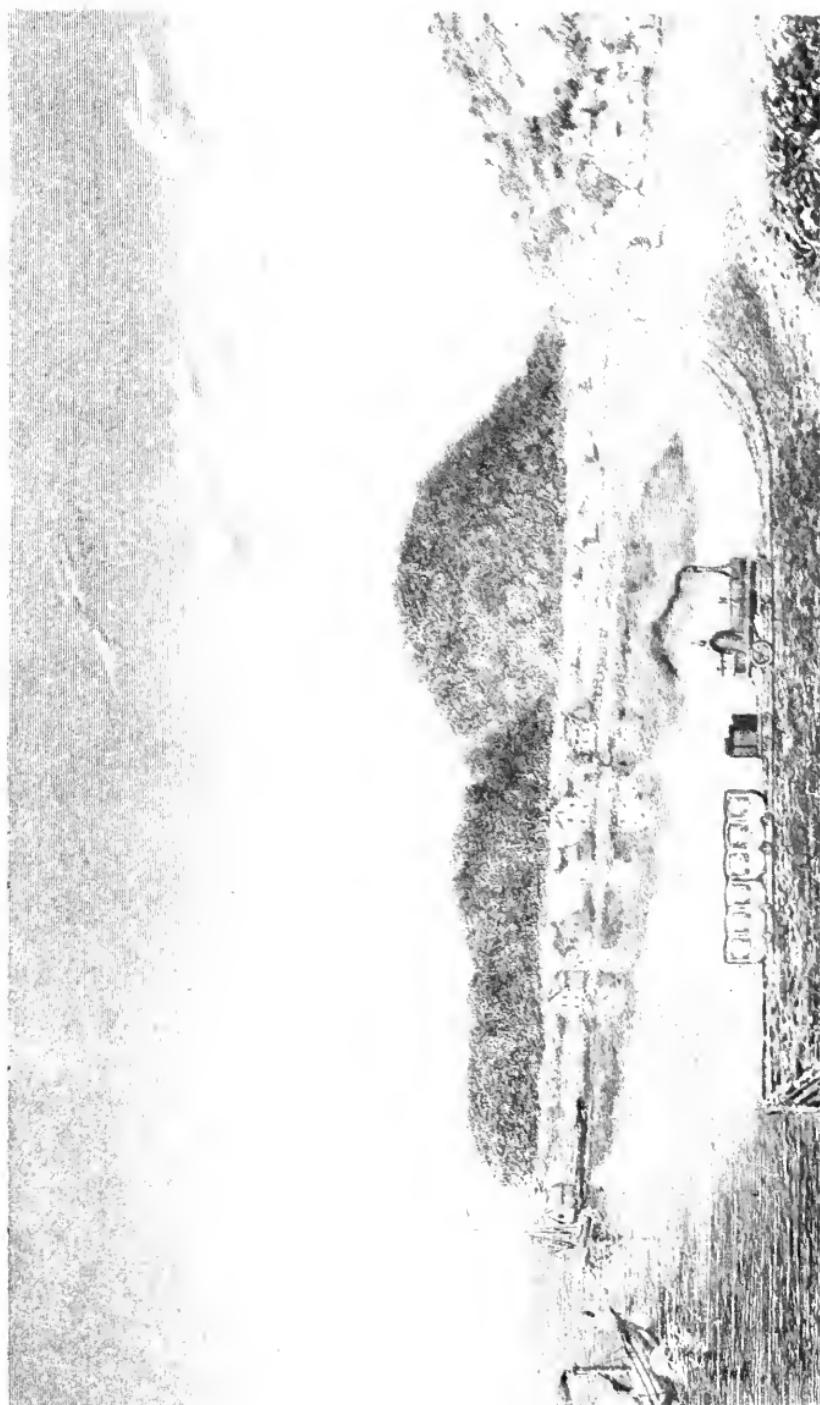
Action for the purchase of the property 22 Exchange Place as a home for the club was ordered at a meeting of the executive committee April 28th, 1860, and this action was confirmed by the club on May 4th. Also the act of incorporation was accepted and the by-laws adopted.

Immediately upon adjournment the Trustees and Managers met for the first time at the same place, and organized by the election for one year of the following officers: President, Robert Gordon; Vice-President, Henry M. Alexander; Treasurer, Robert L. Maitland; Secretary, J. Couper Lord. House, finance and building committees were also appointed. The number and names of the Trustees are not mentioned in these early records, which merely state "quorum present" at meetings. From the appointments to ser-

vice on committees it appears, however, that William Allen Butler, James Boorman Johnston, Daniel Lord, F. H. Palmer, Howard Potter and Fletcher Westray were members of the original Board. On May 18th, 1860, the Trustees and Managers provided for an issue of ten club bonds of \$500 each to raise the \$5,000 cash to be paid on taking title, and authorized the President and Secretary to accept the deed of 22 Exchange Place for the consideration of \$30,000, execute a purchase money mortgage of \$25,000 for five years at seven per cent., and pay the balance in cash. Title to the property was taken from Robert L. Maitland August 1st, 1860. A Secretary's note states that the club house was opened for business on September 10th, 1860, without formalities. During the summer and autumn several Trustees' meetings for the election of new members were held. On November 12th the Treasurer reported a deficiency of about \$5,000, upon which a bond of indemnity to him was signed by all the members of the Board.

At a Trustees' meeting held December 12th an engraving after Rosa Bonheur and a picture of Prince John by Atwood, presented to the club by Mr. Maitland, were accepted with thanks and the House Committee directed to have them properly hung. To Mr. Robert L. Maitland, therefore, belongs the honorable distinction of having founded sixty years ago the important and growing art collection of the club.

At the first annual meeting of the Association May 8th, 1861 the treasurer reported a deficit of \$8,243.91 and ways and means were taken to meet it. These trying financial conditions however continued until May 28th, 1862, when a meeting was held to take some radical step. The result was an unanimous vote that the club go into liquidation. The club house and all its contents were thereafter sold.



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TAPPAN LANDING, 1837. EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE ERIE RAILROAD. FROM A VERY RARE PRINT
IN COLLECTION OF MR. SIMEON FORD.



THE CURB MARKET ON BROAD STREET, ON SUNDAY. NOTE THE TOTAL ABSENCE OF LIFE AT THIS OTHERWISE NOISY AND BUSY SPOT DURING WEEK DAYS

The Charter however survived, lying dormant for nearly fifteen years; where, and why for so long a time, is now unknown. Perhaps the future may discover.

On May 2nd, 1877, a reorganization was affected by the Association, which met on that day at Delmonico's and elected the following Trustees: Benjamin G. Arnold, James M. Brown, A. H. Gibbs, Robert Gordon, Morris K. Jesup, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Howard Potter, H. F. Vail and Fletcher Westray. From this time the well-kept minute books of the Association and of the Trustees are available for the continuation of this history. It is interesting to note that Mr. Brown, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Potter and Mr. Westray were present at the meeting held December 23rd, 1859, to organize the club; that Mr. Gordon and Mr. Potter were also incorporators, and that Mr. Gordon and Mr. Westray were serving as President and Vice-President when the club disbanded in 1862.

The new Board of Trustees held meetings in the office of B. G. Arnold & Company and at the office of its Secretary, R. D. Perry, 60 Wall Street. Benjamin G. Arnold, who had been active and influential in effecting the reorganization of the Association, was elected the second President July 31st, 1877. On that day a sub-committee under the chairmanship of Samuel D. Babcock was authorized to rent rooms for the Association at 50-52 Pine Street at an annual rental of \$3,500. These rooms first occupied in February, 1878, were the home of the club for more than nine years. On May 1st the membership was 354. Benjamin G. Arnold, after serving three years, resigned in May, 1880. Mr. Arnold was a leading coffee merchant and the first

President of the Coffee Exchange, 1882 to 1885. He remained a member of the club until his death, December 10th, 1894. Samuel D. Babcock was elected third President of the Association in succession to Mr. Arnold.

On December 18th, 1884, the trustees were authorized to enter into a contract to purchase the lots 60 and 62 Pine street for a club house and title to the property was taken May 1st, 1885. A building committee was appointed to attend to all matters relating to the erection of the new club house.

The following members were appointed to this service: Samuel D. Babcock, Chairman; A. P. Whitehead, Josiah M. Fiske, George W. Dillaway, D. Willis James, William Krebs and C. H. Arnold. This Building Committee reported at a meeting held April 26th, 1886, that C. C. Haight, a member of the club, had been engaged as architect for the new building, and that its estimated cost was \$152,000, the price paid for land being \$98,000, the total estimated expenditure amounting to \$250,000. In May, 1886, the active membership of the club was increased to 1,000 in view of the prospective opening of the new club house. This important event took place on May 23rd, 1887, and the handsome five-story club house known as 60 Pine Street has been the home of the Association since that date. The active membership then numbered 500. On the opening date 208 new members elected at recent Trustees' meetings were notified of their election. A report presented to the Association by J. Lawrence McKeever, Treasurer, May 23rd, 1888, showed the cost of the land and building as \$279,525.73, and of the house furnishings to date \$27,143.52, a total expenditure of \$306,669.25.

Thenceforward the Association prospered and attracted a greater attendance year by year. Samuel D.

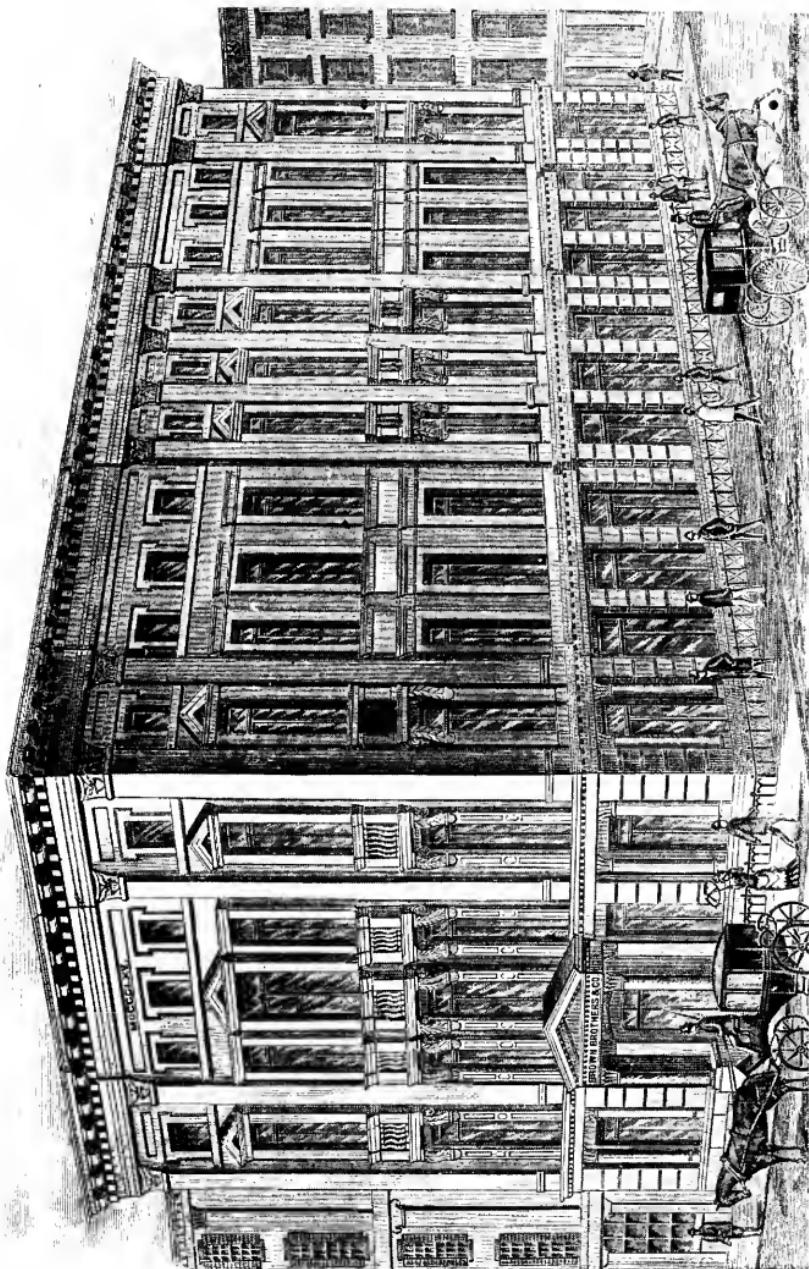


THE BEVERLEY ROBINSON HOUSE.

ARNOLD'S HEADQUARTERS WHEN IN COMMAND AT WEST POINT.

"This view is taken from the North, on which side the entrance was in my youth."—
STUYVESANT FISH.

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BROWN BROTHERS CO., NEW BUILDING AT WALL AND HANOVER STREETS, 1865. THIS WAS CONSIDERED TO BE THE
HANDSOMEST BUSINESS STRUCTURE ON WALL STREET. TWO STORIES HAVE BEEN ADDED TO IT
SINCE ITS ERECTION

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Babcock, third President, under whose leadership the club house was built, having served continuously by successive annual elections for twenty years, in May, 1900, declined further re-election. A banker of high standing, President of the Chamber of Commerce 1875-1882, and one of New York's leading citizens, Mr. Babcock placed the club under lasting obligation. He died September 14th, 1902. A. Pennington Whitehead was elected the fourth President of the Association, but after serving three years he declined a re-election and was succeeded by Donald Mackay as fifth President in June, 1903. On January 1st, 1901, the Secretary reported to the Trustees the full membership of 1,000, a non-resident membership of 89, and 348 candidates awaiting election.

The membership of the club was growing rapidly and efforts were made to increase the accommodations by leasing adjoining properties. Those additions did not meet the needs of the club sufficiently and at a meeting held Feb. 17th, 1910 the trustees authorized the president to appoint a building committee with power to erect a new building.

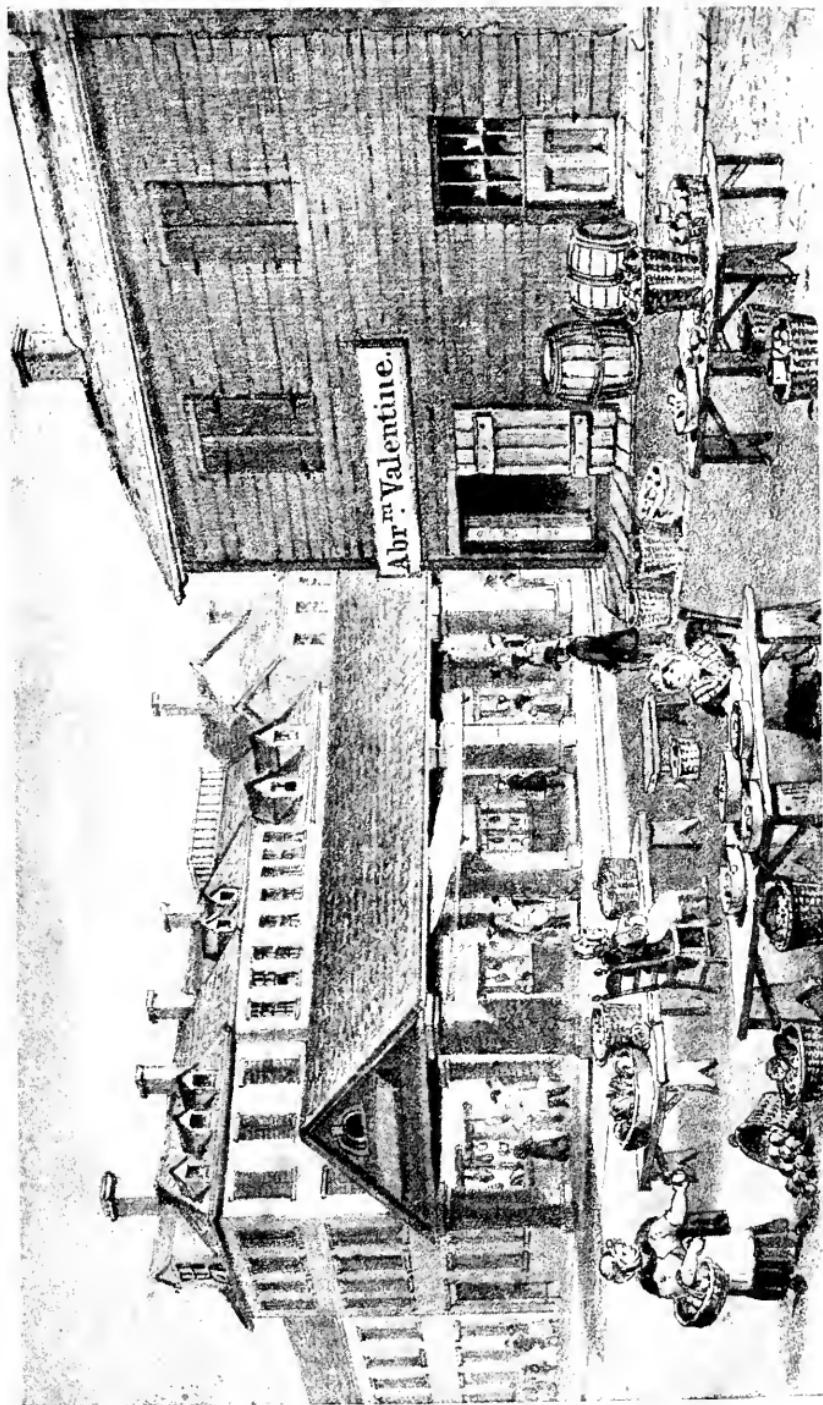
The President designated as such committee, Edmund L. Baylies, George R. Read and Charles S. Brown. Warren & Wetmore were accordingly appointed architects, and the cost of the new building was estimated at \$125,000, and of the furniture as \$10,000. Under date June 20th the committee issued a circular letter to the members of the club recommending revised plans so as to provide a broad, open entrance hall and other structural changes and improvements in the main club house not originally contemplated at an additional expense of \$40,000. The revised plans were approved by the club, and work was at once begun and so rapidly progressed that the

Trustees by letter dated March 16th, 1911, were able to report the erection of the new addition and the completion of the alterations to the club building within nine months after the demolition of the old buildings began at a total cost, including furniture and fittings, of \$175,556.76. The new building was then occupied. As enlarged the club house has a front of 74 feet on Pine Street, 66 feet on Cedar Street, and a depth of 135 and 133 feet on either side. It now provides, besides two large and convenient smoking-rooms, seven general and six private luncheon rooms in which 640 can be comfortably seated at one time. The cost of the land purchased in 1885, and of the club house and extension March 11th, 1911, was \$482,225. Before the expiration of the ground leases on which the addition stands the Trustees hope to acquire the fee of the property.

In the death of Donald Mackay, fifth President, which occurred on February 29th, 1912, the Association lost one of its most efficient and faithful officers. Elected Trustee in May, 1886, Vice-President in 1900, and President in 1903 he raised a standard of service second to none in the history of the club.

In May, 1912, he was succeeded by A. Pennington Whitehead, who had been President 1900-1903.

During the past forty years since the reorganization of the Association was effected, while its membership has grown and its enlarged club house been erected and financed, the club was fortunate in having the services of three Treasurers: J. Lawrence McKeever, 1879-1902; E Francis Hyde, 1902-1913, and Gherardi Davis, 1913-1920, for whose able and conservative ad-



MAIDEN LANE AND FRONT STREET IN 1816. THE FLY-MARKET, ORIGINALLY CALLED THE VALLEY MARKET OR IN DUTCH THE VLEI MARKET. THE SIGN OF ABRHAM VALENTINE (GROCER) IS SEEN ON THE CORNER. HE WAS A RELATIVE OF DAVID T. VALENTINE, EDITOR OF THE MASTALS (1840-1866).

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ministrations in these constructive years the club is greatly indebted.

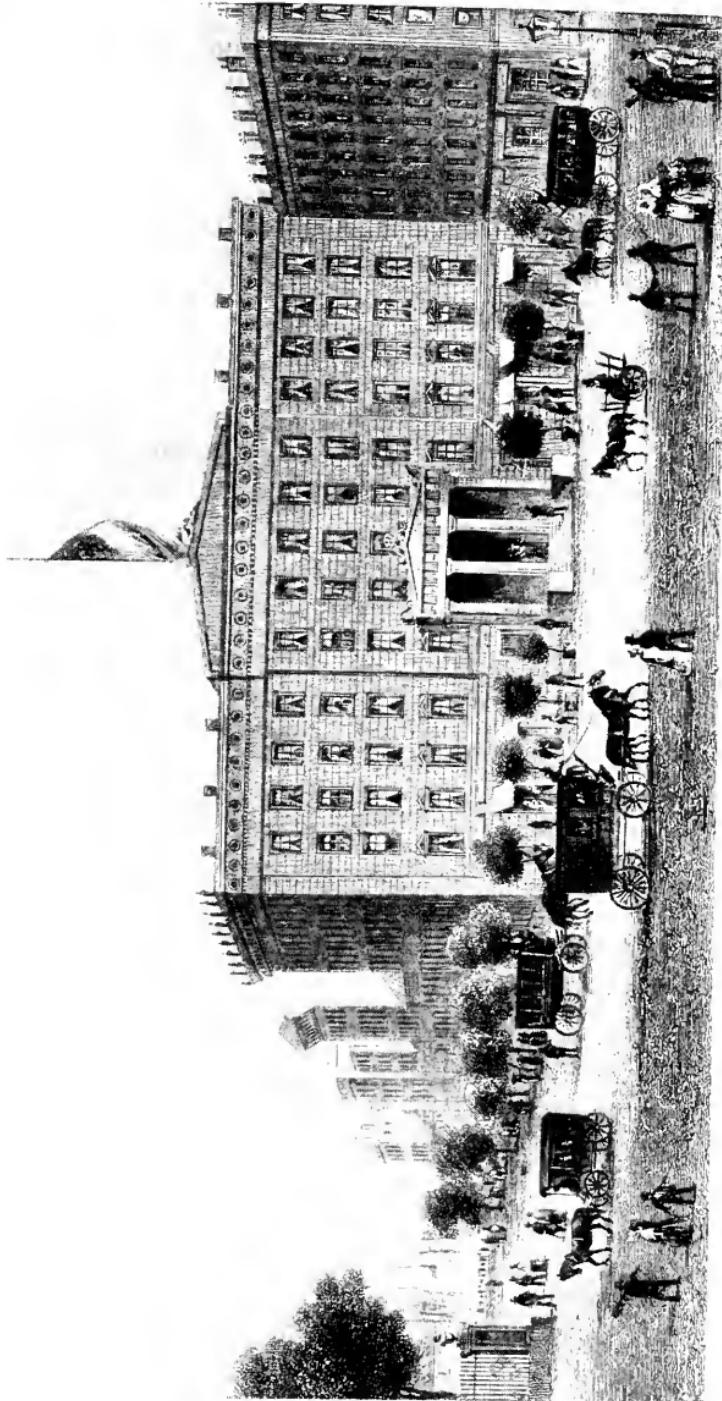
Since May, 1886, the regular active membership of the Association, then fixed at 1,000, has not been increased, and soon thereafter this maximum was reached and a waiting list established. By resolution of the Trustees adopted in 1903, provision was, however, made for 50 life members; 3 were shortly afterwards elected, and the rapidly lengthening regular waiting list led to the election of 24 in 1911 and 23 in 1912, thus completing the number. No vacancy having yet occurred, it would appear that life membership is equivalent to an insurance. From the reorganization of the Association in 1878 there have been elected 2,842 active and 288 non-resident members. In recognition of his valuable services as Treasurer 1879-1902, and Vice-President 1903-1911, J. Lawrence McKeever was elected Honorary Member May 23d, 1917. Mr. McKeever, the only member thus distinguished, died August 14th, 1919. During the Great War 98 members were in active service, two of whom died for their country. Awaiting election on the list of candidates are 911 names, nearly enough to constitute another club of the size of the Down Town Association. The average daily attendance during the busy months of the year, excluding Saturdays, is about 750. The largest number of luncheons served on any day is 843. Included in this count are guests of members among whom are usually some ladies who have been welcomed since the reopening of the club in 1887.

The art collection includes portraits in oil of Presidents Arnold, Babcock, Mackay and Whitehead, which hang in the entrance hall. To these should be added a

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portrait of Robert Gordon, the first President. The main art collection consists of 226 prints, engravings and maps of Old New York, some of great interest and rarity. Most of these were acquired by purchase from appropriations aggregating about \$10,000 made at intervals since 1904 by the Trustees and expended by an Art Committee of three consisting of Edmund L. Baylies, a Trustee, J. Harsen Purdy and Junius S. Morgan. Other acquisitions were made by gifts of members, the most important being received in 1916 by bequest of Mr. Purdy of his choice collection of 35 prints. They are shown together in one of the third floor front rooms with an appropriate tablet recording the bequest. Exceptional advantages for the exhibition and enjoyment of such a collection are afforded by the Down Town Association, and the worthy example of Mr. Purdy and other donors may be relied upon still further to enlarge it.

At the head of the list of members stand the names of eleven elected at the Trustees' meeting held in May, 1878. They are: James A. Benedict, William P. Dixon, Frances E. Dodge, Allen W. Evarts, J. Montgomery Hare, Henry Hentz, James N. Jarvie, Edmund Penfold, William E. D. Stokes, George Peabody Wetmore, and Henry P. Winter. Death has just caused to be removed from this list a twelfth name, that of A. Pennington Whitehead, the President of the Association who died at Litchfield, Connecticut, August 1st 1920. Elected Trustee in 1886 and by five years the senior member of the Board, VicePresident 1898-1900, and President in 1900-1903 and from 1912-1920, a period of more than eleven years, Mr. Whitehead, a lawyer of high standing in his profession, was a digni-



VIEW OF THE ASTOR HOUSE AS FIRST COMPLETED, 1832. VESSEY STREET WAS A FASHIONABLE RESIDENTIAL LOCALITY

fied and accomplished presiding officer. A gentleman of the old school, he was courteous and charming and will be long and gratefully remembered.

The Trustees at their meeting on September 16th, 1920, elected George G. Haven, for twelve years the efficient Secretary of the club, to be its sixth President, Henry R. Hoyt as Vice-President, and Origen S. Seymour as Secretary.

Standing first among clubs organized in the city of New York to provide relaxation during business hours and a place where luncheon can be served in comfort to busy men, the Down Town Association, the struggles of its early years left far behind, has now realized in large measure the expectations of its founders and seems assured of an untroubled and useful future.

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No. 6

FOR 1922

New Series

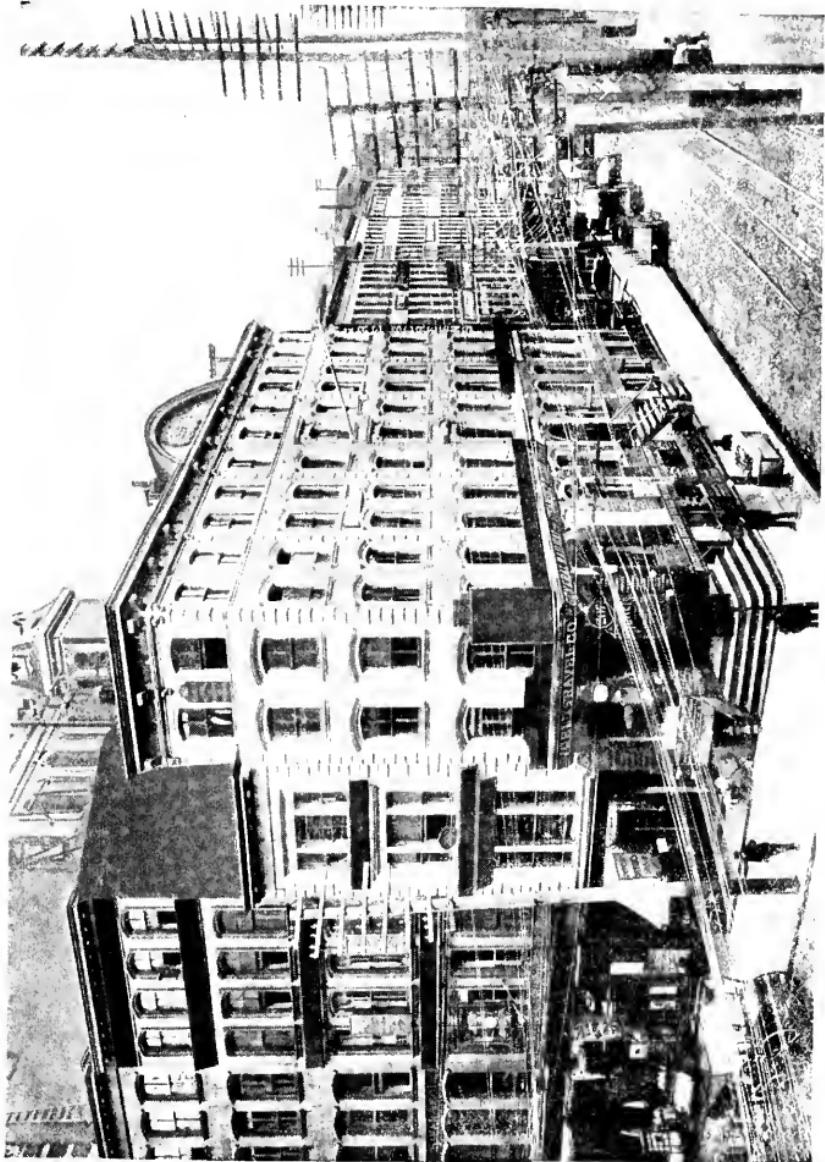
EDITORIAL

ON another page we have recorded the successful erection of the new Liberty Pole in City Hall Park.

Particularly gratifying to us was the splendid co-operation of the Sons of the Revolution and the New York Historical Society. Without their aid, spiritually and financially, we might not have had so pleasant an incident to relate. And our friends of the West Coast and of the East Coast, who kindly supplied the material for the Pole are entitled to share in the glory. The readers of the *Manual*, whose support of this journal enabled the publisher to pursue his object to the end, should have at least honorable mention. It was a fine achievement and everybody connected with the affair has good reason to be more than satisfied with the result.

* * * *

It is quite evident that when John Pintard founded the New York Historical Society he had no idea that the small city which he knew and loved so well would, in less than a century, become one of the greatest cities in the world. His original conception of his Society seems to have been planned on National and not local lines. No one at that time dreamed that New York would some day be big enough to require an Historical Society all its own.



BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET. OLD BUILDINGS INCLUDING THE MAIL AND EXPRESS RECENTLY DEMOLISHED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE ADDITION TO THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.'S BUILDING, NOW OCCUPYING ALMOST THE ENTIRE BLOCK. THE NUMEROUS OVERHEAD WIRES CENTERED HERE, PRIOR TO THEIR BEING PLACED UNDERGROUND IN 1889.

The tremendous growth of the country, as a whole, to say nothing of New York, has already been recognized by the Society. The National idea was long ago abandoned and the Society has done well to confine its activities to its home state.

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Those of us who are acquainted with the constant, unselfish and generous service rendered by the present management of the Historical Society would like to be of further use in suggesting some changes that might add to its attractiveness and efficiency.

* * * *

A great many of its friends feel that the time has come for still further concentration. The great City of New York is not sufficiently featured or cared for; its vast riches are neglected or slighted. And if John Pintard were alive today there is small question but that he would be the first to advocate a change to meet the new conditions. Steps should also be taken to complete the building.

The completion of the building would make room for the Society's really excellent and comprehensive collection of old New York prints. These are of surpassing rarity, interest and extent. They are carefully stored away at present and none may view them except after painstaking inquiry and much labor on the part of an attendant. This gentleman will ultimately emerge with a young vault in his arms, containing all subjects beginning with "S" or "J," as the case may be, and place it before you. One is well repaid for his wait, however, as there is no doubt regarding the genuine merit of this collection when it is finally exhumed. But how much better it would be if these

entrancing pictures, portraying as they do the Rise, Progress and Development of the greatest City in the world, were placed on the walls where the casual visitor or member could see them at a glance? The Abbott Collection should be moved to the basement.

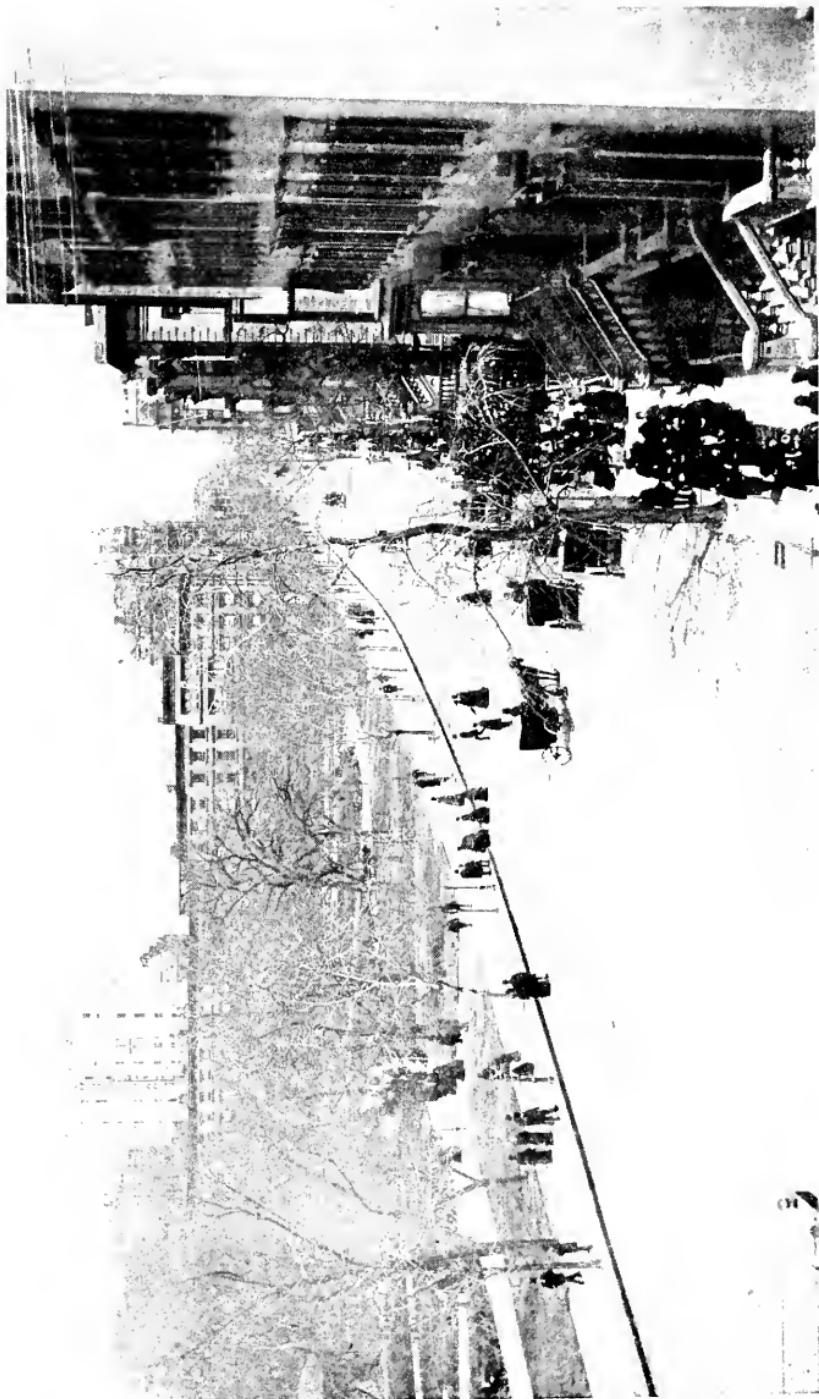
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When the new wings of the Historical Society's building are completed there will be ample room for a largely increased membership. Why would it not be a good idea for some of the other Societies at present without a home to join the Historical Society in a body retaining at the same time their corporate name? There is a formidable duplication of membership and efforts among patriotic societies at present which could be eliminated to a large extent by such a move and much benefit derived by all concerned.

* * * *

The second part of our self-imposed task at City Hall Park contemplated the removal of the old post office and the restoration of this site to the Park of which it was originally a section.

After the erection of the Liberty Pole, public opinion was quickly responsive to our efforts in this direction. Liberal space was given by the daily press to a discussion of the project with the result that a special Joint Postal Committee was appointed by the Senate and House of Representatives to investigate our allegations of inefficiency, expensive maintenance and other charges brought against the old building. The Committee's report was, if anything, a little worse than our complaints. Nevertheless they recommended the retention of the site and the erection thereon of an entirely new building.



MADISON AVENUE LOOKING NORTH SHOWING CONGREGATION COMING OUT OF DR. PARKHURST'S CHURCH AT 24TH STREET, 1885. TAKEN FROM THE WINDOWS OF NO. 22 EAST 23RD STREET, RESIDENCE OF MISS COLBY AND NOW THE SOLE REMAINING PRIVATE RESIDENCE ON MADISON SQUARE. COLLECTION OF MR. JAMES C. COLGATE



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NORTH BATTERY, NEW YORK, AT THE FOOT OF HUBERT STREET, 1830. LOOKING SOUTH.
ERECTED DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

This recommendation gave us an opening whereby we were able at once to project the subject into public discussion in a manner that would not otherwise have been possible. The result is doubtless familiar to all our readers by this time. The outspoken approval of all the newspapers enabled us to secure the backing of practically the entire city for our idea. When public sentiment is thoroughly aroused its influence is irresistible. No sensible government cares to antagonize needlessly any considerable portion of its people and in this case Washington was no exception.

Nevertheless much credit for the change in the Federal attitude must be given to that young marvel of common sense diplomacy, Postmaster-General Will H. Hays. This gentleman received our approaches in an open-minded manner and proceeded to discuss the matter from a business point of view and in a business-like manner.

By the time these pages reach our readers much water will have passed under the bridge concerning the old Post Office. It is now a live issue and the progress of events is recorded from time to time in the columns of the daily press. At the present moment of writing the outlook is encouraging. A final decision, however, cannot reasonably be hoped for except after long and arduous negotiations, as the situation is badly complicated.

A Citizens' Committee will be formed to work under the direction of the Joint Committee of the *New York Historical Society*, *Sons of the Revolution* and *Valentine's Manual*. In a movement of such widespread general interest, reaching as it does citizens of New York in every walk of life, it is desirous that room should be made for everybody. Organized bodies composed of residents from almost every state in the Union exist in

New York and have their own societies while at the same time recognizing New York as their home town. As a matter of fact if only the native born New Yorker was interested in this movement it would have scant chance of success. Fortunately such is not the case and the influence of the adopted New Yorker is likely to prove a source of unexpected strength. Congress as a rule is never very partial to anything New York wants and perhaps a request from these expatriated citizens on Congressmen from their erstwhile home towns may prove of vital importance.

Meanwhile we would like all the readers of the *Manual* to join the Citizens' Committee. Send us your name and address and we will enroll you. Old time residents now living elsewhere are included in this invitation. They must not forget the old town.

* * * *

Owen Wister, our distinguished Pennsylvania friend, in a recent article in the *American Magazine* has much to say concerning the educational value of such an acquisition as the Liberty Pole from a patriotic standpoint. Those who know nothing of the past history of the Pole are immediately moved to inquire about it, and the story is repeated countless times in the course of a day. And this very repetition tends to increase public interest in the story of the struggle for American Independence, and reaches a generation to whom its teachings are of the greatest value.

The work of the Liberty Pole is by no means ended. Already it is finding its place in the daily events of our city's life. On the Fourth of July, at five o'clock in the morning, the United Spanish War Veterans raised the



Photograph Municipal Art Commission

ABRAHAM DE PEYSTER

MAYOR NEW YORK CITY 1691-1695
ACTING GOVERNOR 1701

ERECTED IN BOWLING GREEN PARK, FACING SITE OF OLD FORT AMSTERDAM

Stars and Stripes on the Liberty Pole. And as time goes on, and especially on Flag Day, these impromptu services will multiply. At a period not far distant you will see an instinctive movement to make the Liberty Pole the rallying point for many patriotic gatherings, just as it was before the Revolution.

* * * *

We would also like to see the Sons of the Revolution and the New York Historical Society continue to broaden the scope of their services to the public. Perhaps the writer is less conservative in many respects than his associates, and feels that a larger measure of public service is due from the many organizations of this character with which the city abounds.

There is a sad lack of suitable tablets on many buildings and sites marking important historical events, which could be erected at trifling expense and which would do much to increase the education and pleasure of our own people as well as the visitor. Everything about New York is growing in interest the world over. And there is a field here of the most promising kind for intelligent development.

* * * *

A very great step in the right direction was taken when such soul stirring, heart throbbing names as seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth avenues were changed to Columbus, Amsterdam, St. Nicholas, Central Park West and West End Avenue. Avenues A, B, C and D could hardly suffer by a change to almost anything else. The God-gifted genius who named our streets in numerical order ought to be among the first to get one of the bronze memorial

tablets we have suggested. In Paris, as Mr. Wister points out, streets are named after eminent citizens and quotes significantly that Philadelphia has recently changed Northeast Boulevard to Roosevelt Boulevard.

Still, the changing of names must not be rashly made. The recent attempt to call the Bowery, Central Broadway, is a case in point, and Welfare Island in place of Blackwell is another. Nevertheless, this need not prove an insurmountable obstacle. Enough has been cited to show that some changes are desirable and can be satisfactorily accomplished.

* * * *

In the case of Welfare Island, the New York Historical Society entered a protest, but it was the only Society to take any formal action. It is in matters of this kind we think, that *all* the organizations should get together and act as a single unit. Their combined efforts would, we believe, accomplish a result which seems impossible under present procedure. The fact that finances are distressingly low in most of these organizations, thus rendering them practically paralyzed so far as public effort is concerned, bears out our opinion that co-operation, combination and elimination would be a good subject for thoughtful consideration.

* * * *

The temporary association of the Sons of the Revolution and the Historical Society in the Liberty Pole matter should suggest further co-operation between these two bodies. The Historical Society has a splendid building and a most engaging assembly room. The Sons of the Revolution own a delightful old Tavern, but hardly adequate for large public functions. The Historical Society's

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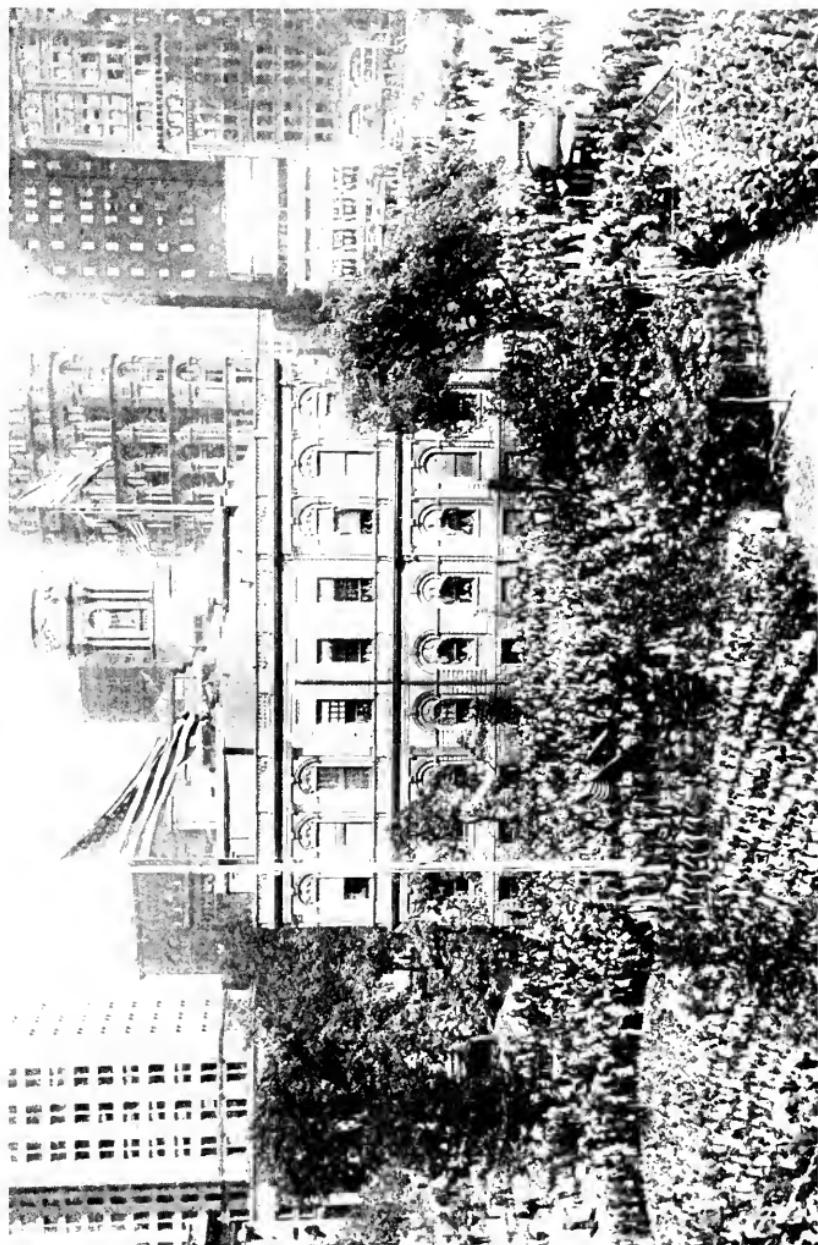
THE MUSEUM OF COLUMBIA
THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

THE CLOISTER PLATE, BOSTON

finances are always in a melancholy condition and chill penury is good neither for man nor institution. The Sons of the Revolution have lately observed Washington's Birthday in a thoroughly dignified and befitting manner. Carnegie Hall has been used; orators like Senators Beveridge and Willis have made the principal addresses, and most excellent music has been a feature. They also celebrate Flag Day in an impressive manner. Why not go further and join with the Historical Society in a series of talks all through the Winter on, say Eminent Americans—Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, John Jay, De Witt Clinton, Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, etc.? This winter the Sons co-operate with the Board of Education in a series of addresses on "The Spirit of '76" to be delivered by Senator Willis of Ohio and other speakers of national renown to the children of the public schools.

Mr. Robert H. Kelby connected with the Historical Society for nearly half a century and as Librarian during most of this period was elected Librarian Emeritus last spring and granted an indefinite vacation. The assistant Librarian Mr. Alexander J. Wall was elected to fill the vacancy.

Our best wishes to both.



SCENE IN CITY HALL PARK AS THE FLAG WAS UNFURLED ON THE LIBERTY POLE, FLAG DAY JUNE 14, 1921.
TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE SURROUNDED THE PARK

THE NEW LIBERTY POLE ERECTED IN CITY HALL PARK

THE erection of the new Liberty Pole on the exact site in City Hall Park where stood the old Liberty Pole in 1776, was an event of extraordinary interest to New Yorkers. This historic event took place on Flag Day, June 14th, 1921, and seldom in the history of the City has there been gathered at City Hall a more brilliant assemblage. Representatives of many historical, social and educational societies attended the exercises and the City officials were present to accept this beautiful emblem of the ideals and purposes of the people of New York. United States Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio made the principal address and Mayor Hylan accepted the Liberty Pole on behalf of the City. The following paragraphs give the details of the new Liberty Pole:—

As the original pole was in two sections, the new pole has been erected in the same manner. Its height is sixty-six feet. The lower portion about forty feet high, is a Douglas fir from Oregon, and the top is a pine tree from Maine. An exact reproduction of the old weather vane inscribed with the word "Liberty" has been placed on top of the pole and the lower portion is surrounded by iron bands such as originally were bound around the pole by the Revolutionary "Liberty Boys" to prevent its easy destruction by British soldiers.

This new Liberty Pole is the sixth that has stood in the City Hall Square area. The preceding five were erected at intervals during the ten years between 1766 and 1776. Their destruction from time to time occasioned some lively riots between the soldiery and the citizens, the most serious of which led to that sanguinary skirmish popularly known as the Battle of Golden Hill and which many patriotic New Yorkers feel has not received the historic importance to which it is entitled, as being the first conflict in which blood was shed, between the opposing forces, preceding the Boston Massacre by two months.

In the noise and clamor of present day conditions this beautiful and impressive emblem of the ideals and traditions of the fathers has a peculiarly fitting place in the life of this now great cosmopolitan commonwealth, and reminds us that the ideals and purposes of the American people remain as high in principle and devoted in practice as they were in the trying days of the Revolution. The following editorial from the *New York World* is an interesting exposition of the significance of the pole.

On the site of the Liberty Pole in City Hall Square, New York City, as shown in a survey of 1774, the new pole, made of timbers brought from Maine and Oregon, will today be dedicated to its office of bearing the flag for a community of more than twice as many people as the whole country numbered in the days of its predecessors.

Of these predecessors there were five, all erected and cut down in the turbulent days ushering in the Revolution. The repeal of the Stamp Act was the occasion of the raising of the first; the occupation of New York by the British doomed the fifth. The new staff is in appearance a copy of the early five. Like them, it is tall and white, erect and clean. Unlike them, it has a story to tell not merely of freedom hoped for but of freedom long achieved and newly confirmed.

The thought of the participants to-day will run back not more to 1774 than to 1918. The Battle of Golden Hill cannot efface memories of Flanders and the Argonne. The ideals of freedom have not changed in 155 years. Changing circumstances have increased the gravity of the burden which the defenders of the flag must face, but they have brought opportunity for wider co-operation.

The best men of England in 1776 knew that the colonists were fighting for political freedom at home as well as here, and they expressed that view with a boldness which our Lusks and Stevensons would brand as treason; but against the intrenched tyranny of the court and the Tory bosses they were almost powerless. Their descendants are more fortunate in a representative government which our example aided Britons to win. They have lately stood side by side with American armies, in a comradeship which Jefferson foresaw as clearly as his opponents, for wider freedom in world fellowship.

Long may the Liberty Pole serve, and faithfully may successors follow! They will remind the millions who glance up as they pass, if leadership does its duty, that the remedy for the



MISS KATHERINE BAYARD MONTGOMERY AT BASE OF THE LIBERTY POLE BREAKING OUT THE FLAG, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: GRAND SACHEM JOHN A. VOORHEES, MR. GEORGE A. ZABRUSKIE, MR. ROBERT OLYPHANT, FAITH BROWN, MISS MONTGOMERY, SENATOR WILLIS OF OHIO, MR. HENRY COLLINS BROWN, MR. JOHN A. WEEKES, MR. FREDERIC D. WEEKES



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CHARACTERISTIC FERRYBOAT ON THE NORTH RIVER ABOUT 1830. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

OF OLD NEW YORK

omissions of liberty is more liberty; that the cure for the faults of self-government is self-government inspired by loftier ideals.

The new Liberty Pole was erected under the joint direction of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York and the New York Historical Society the two organizations defraying all the expenses. *Valentine's Manual*, with whom the idea originated gets its reward in the consciousness of a good work well done.

The day was ideal, the crowd in the Park was estimated to exceed ten thousand while another hundred thousand lined Broadway on both sides from the Battery to the Park.

Mayor Hylan broke the ground digging the first spade-ful of earth. A steel box, containing the official Bulletin of the New York Historical Society and proceedings of the Sons of the Revolution, together with the New York papers of the current date and a copy of the *Manual*, were handed to Mr. Robert Olyphant by four year old Faith Kingsley Brown, daughter of Henry Collins Brown, and deposited in the corner stone of the flag pole. Miss Katherine Bayard Montgomery, great granddaughter of Maj.-Gen. Richard Montgomery, escorted by Mr. George A. Zabriskie raised the flag on the pole, the guard of honor being composed of members of the Veteran Corps of Artillery.

President Olyphant then introduced Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio, orator of the day, who spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES HERE REPRESENTED, MY YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I suspect that most of you were under the impression a moment ago that these exercises had been concluded, (and indeed, so far as I am concerned, they may be concluded at any time). I think I realize the exigencies of this moment and I promise you that I shall not detain you very long.

And yet there come trooping to my mind and memory this moment some

VALENTINE'S MANUAL



GOVERNOR "AL" SMITH, EX-AMBASSADOR GERARD, CHAS. F. MURPHY,
GRAND SACHEM VOORHES IN THE TAMMANY RANKS
IN THE LIBERTY POLE PARADE



SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI IN THE PARADE

OF OLD NEW YORK

historic facts that I want to call afresh to the attention of this audience, and particularly to the attention of those boys and girls.

This is the replica of the original Liberty Pole that was erected here upon this very spot in 1766 to commemorate the repeal of the Stamp Act. During Revolutionary times, four other poles were erected—all of them to be cut down by enemy hands—and the last one that was erected here before this, was surrounded (as you see this one is surrounded in part) by bands of iron in order to deter the effort of those who would seek to hurl it down. That is why those iron bands are there today—simply to commemorate the historic fact—they are not there to protect that pole against any profane hand because there is none that dare strike that pole down. It is there forever. (Applause).

But the thing I want my friends, these boys and girls from the public schools to remember, is this fact: that while it is not necessary to have iron bands along that Liberty Pole to protect it now; these children themselves—the future citizens of this country—are the iron bands that will protect that pole and that flag against all comers. (Applause).

Mr. Chairman, this is a scene to stir the heart of the dullest man. This is New York—the great power pulsating the heart of the world. This is the center of activities not only of this republic but of the world, and to me it is significant that by turning aside from their busy lives, the people are willing to come here to pay afresh their tokens of devotion at this shrine of liberty.

We marched here from old Fraunce's Tavern. I wonder if you are thinking of the historical association connected therewith? That was the spot where in 1783 Washington bade farewell to the officers that had been associated with him. Fraunce's Tavern down here at Pearl and Broad Streets is the spot that is sanctified, in a way, by having witnessed the termination of the great Revolutionary War. And yet, as that great commander and his officers stood together there in the long room with bowed head and tear dimmed eye, and as they went from that place to their several sections of the country, they went inspired by the hard purpose to devote themselves to the building in this country of a new nation.

You know my fellow countrymen, there has to be destructive statesmanship as well as constructive statesmanship. The Samuel Adams's, the James Otis's, the Thomas Jefferson's, the Patrick Henry's had done their work of destroying the old government; but it was not enough to tear out the old tree of government—to hew it down and destroy it; root and branch—there had to be planted in its place another tree if this country was to live. And it was the work of these constructive builders that went out from Fraunce's Tavern that gave to the nation the constitution and the government under which we live. There was a new type of leadership. Before, it had been those that I have named, and now in the meeting that was to be held down here at Federal Hall on the site of the old sub-treasury, there was a different type of leadership. In this period it was the genius of Washington and Madison and Hamilton and Jay that were building in this country the idea of nationality.

I cannot forget, as I stand on this historic spot, that yonder is the old tavern down here on Wall Street—the site of the old Federal Hall—where Washington was inaugurated and where the government of the people began to function.

Then I cannot forget that yonder at the head of Wall Street, in the old Trinity Church lie buried the earthly remains of a great son of New York—the man who I think was the greatest constructive genius of his age—I cannot forget, that here in this city (then only a little city of 20,000 or 25,000 people) it was that this young man lived his life; came to the head of the bar of his city and state; here it was that the plans for Union, for nationalization were laid.

Out yonder on the grounds of what is now Columbia University (then King's College) I cannot forget the fact that on a day like this, there had been a great meeting in the fields—thousands of people were there to hear

VALENTINE'S MANUAL



PRESIDENT JOHN A. WEEKES OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
DELIVERING THE ADDRESS FROM GRAND STAND. PRESIDENT ROBERT
OLYPHANT OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION AT HIS RIGHT



MAYOR HYLAN BREAKS GROUND FOR THE LIBERTY POLE

OF OLD NEW YORK

the discussion of the questions of the oncoming revolution. The leaders were there. The meeting had lasted all the afternoon. The Livingstons' were there. Edward Benson was there. General Schuyler was there—the great men of their times—and out yonder in the outskirts of the crowd was a little company of college boys from King's College (now Columbia University) and as the meeting was about to break up, one of these boys said to the fellows with him, "I have been more impressed by what these men have not dared to say, than I have been by what they have said." Then those college boys did what any college boys would do. They boosted this boy on their shoulders and went towards the platform with him. And the great crowd that was there, stopped to listen, and this boy began to speak, and the crowd surged up to the platform. And he spoke 10, 20, 30 minutes and when he finished that speech there was no longer any question what the attitude of the great New York Colony would be upon the question of revolution. This young college boy—later to be Secretary of the Treasury—gathered up New York bodily and put it into the revolution. And over yonder of the heights that we hearken, a few years later he paid with his life for the fact that he had stood between this country and treason and disruption. Such was the contribution of the greatest constructive leader that this country has seen or that New York has given to the world—Alexander Hamilton. (Applause).

This great city has had all the time its part in the work of the nation. Now think a moment; What was it that Washington and Hamilton and Madison and Jay and Livingstone and the Schuyler's—what was it that they gave this country? They gave it constitutional government. They gave it a government dedicated to the proposition that this was a people's government, formed by the people for the purpose of doing what? Why it says, in the very preamble of the constitution, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Now think: What did it matter to have Washington and Hamilton and Madison establish a government which would form a more perfect Union, if you and I are going to permit the forces of disintegration to hawk at and impair this constitution and make it absolutely of no value? What will their work have accomplished if we of this day are willing, as some seem to desire, to have this flag replaced by the flag of another color?

I say to you, my fellow countrymen, while this country is broad and generous and welcomes here men and women from every clime, that there is room in this republic for but just one flag and that is that flag up there. (Applause).

To me, one of the most encouraging things, oh men, is the fact that out there in the bevy of young folk, the boys and girls that have come from the homes of foreign born—God bless them so long as they take up our American ideals and subscribe to our American institutions—they are welcome here—but I say to you, as one American speaking to other Americans, if those who come from other climes are unwilling to hang up down here at the threshold of Ellis Island the ragged raiment of European hate and European caprice and European ambition, if they are unwilling to put off their old raiment and be clad in the gold, in the shining panoply of Americanism—if they won't do that—then by the eternal, we'll shut the door and lock it. (Applause).

No, there can be no divided allegiance in this country. A man in this country, or a woman in this country, whose allegiance to that flag is by direct line and not by any circuitous way in this country or anywhere else on earth, is the only kind of citizen we care to have. (Applause).

And so, I say to you my fellow countrymen, the lesson of this park is not doing honor to the men who put the first Liberty Pole there—their fame is secure—but rather, our purpose should be to dedicate ourselves afresh to the principles of constitutional government—which they loved and defended during their lives.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

Let us go away from this place with the new spirit of devotion to Country and Flag.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and Blue and White.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag
for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white
and blue!

The children sang "America" and the Very Reverend Howard Chandler Robbins, D. D. pronounced the benediction. The meeting was then dismissed.

The base of the Pole still remains to be constructed. It is proposed to surround the Pole with thirteen conical blocks of native stone, each block to come from one of the thirteen original states. Surrounding this inner circle will be an outer circle containing stones from all the present states, surmounted with a star. All the blocks will have the name of the state engraved thereon, the whole design typifying the present development of our Nation. One of the principal objects aimed at in the erection of the Pole is to keep alive the spirit of patriotism in the land. Flag Day with the Pole as the center of its attraction will grow yearly in importance in our city. Both the New York Historical Society and the Sons of the Revolution will look after that.



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A VIEW OF THE PALISADES OPPOSITE YONKERS. LOOKING NORTH ON THE RIVER.

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES FORTY YEARS AGO

A Stroll Up Old Broadway

By Daniel J. Brown

STANDING on the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, one fine morning, talking with old Phile, the Rubber Stamp Man, the conversation turned on the bridge, which crossed Broadway, at that point in 1868. So before beginning my stroll, I will take the liberty to make a few remarks relating thereto.

Broadway and Fulton Street at that period was the most congested crossing in Old New York, for here all the old stage lines and trucks of that time met and in their endeavor to reach the ferries, east and west and south would lock wheels and remain so for hours, each refusing to give way to the other. Having no traffic regulations at that time, pedestrians were compelled to go a block north or south to make a crossing. Detained drivers would regale themselves and their listeners with some of the vernacular not particularly soothing to the ear. This state of affairs induced the business men of the neighborhood which included Knox the Hatter on the north-east corner, Sandy Spencer, the well-known chop house keeper, with his motto, "Live and let live" in the Basement: Dunlap the liatter on the south-west corner and Genin, another hatter on the south-east, not forgetting our old friend Barnum on the corner of Ann Street, whose patrons also found it difficult to reach the moral atmosphere of his wonderful Museum to petition the

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

NEW-YORK Theatre BOWERY.

THIS EVENING

Monday Nov. 26, 1827,

Will be performed (for the first time in America,) the Melo-Drama of the

SERGEANT'S WIFE.

Old Cartouch,.....	Mr. De Camp	Frederick Cartouch,.....	Mr. Stevenson
Sergeant Louis,.....	Fisher	Sergeant George,.....	Read
Robin,.....	Chapman	Dennis,.....	Collingbourne
Gaspard,.....	Quin	Margot,.....	Mrs. Vernon
Lisette,.....	the Sergeant's Wife,..... Mrs. Gilfert		
IN ACT I.			

A Quadrille.

After which,

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

“Hurrah, for the White, Red, and Blue,”
Composed for the occasion, by a Gentleman of this City, to be
Sung by Mr. KEENE.

The Evening Entertainments to conclude with

THE CITIZEN MARIA, - - - - - MISS ROCK

In which character she will introduce the following songs;

“I'll gang awa wi' Jamie,”—“Jonny Pringle,” and
“Hurrah for the Bonnets of RI ~”

Common Council, as our city fathers were called at that time, to erect a bridge across Broadway at that point which was done and called the "Loew Bridge" in honor of the gentleman who presided over the council debates at that period.

But alas the bridge proved to be a boomerang. Citizens and visitors on reaching the platform of the bridge soon realized what a splendid view was to be had up and down Broadway, and enjoyed listening to the interesting, if not edifying remarks of our old drivers. They politely refused to move on, so the congestion became greater than ever. The same people who petitioned for its erection again petitioned for its removal. It remained up only a short time.

The bridge was a very pretty one, of open iron work construction, with four stairs, one from each corner, and I think that this same open work played some part in the removal, for at this period the ladies' fashions were evolving from what was known as the hoop-skirt period to that of the Grecian bend, with its large bustle and kangaroo walk. The ladies also wore short skirts, displaying pretty booties, with laces from which dangled tassels. Apropos of this fashion, our old friend Tony Pastor composed a song, a few lines of which I remember as follows:

"They wore tassels on their boots,
It's just the style that suits,
Those naughty girls, with hair in curls
Wore tassels on their boots."

And I remember that the males of that period, myself included, used to congregate around those corners about noon on fine days, to admire those pretty tassels which so shocked the staid old vestrymen of

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

BARNUM'S MUSEUM

Every Day and Evening this Week, commencing Monday, Jane 2nd, 1862

GRAND NATIONAL



Waters & Son

BABY SHOW

100 BEAUTIFUL BABIES

will be on exhibition for prizes, for which upwards of

\$2,000 Cash will be Distributed

FOR THE

**Finest Babies,
Twins, Triplets,
Quaterns.**

—AND—

ANOTHER BARNUM'S MUSEUM ATTRACTION, 1862

St. Pauls, that they were glad to get rid of them, fearing no doubt that the dead ones, in the graveyard, might arise to take a peep at those pretty tassels.

There is another incident, connected with the bridge which is worth telling, before bidding it good-by. At that time there was an actress, "Kate Fisher" of pleasant memory, playing the character of Mazeppa in the Old Bowery Theatre, up near Chatham Square. This related to the escapades of the son of one of the rulers of the Far East, named "Mazeppa" who spent his time and money enjoying the Great White Way and other luxuries of that period, so his father concluded to punish him for his evil way of living.

Procuring a wild Arabian steed he strapped his son, naked, on the horse and drove him out into the forest. For obvious reasons this character was always played by a handsome and well formed lady. I had the pleasure of seeing four of the handsomest actresses of that period assume the character; Miss Adah Isaac Menken, the wife of John C. Heenan (our first great American fighter, called the Benicia Boy), Miss Kate Fisher the lady of this incident, Mrs. W. G. Jones, a great Bowery favorite and Miss Bessie Wentworth.

One pleasant afternoon, Miss Fisher donned her riding habit. For obvious reasons she did not wear her stage costume, and getting astride her little mare, "Black Bess," whom she used in the play, she rode from the theatre through Chatham Street to the bridge accompanied by an admiring throng. Reaching the bridge she promptly proceeded to mount the steps at the north-east corner and reaching the platform in safety on the back of her sure-footed little mare she stopped long enough to admire the scenery

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

BARNUM'S MUSEUM

P. T. BARNUM MANAGER | J. GREENWOOD, JR. SUPERINTENDENT

Every Day and Evening this Week, commencing Monday, July 7th, 1862

POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.

Admittance to everything 25 Cents | Children under 10 years 15 Cents each
Tickets for Parquet or First Balcony Seats, in the Lecture Room 15 Cents extra
For Children (under 10 years) 10 Cents

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!

Miss Jane Campbell, the celebrated

MISS JANE CAMPBELL



the largest
MOUNTAIN OF HUMAN FLESH

ever seen in the form of a woman. She is only

18 YEARS OLD, MEASURES 9 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. ROUND, and
WEIGHS 618 POUNDS

Two such living mammoths of humanity have never been seen on the face of the globe, and viewed in
contrast with that

THE LITTLE ONE OF HUMANITY,

COMMODORE NUPT

CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF BARNUM'S WONDERS AS HE ADVERTISED THEM IN
1862

and receive the applause of admiring spectators and descended the steps at the north-west corner without mishap, returning to the theatre amidst the cheers of the crowd all along the street.

I will now bid my daring friend and the bridge good-bye and proceed on my stroll up dear old Broadway, where in memories sweet, I will meet some of the finest men and women of the stage in Old New York, with whom I was closely associated as property boy in various theatres. This gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with all the leading actors and actresses of the period from Ned Forrest to Tony Pastor, including our well-known minstrels.

Reaching the corner of Ann Street, I can see in my mind's eye the facade of that wonderful Museum with its front ornamented with pictures of all the wonderful and strange curiosities ever dreamed of by man—Humans, Animal, Reptiles and Piscatorial, gathered from all parts of the world by that great moral educator, P. T. Barnum, whose name is still cherished in the hearts and memories of us Old New Yorkers and all others who had the pleasure of meeting him. He had among his patrons people who would not enter any other place of amusement. As you entered you would be greeted by the genial smiling Barnum himself and you could hear the melodious voice of the wonderful Professor, explaining his extraordinary curiosities to an admiring audience, among which were the renowned Glass Blowers, the Great Russian Giant, the Nova Scotia Giantess, Miss Anna Swan, Tom Thumb, Commodore Nut, the Warren Sisters, Lavina and Fanny. These midget sisters married, one Tom Thumb and the other Commodore Nut. Barnum

Chatham Theatre.

The public are respectfully informed,
that this Theatre having undergone considerable
ALTERATIONS,
IMPROVEMENTS AND EMBELLISHMENTS,

Is now Open for the Season, under the direction of

Mr. BURROUGHS,

Who has undertaken the Management for a limited period.

The Theatre is Brilliantly

LIGHTED WITH GAS.

Wednesday Even'g, May 11, 1825

Will be presented the Favorite Comedy of

SPEED

The Plough

Sir Philip Blandford
Sir Abel Handy

Mr. Robertson,
Herbert.



© Valentine's Manual of Old New York.

LEAPING STURGEON IN THE HUDSON RIVER OPPOSITE HASTINGS. FROM A SKETCH BY THE
AUTHOR MADE AT THE TIME, 1897.

gave them a grand public wedding on the stage in the Museum, after which they travelled all over the world under Barnum's management.

I have no knowledge of these midgets leaving any descendants. Miss Lavina died only the other day in a small town near Boston. Her home had diminutive furniture which was more like a doll house. There we saw the Living Skeleton, the Bearded Lady and the Dog-faced Man. A door marked "This way to the Egress" led to the street and in this way Barnum managed to empty his house frequently as strangers wanted to see the Egress. Other wonders were: the Armless Man, sewing with his feet; the Wonderful Five Pound Trout; the "What Is It" who really was a Deformed Negro from Thompson Street; the Wild Man from Borneo; Washington's Body Servant; the Horse with his tail where his head ought to be (by reversing his position in the stall). These and many other marvels, you could see while listening to the sweet music of the Swiss Bell Ringers. It was a sad day in July, 1865, when all these wonders went up in flames and smoke, all fortunately except the humans. I went down there the next morning and saw the wonderful White Whale lying on the Street, where it had been precipitated when the heat broke the glass in its tank. It lay on the street for several days, as there was no means at hand to remove so large an object and it speedily became a great nuisance. It was finally cut up and taken away piece-meal.

Proceeding along Broadway to a point near Worth Street and looking east to Chatham Square, you come upon the site of another old theatre, "The National," now occupied by one of our oldest furniture houses. This

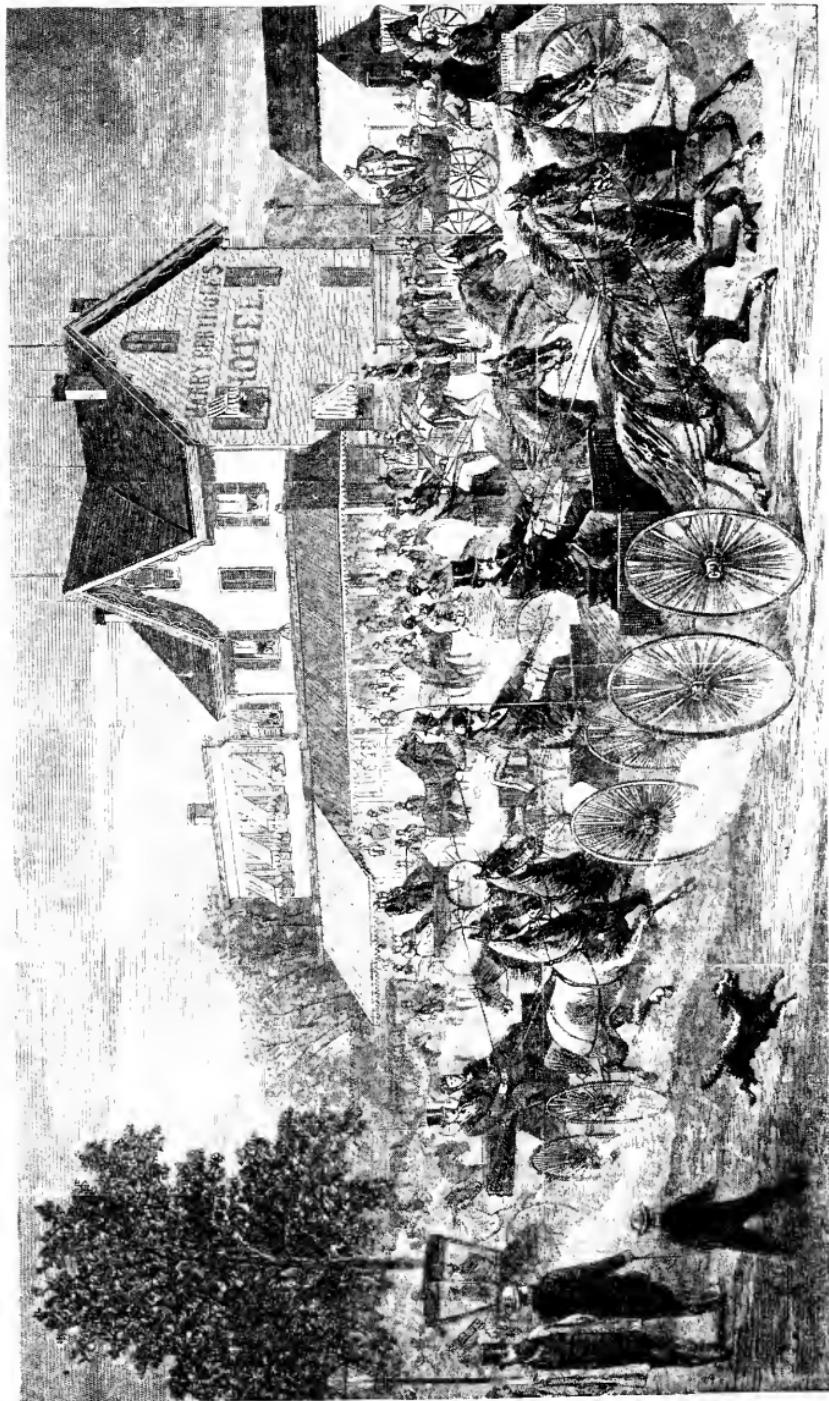
theatre I have no recollection of seeing, but going into the store one day, one of the clerks took me back and showed me the old brick wall which formed the back wall of the old stage. I will relate an incident connected with this theatre, told me by the gentleman with whom I was employed at Wallack's Theatre, who at its occurrence was employed as Treasurer.

One night after the performance he placed the night's receipts, some eight hundred dollars, in the inside pocket of his vest and buttoning his undercoat and overcoat over it he jumped into one of the Old Red Bird Line Stages passing the door, to take the money to the manager's home up at Stuyvesant Square. The Stage being crowded, he with others had to stand.

Upon alighting he felt the cold air on his body and looking for the cause, he found that the two coats and vest had been cut and the money abstracted by one of our expert pickpockets. This proves my oft-repeated assertion that Little Old New York contained the greatest men in all the lines of endeavor in the world.

Continuing north to a point about Franklin Street and looking east to the Bowery there was the best known theatre of Old New York, looking today as it did when I first saw it in 1861, the Old Bowery, then under the management of Lingard and Fox. It was here that most of the well-known actors and actresses of that period made their first bow to a New York audience.

Among the actresses who won their way into the hearts and memories of the patrons of that old playhouse I recall Charlotte Cushman, as Nancy Sykes in Oliver Twist, Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy in Uncle



FAST HORSES ON THE SPEEDWAY OF 1870, HARLEM LANE, NOW ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE, NORTHWARD FROM
CENTRAL PARK

Tom's Cabin, Mrs. G. C. Boniface, Adah Isaacs Menken, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Fisher, Bessie Wentworth. The Denin Sisters, Kate and Susan, and the Pride of the Bowery, Fanny Herring, with her glass eye, in her wonderful characters of Jack Sheppard and Pocahontas, and many other parts of pleasant memory.

I first entered this theatre on Christmas afternoon, 1861, to witness my first performance consisting of drama and farce, and ending with the Pantomime of Mother Goose. After paying our shilling we entered what was known as the Pit, a few steps below the level of the sidewalk. This part of the house being reserved for men and boys. Here we could regale ourselves with such luxuries as pickled pig's feet, tongues, bolivars, round heart, peanuts, sandwiches and pies, to be washed down by soda water, sarsaparilla, ginger pop.

There were two galleries and boxes for the elite of the East Side and their friends while the gallery was reserved for our colored brothers and sisters at the same price as the pit. Matinees not being in vogue at this period, we only had afternoon performances on holidays and special occasions.

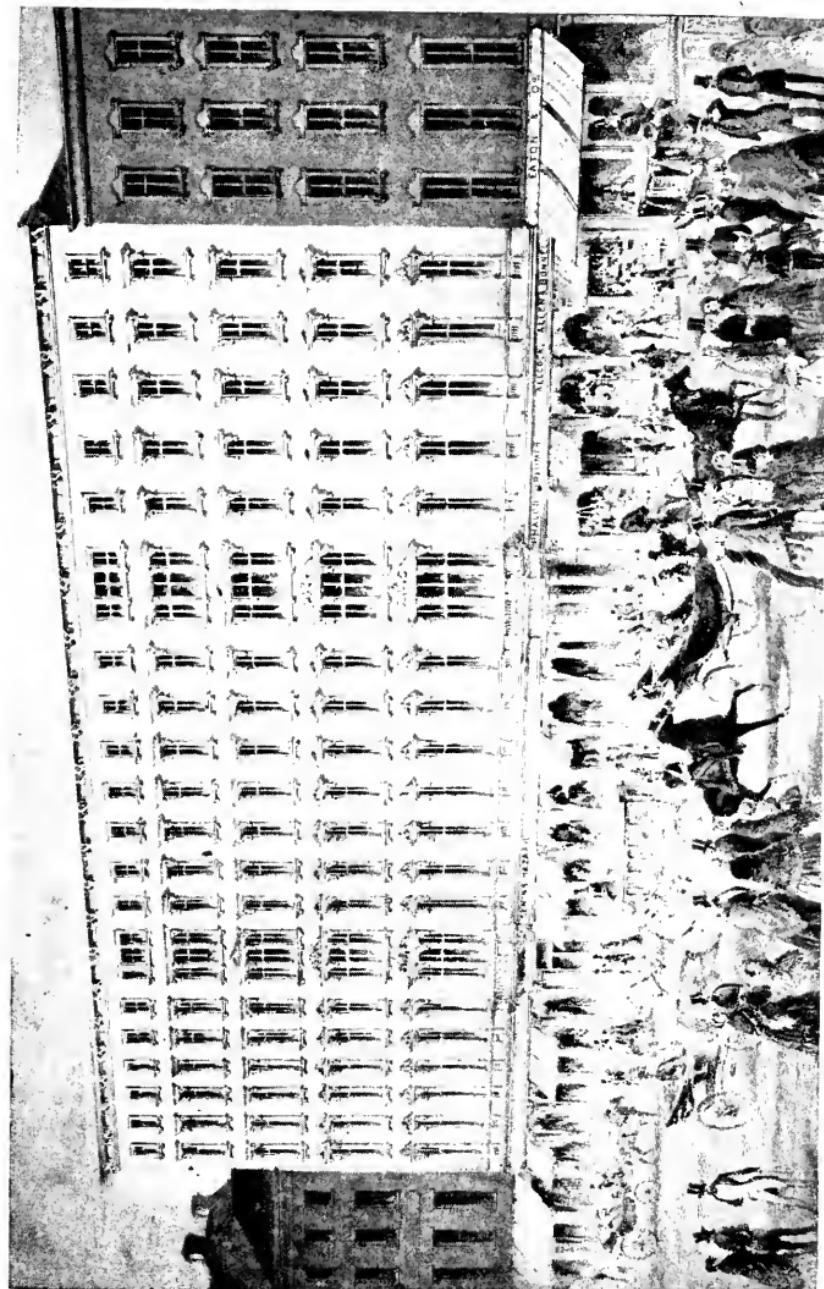
It was here I first met the Man Fly and Human Ape in the person of one Bill Dexerna, whose antics in climbing the proscenium and boxes, and walking on the ceiling of the auditorium, head down was equal to that of the animal and insect he imitated. The show here lasted about four hours, so you came away feeling that you had received the worth of your money.

Directly across the street from the Old Bowery

was the German Theatre, called the "Thalia." Here the elite of our German population enjoyed their plays and operas in their own language. This theatre being burned down, the Germans went up to Fourteenth Street and Irving Place and a new theatre was built on its site called the Windsor, which was used by Travelling Companies and variety people for many years.

Passing along on the west side of the Bowery between Canal and Hester streets you came upon the site of another well-known, but short-lived theatre called the New Bowery. It seems that Lingard and Fox agreed to disagree and Lingard built the new theatre in opposition to the old one. Here you could enjoy tragedy, comedy, melodrama and farce for four hours such as "The Seven Charmed Bullets," "William Tell," "The Cataract of the Granges," "Metamora," "The Streets of New York," "Lights of London," and many other plays given by our old friends and travelling stars.

Here we first saw a farce called the "Twenty-Seventh Street Ghost." The part of the Ghost being taken by Geo. Brooks, the low comedian which was very amusing. Here also we had our first Dog Drama, called the "Dog Detective," given by Geo. T. Willis and his wonderfully trained dog, which was very interesting. Going back to Broadway, before reaching Grand Street, there was one of our old Variety Houses at 444, known as Butler's Varieties. Here I first met a man known as the Dean of Minstrels, in the person of dear old Charley White. Here also I first met that favorite of Old New Yorkers, Johnny Wild, afterwards well known with Ned Harrigan and Tony Hart.



St. NICHOLAS HOTEL. NEW YORK'S MOST MAGNIFICENT HOTEL IN 1853. BROADWAY BETWEEN BROOME AND SPRING STREETS. DEMOLISHED ABOUT 1883. VERY CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE OF THE PERIOD.

Farther along Broadway for many years, you would also meet Master Tommy, the Dwarf, in his song and dance of "Ham Fat." Also the famous Premiere Danseuse, "Milly Flora," Mary Blake, Eliza Wetherbee and many others.

Crossing Grand Street we come to 472 Broadway, known as the home of the old Mechanics and Apprentices Library, which also housed New York's favorite minstrel troupe, Bryant's Minstrels, headed by the three brothers, Dan, Jerry and Neil Bryant; assisted by such well-known artists as J. K. Emmet, Rollin Howard; the sweet singers Dan Emmet and Dave Reed; the great bone artist Epp Horn; McAndrews the watermelon man; Rice the Colored Prima Donna; Little Mac, Luke Schoolcraft, Geo. Christ, Dan Dougherty, and our old favorite Nelse Seymour.

Who will ever forget Dan Bryant and Dave Reed in "Shoo Fly," or Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant in "Robert Make Hair," with Seymour and Robert and Bryant as "Hungry Jake." I remember that the song and walk around of "Shoo Fly" originated from a habit Nelse Seymour had, while end man, of suddenly slapping his cheek and catching a fly and opening his capacious mouth and swallowing it with a broad smile at the audience only to double up as if in great agony as if the fly was circulating around in his insides. His neighbor seeing his trouble slapped him on the back and Nelse opening his mouth, the fly escaped, while Nelse uttered words, "Shoo Fly, don't bother me."

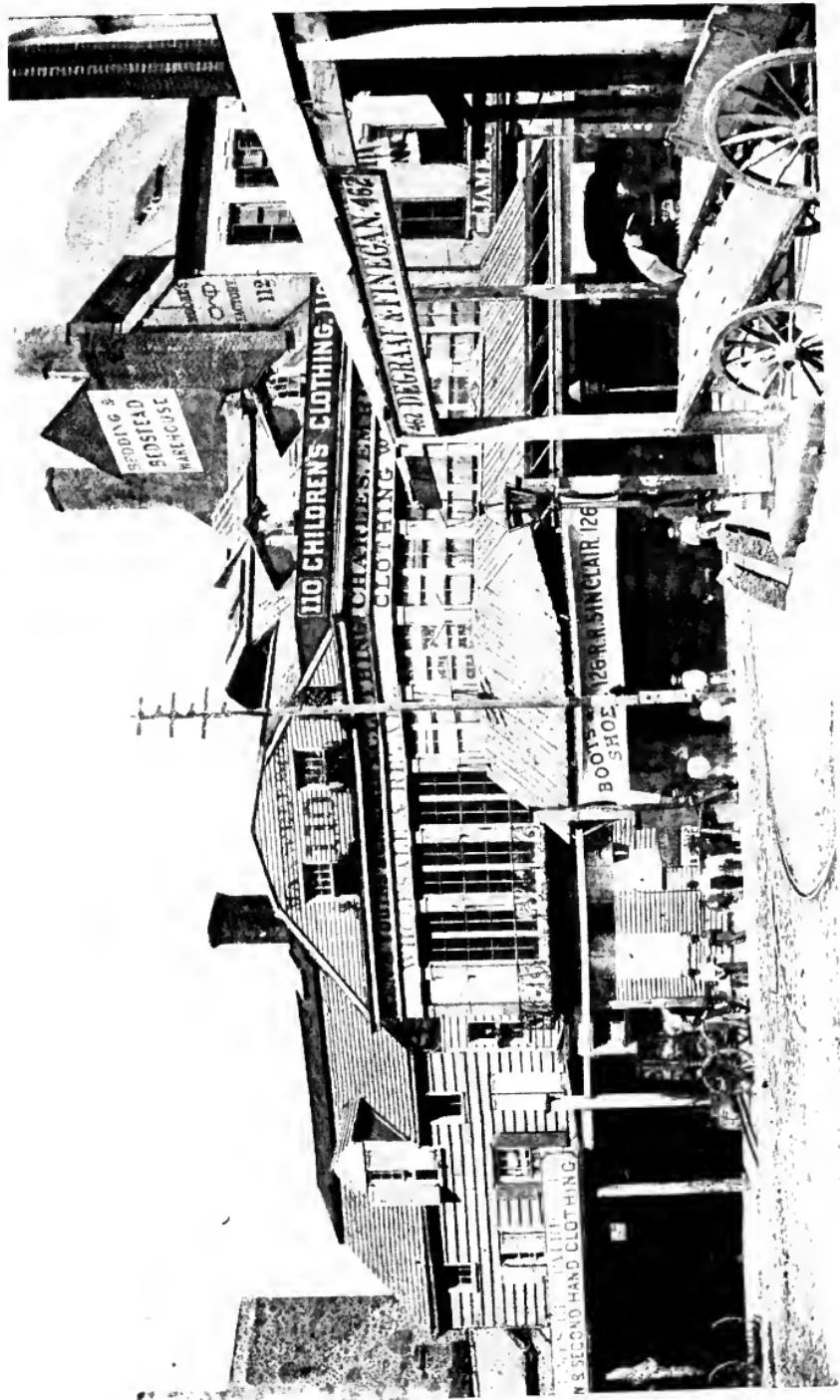
Just before reaching Broome Street, on the west side, you came to the site of another well-known theatre called the Broadway. Here the Wallacks,

father and son, began their successful career as actors and managers. Before going up to 13th Street and Broadway, never having seen them there, I will postpone my remarks about them and their well-known company until I meet them up-town.

It was here I first met that favorite comedian, W. J. Florence and his wife in his great character of "Bob Brierly" in the "Ticket of Leave Man." Here, too, I first met Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams as the "Irish Boy and the Yankee Girl." Here, too, I first met John E. Owens in the "Live Indian," and "Solon Shingle." It was from Solon Shingle that Denman Thompson created his great character of "Josh Whitcomb" in the "Old Homestead," which brought him fame and fortune. Here I first met John Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and other parts.

Here you met Charlotte Cushman as Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist" and "Lady Isabel," and Martin Erne in "East Lynne." In its later years it became a variety house, for it was here I first met the smallest midgets in the business, Commodore Nut and the Warren Sisters in songs and dances, before they went to Barnum's Museum.

Proceeding along Broadway midway between Broome and Spring Streets, on the east side, there was another famous old playhouse. When I first knew it, it was known as Woods' Minstrels, then Christy's Minstrels, then the famous theatre Comique, under the management of Josh Hart. Here I first met that famous music hall lightning-change artist, Horace Lingard, whose songs of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "On the Beach at Long Branch," "Walking Down Broadway," and "The Organ Grinder," assisted



OLD SHANTIES AT THE CORNER OF PEARL AND CHATHAM STREETS. THE ORIGINAL BOSTON POST ROAD TURNED
HERE TO THE EASTWARD

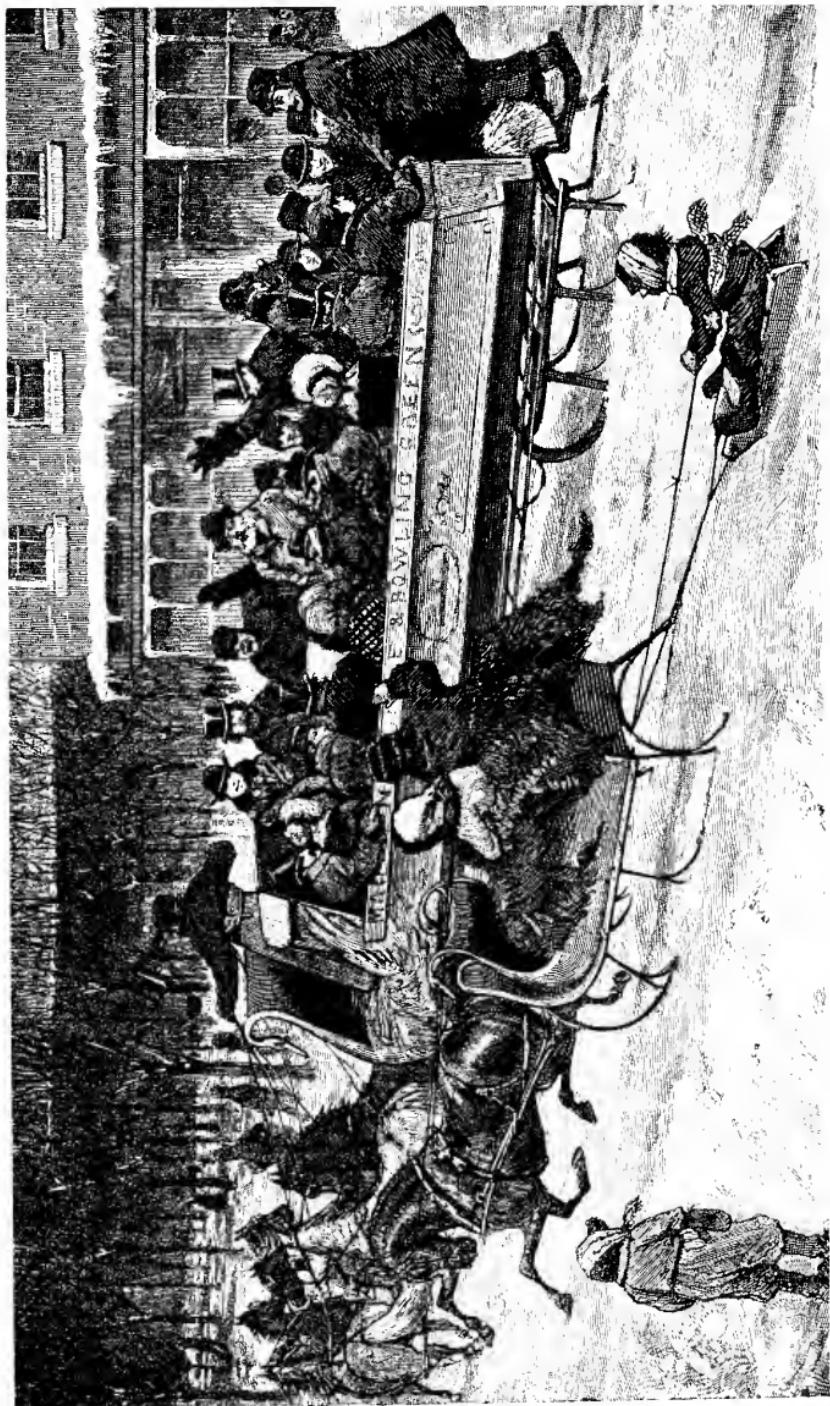
by a lady who afterwards became his wife, Alice Dun-nine. But this house reached its greatest popularity as the home of these never-to-be-forgotten artists, Ned Harrigan and Tony Hart, assisted by our old friend Johnny Wild, he of the rolling eyes and that ever-ready razor and others in those popular sketches, "The Squatter Sovereignty" with its popular songs still being played on organ and phonograph, including "The Mulligan Guard March," "The Side-walks of New York," "Annie Rooney," "Paddy Duffy's Cart," "The Old Dudeen," "Mary Ann Go Fill the Growler," "When Teddy Joins the Gang," and others.

Knowing that I will meet our old friends farther up-town I will stroll along. Upon reaching Spring Street and looking east to the Bowery you came upon what was I think, our first Variety Theatre under the management of that kind, charitable, good fellow, Tony Pastor, from whom many a man and woman who afterwards became famous along Broadway received their first chance to success and fame. I think it was here we first had the matinée, as previous to this it was called Afternoon Performance. It was here he introduced Souvenir Matinées, giving away to his patrons such practical presents as hams, bags of flour and dolls for the children. Knowing that I will meet our friends again, I will proceed along Broadway. Reaching a point midway between Spring and Prince streets, you came upon a granite building known as the Chinese Assembly Rooms, used by old New Yorkers as a dancing hall. Here Barnum opened with what was saved from his Museum down at Ann Street and started it again, to amuse, instruct and interest his old patrons with another collection of curiosities,

living and dead. Among the new features were the Siamese Twins, two brothers joined together by a fleshy tube about two inches in diameter at their waist-line. They were considered the greatest freak of nature ever exhibited in public. These wonderful brothers married sisters and lived for many years, but it was never known that they left any descendants. The medical professors wanted to separate them by tying a ligature in the centre of the tube, but fearing the results their friends would not permit the operation.

Here also we met the most wonderful lightning calculator of the age, who could add up long columns of figures quicker than the eye could follow him. But here again fiery fate followed our old friend and he was burned out on one of the coldest nights of that period. Upon going down to view the remains of the wreck the next morning the granite front of the building was coated with ice from the water thrown by the firemen, making it appear like a coat of sparkling diamonds, in the morning sunlight.

Knowing that I will meet my old friend again up-town, I will proceed on my journey. Reaching the middle of the block between Prince and Houston Streets, I come upon the site of two of our old playhouses on the west, at 585 Broadway, and—a variety and Minstrel Hall. The front part of this building was occupied by one of our well-known photographers, one Fredericks. The entrance was through a vestibule containing a portable stairs, which was lowered during the day for the convenience of the photographer's customers, but was raised to the ceiling out of sight in the evening to permit the patrons of the hall to enter. Here Tony Pastor moved from the Bowery in the sixties, not to forget his old friends, but



WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE OLD DAYS. SLEIGHING ON BROADWAY. THE SIX HORSE SLEIGHS REPLACED THE STAGES AND MADE THE REGULAR TRIPS OVER THE USUAL ROUTES

to make new ones along old Broadway where all the theatres of that period were located. While here he entertained us with our old favorites and some new ones. It was here we first met the charming young girl on the flying trapeze in the person of Leona Dare, who, from a rope stretched from the gallery to the stage, glided on a ring with a piece of leather in her mouth, attached thereto. She gave us a startling act, then new to us old New Yorkers.

Here I first met the handsome male impersonator, Miss Ella Wesner, in her celebrated character song of "Champagne Charlie," who became a great favorite among the music halls for many years.

Here you were amused with a very entertaining sketch, "A Slippery Day." It showed a set of stairs going up on the outside of a building to a millinery shop; the going up was all right, but when you attempted to descend, the stairs collapsed like a shutter the moment you put your foot on the first step, causing the visitors to slide down to the landing; this being participated in by both male and female visitors caused a great deal of amusement.

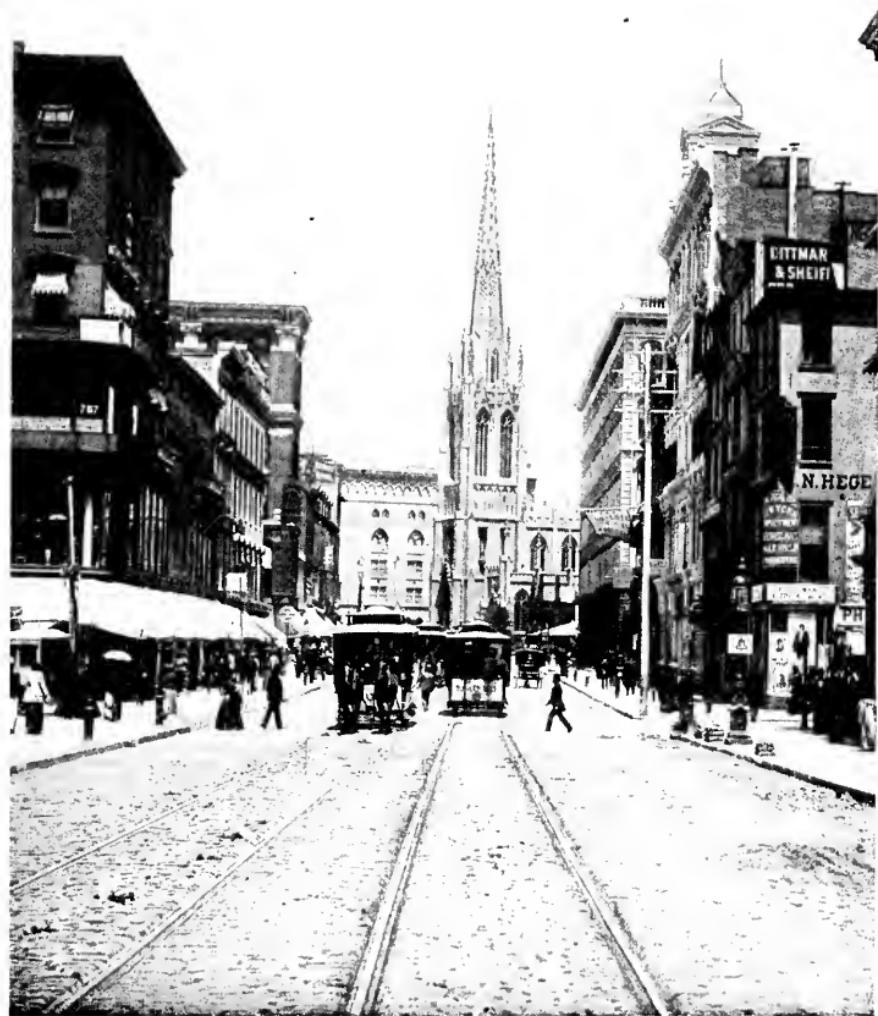
When Tony Pastor moved up-town, this place was taken by a troupe of minstrels, from the Far West, known as San Francisco Minstrels, composed of such artists as Birch, Bernard, Wambold, and Backus, who became very popular. Birch and Backus were end men, Bernard interlocutor, while Wambold, the sweet singer entertained us with some very pretty songs such as, "My Pretty Red Rose," "Kitty Wells," "Nelly Gray," and other popular songs of that day.

At this house the Adonis of the Soft Shoe Dancers, appeared in the person of "Bobby Newcomb," whose songs

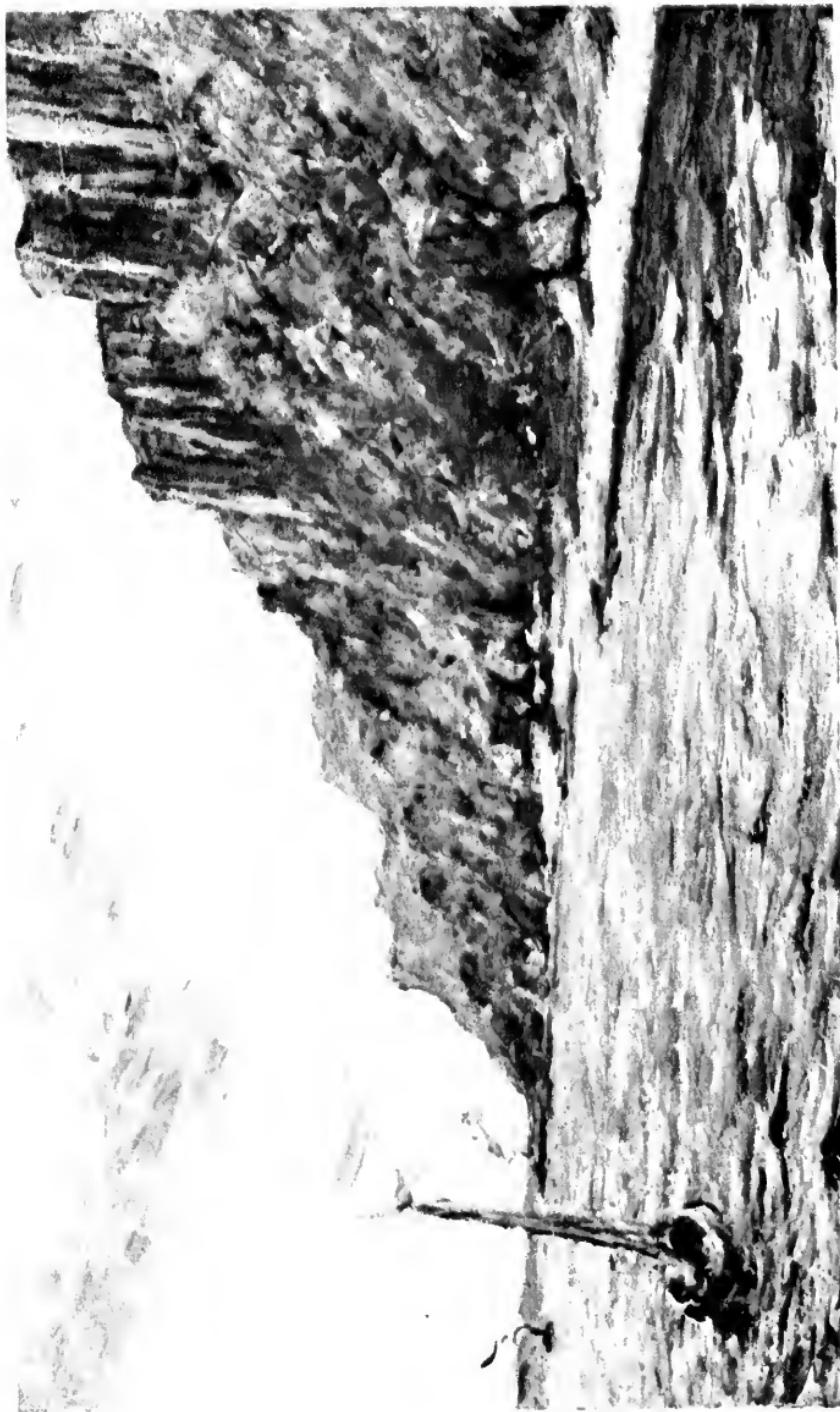
and dances delighted New Yorkers for many years. His songs and dances of "Love Among the Roses," and "The Big Sun Flower," will ever be remembered by those who heard them, not forgetting that pleasant tittering laugh which accompanied his performance. Among their company they had another sweet light tenor singer in the person of Monroe Dempster, who was a great favorite with their patrons.

Here I first heard that interesting and amusing Stump Speaker and Banjo Player, "Ad. Ryman," whose classical English remarks were equal if not superior to the late occupant of the White House. And who will ever forget that wonderful Cavalry Battle, by those fun makers on their Papier Mache Horses, ending the performance with a walk around by all the artists? Directly opposite, on the east side of Broadway, there was another well-known theatre called Niblo's Garden. Here I first met that great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and his partner, John McCullough in their portrayal of Shakespeare's tragedies, such as "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Virginius;" also "Jack Cade," and the great American play of "Metamora." Of all the great actors that I have met, Forrest more fully looked the characters he portrayed. He looked the real gladiator; and in every part he used to play he deserved the title they gave him, as being the greatest Roman of them all. It was here Forrest played his last engagement in the fall of 1865. He was then suffering greatly from rheumatism having to be assisted by an attendant from his dressing room which was on the stage level, but the moment he saw his audience and heard their reception he forgot his pains and entered into the full spirit of the performance.

During this engagement Forrest played only three nights



BROADWAY, NORTH TO GRACE CHURCH, ABOUT 1884, WHEN JAKE SHARP'S HORSE CARS FIRST APPEARED ON THIS STREET. A GOOD VIEW OF THE CHURCH WHEN IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE "AT THE HEAD OF BROADWAY"



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A VIEW OF THE PALISADES NEAR ENGLEWOOD LANDING. FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. O. KELLY.

per week, the remaining three nights being given over to a new Irish drama, by Dion Boucicault, called "Arrah Na Pogue" in which the hero of the past, was played by an Irish actor brought over by Boucicault to play the part named Glenny, who was not only a good actor but a fine singer. He it was who first sang that still popular song, "The Wearing of the Green," in this country. While I have heard this song sung by many other prominent singers, I never heard it sung with the same feeling and pathos given it by Glenny. This actor played the part only a short time for having a disagreement with the manager he returned to his own country. Dan Bryant was induced to wash off his minstrel cork and take Glenny's place, which he did with great success, singing the songs and adding some of his famous "Irish Jigs" to the play.

There appeared another English actor in this play, Harry Beckett, who played the part of the Irish Informer, Michael Feeney, and he played it so true to life that many in the audience were ready to go on the stage and murder him.

It was here that the famous Bateman Sisters, Kate and Mary, appeared in "Leah the Forsaken." This play was very affecting and full of sob stuff. But it went big.

It was here also that Lydia Thompson took the town by storm with her famous blond beauties in her great burlesques of the "Forty Thieves," "Ixion," "Sinbad the Sailor," with their catchy songs, "Up in a Balloon," "The New Velocipede" and others. With its great Amazon March led by the statuesque Pauline Markham and the famous Majeltons, two brothers and sister in their famous dance, the Can Can, a new and interesting performance, greatly appreciated by our male population was added.

The Black Crook and the Famous Can-Can

Here we saw that charming little American actress, Maggie Mitchell in her interesting plays of "Fanchon" and the "Cricket on the Hearth." Here also we saw another charming little actress, Lotta Crabtree, from the West, in "Lotta," to be followed by Charles Wheatleigh in his dual character of the "Corsican Brothers" and the "Duke's Motto," assisted by some of our old Bowery favorites, G. C. Boniface and wife, John Nuneen and J. B. Studley. But this theatre reached its greatest fame when the Kiralfy Brothers produced their great extravaganza, "The Black Crook," with its unparalleled costumes, scenery and beautiful ladies, which included all the leading artists in dancing, roller skating and marches led by Pauline Markham; thus producing one of the greatest galaxy of beauties ever witnessed on any stage, which was greatly appreciated not only by our citizens, but by thousands from adjoining cities and towns. This performance had a long run, but eventually came to an end like all things good and bad. It probably provoked more sermons, protests and dissensions than any entertainment ever given in New York and its memory is still fresh in the hearts of many Old New Yorkers.

Continuing along Broadway to a place midway between Houston and Bleecker streets, on the east side, we come to the site of another well-known old theatre, Laura Keene's now the Olympic, where I first saw that great American play called "Our American Cousin." It was in this play I first met that ever to be remembered genial actor Ned Sothern in the character of "Lord Dundreary." He afterwards wrote a play giving it this title, in which he starred with great success for many years. It was "Our American Cousin" which Laura Keene and her New York



“CHUCK CONNORS,” “PRIDE OF THE BOWERY,” “KING OF CHINATOWN,” ETC., RECITING HIS LATEST ADVENTURES TO A GROUP OF FRIENDS IN THE SALOON AT PELL STREET AND THE BOWERY. PHOTO BY VANDER WEYDE

Company was playing down at Ford's Theatre, in Washington on that never-to-be-forgotten night in April, 1865, when our dearly beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, was killed by that mad actor John Wilkes Booth.

It was here we met another charming actress, Mrs. John Woods, in her great character of "Pocahontas." She also produced here "The Streets of New York" with its great fire scene and ferry boats crossing the East River. She had in her company such well-known favorites as J. K. Mortimer, in his well-known character of "Badger the News Boy," in which he enters the burning home of the banker and saves the fortune entrusted to him by the old sea captain for his daughter, which the banker is trying to defraud her of. Chas. T. Parsloe, as the Boot Black and Chinaman made a big hit. It was in this play that we first heard that pretty song, "Beautiful Snow," sung by one of the actresses in the snowstorm scene.

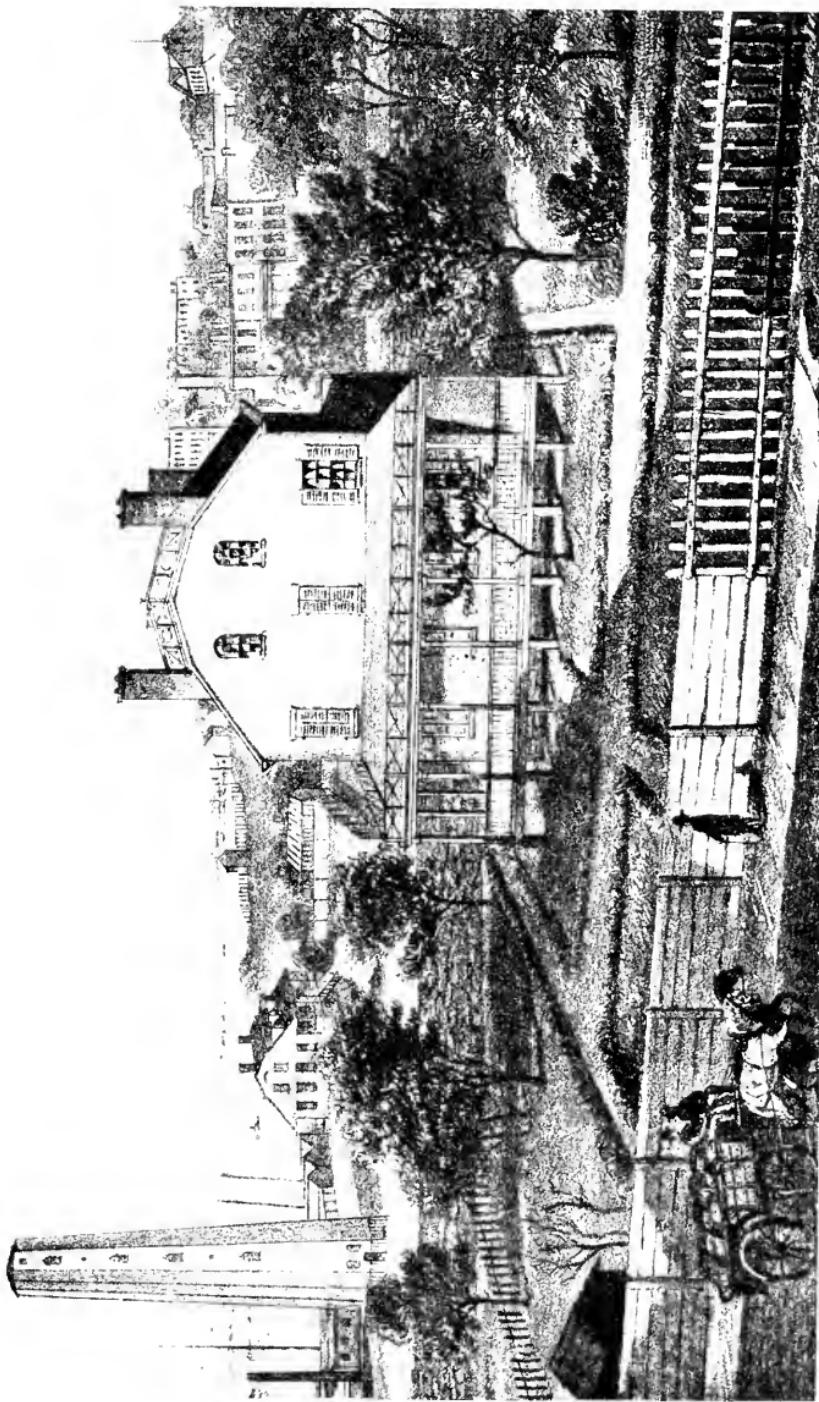
Here you also met H. S. Chanfrau and his wife in his well-known characters of Kit-Carson, Mose, a New York Fireman, The Octoroon, Monte Cristo, and the Arkansas Traveller. Here appeared another well-known actor, Frank Mayo, in his famous character of Davy Crockett, the great trap hunter and Indian fighter. It was here Johnny Wild made his first attempt as a star in "Running Wild" which proved a failure. Here you met the three pretty Wossell Sisters, Jennie, Irene and Sophie in their interesting songs, dances and sketches. But this house reached its greatest celebrity when it became the home of "Humpty Dumpty," produced here by those famous pantomimists, G. L. and C. K. Fox, who came over from the Old Bowery to amuse not only their old patrons but to gain new friends among the elite of New York with their wonderful tricks and transformations, introducing new

specialties such as bicycle riding, roller skating, velocipede stunts, acrobats, and dancing by the Majiltons, the Clod-och Dancers, and others, ending with a beautiful transformation scene. Here G. L. Fox, burlesqued Edwin Booth in some of his tragedies such as Richelieu and Hamlet, assisted by a pretty child actress, then about ten years old, Miss Jenny Yeamans, daughter of our favorite Mrs. Annie Yeamans.

It was here G. L. Fox ended his career, death resulting from poisonous matter in the French chalks used in his make-up, and so ended the career of one who brought more hearty laughter and tears of joy to his numerous friends and patrons than any other player on the American stage.

Here also Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard gave their great play of Slavery days, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" they taking the leading roles of *Uncle Tom* and *Topsy* with little Jennie Yeamans as Eva, G. L. Fox as Marks the Lawyer and J. B. Studley as the cruel slave driver Simon Legree, and Mrs. Yeamans as Eliza, whose escape on the ice with the blood hounds, in pursuit, was very realistic. Here also you met Mr. Florence and wife in their great play of the "Ticket of Leave Man."

In the same house I first heard Ned Buntline, the great temperance orator and writer in one of his Sunday evening lectures. At a point opposite Bond Street you came to the site of another well-known old theatre, the Winter Garden. This house was famous as the theatre in which Edwin Booth made his run of one hundred nights in his great character of "Hamlet," a run unparalleled in those days, except by that of Lester Wallack as *Eliot Grey* in "Rosedale." Booth retired about this time on account of the great notoriety occasioned by his brother, and did not appear in public for some years.



THE EAST RIVER AT 54TH AND 55TH STREETS. THE ORIGINAL BREVORT FARM AND RESIDENCE AS IT APPEARED IN 1866. THE SHOT TOWER WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ERECTED IN NEW YORK

TOURING IN OLD NEW YORK

HIIS description of a tour from lower Broadway to Kingsbridge and back by way of the old country roads that existed then has a quaint charm all its own. It is reproduced from an old book entitled the "Picture of New York" dated 1807. There were no sight seeing autos with their garrulous conductors in those days and every man had to be his own guide. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the article is the mention of the points of historic and civic value. Most of those places or buildings have long ago disappeared, but a few of them still remain and probably will for many generations yet to come. Let us hope that the City Hall at least—that beautiful monument of Old New York—may be preserved but restored to its pristine condition by the removal of the Post Office building—that greatest blot on the topography of the city.

This may be performed by proceeding from one of the livery stables or genteel boarding houses in the lower part of the city, by the way of the Episcopal Church of St. Paul's, the Theatre on the east side of the Park, the Brick Presbyterian Church, the dispensary, the Masonic Hall of St. John, the New City Hall, the debtor's prison, and the Public Arsenal, through Chatham street, one of the principal places for the retail trade in dry goods, by the Watch-house at the head of Catherine street to the Bowery road. In passing along this you see near the two mile stone, Dr. Delacroix's garden called Vauxhall, where a summer theatre is kept, and where fire works and other handsome exhibitions are made on gala-days. A little beyond this is the Sailor's snug harbour, a charitable institution by Capt. Randall, for the relief of poor and worn out mariners.

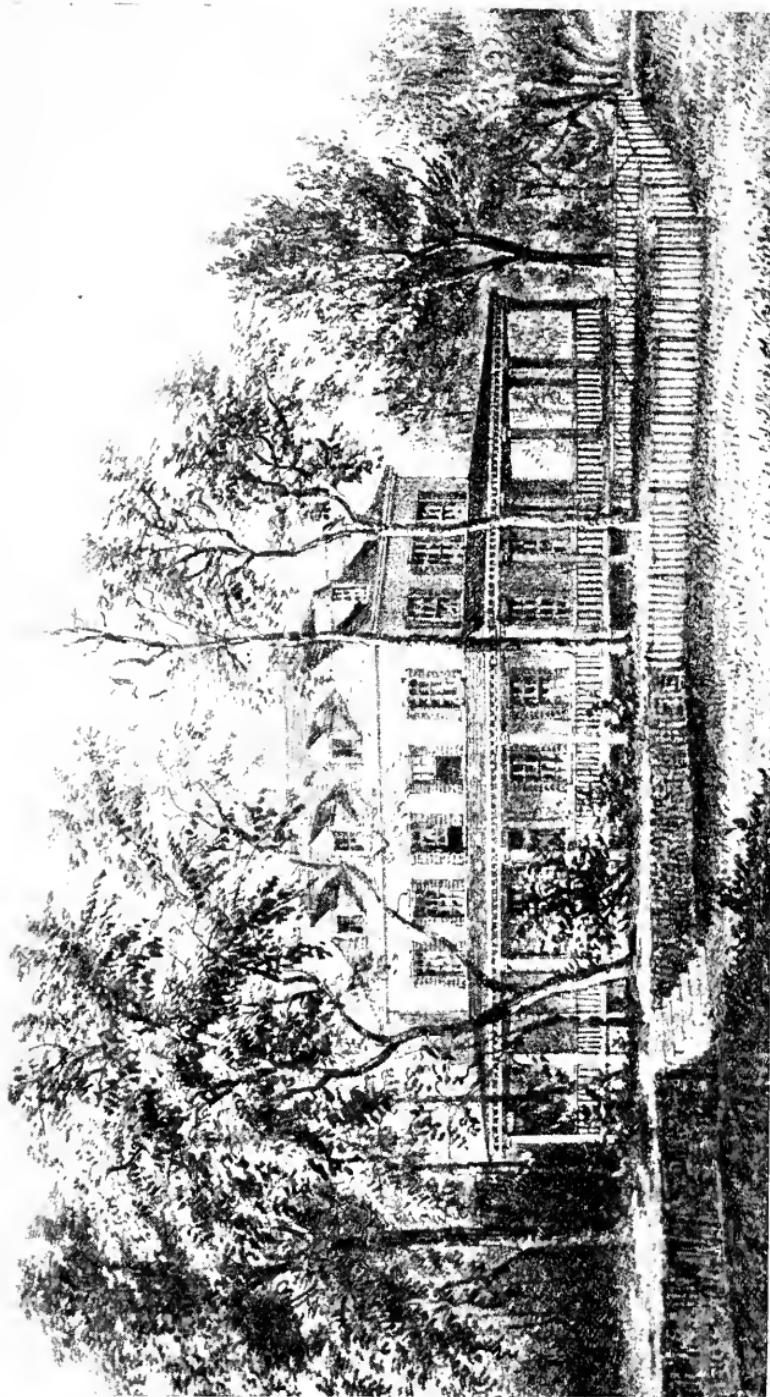
Beyond this a little way, the new building for the Manhattan Company appears on the right. This is intended to accommodate all those who do business with the bank, in case sickness should cause the inhabitants to quit the lower part of

the city. A small distance beyond on the main post road, on the left is a powder house and on the right appears *Rosehill*, the residence of the late General Gates; at the northern approach of which are some wooden buildings erected by the common council for the temporary accommodation of the poor inhabitants during the endemic distemper of 1804 and 1805. By pursuing the road to the right about a quarter of a mile you reach *Bellevue*, a beautiful spot which has been purchased for the reception of such sick inhabitants as are removed from their dwellings in seasons of a prevailing endemic fever in the lower and more compact parts of the town. On the right and by the water side a little to the northward, is a small cove called *Kip's Bay*, around which are some hand-some buildings.

Returning to the main road and proceeding onward you rise a moderate ascent called *Ingleberg*, on the summit of which are several beautiful villas. The road for more than a league is not above one quarter of a mile from the margin of the East River, and the space between them is improved in an exquisite style, by the more wealthy inhabitants. The entrances to their country seats frequently attract the attention of the passenger. A little beyond Smith's tavern there is a road to the ferry at Hellgate.

From the landing on this side you may pass to *Hallett's Cove*, within the limits of Newtown on Long Island. In crossing you leave the narrow and rocky spit of land, called *Blackwell's Island*, a very short distance to the southward; and Hellgate with its rocks, whirlpools and currents appears close to the northward and eastward. An excellent view of this picturesque and romantic spot may be obtained from the adjoining grounds of Mr. Archibald Gracie. His superb house and garden stand upon the very spot called *Hornshook*, upon which a fort erected by the Americans in 1776, stood till about the year 1794; when the present proprietor caused the remains of the military works to be levelled at great expense, and erected on their rocky base his present elegant mansion and appurtenances. The enemy took possession of Long Island before the Manhattan was surrendered to them. And between a battery which was erected at *Hallett's Cove* and the battery which our people still held at *Hornshook* there was a tremendous cannonading across the narrow arm of the sea, previous to the retreat and evacuation of the island by the Americans.

At a convenient time of tide, it is very agreeable to see vessels pass through this place of intricate navigation. It is computed that during the mild season of the year, between five and six hundred sail of vessels go through this passage weekly. And they are not merely coasting craft, but brigs and ships of large size. A British frigate of fifty guns coming from the eastward, was carried safe through Hell gate in 1776, to the



SUTTON MANOR. AT THE EAST RIVER AND 57TH STREET, ORIGINAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF DAVID PROVOST, 1858. A LOCALITY AGAIN BEING DEVELOPED AS AN EXCLUSIVE RESIDENTIAL SECTION BY FASHIONABLE RESIDENTS OF THE CITY.

city. This is an excellent place for catching blackfish with hook and line. Porpoises are often seen sporting among the foam and eddies. And formerly, lobsters were taken in considerable numbers, in hoop-nets.

Leaving this place, where they are surrounded with elegant villas, you return to the main road and pursue your ride to *Haerlem* village. Here you see the river of the same name, which separates the counties of New York and Westchester. At this place the two counties are connected by a noble toll-bridge, erected by legislative permission, by John B. Coles, esq. In this neighborhood is the race-ground, over which horses are run, at the period when sports of the turf are in fashion. And ascending from the plainer flat to the *heights of Haerlem*, you have an enchanting prospect of the surrounding country.

Between the heights and Kingsbridge, a little to the left of the road, is the place where Fort Washington stood in 1776. This piece of ground commanded the Hudson, and Haerlem rivers, and the pass by land. Here our countrymen made a stand, after the rest of the American army was withdrawn from the Manhattan. They were surrounded by their enemies, both by land and water. They made a brave resistance, and killed great numbers of the British and German troops who invested it. But finally they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. After their capitulation, they were marched to New York, imprisoned with so much cruelty, and fed with such scanty and unwholesome food, that the greater part of them died of malignant fever. So few of them survived, even after their release by an exchange of prisoners, that many discreet persons believed, and believe today, that poison was mingled with their food, by the enemy, before their discharge.

You return from the survey of Fort Washington and Kingsbridge to the place where the *Bloomingdale* road appears. You then take that course to town, and pass by the numerous villas with which *Bloomingdale* is adorned.

This brings you back to the main road near *Roschill*. Thence you take the right hand road opening called the *Abingdon road*, and pursue your ride to Greenwich. This village is near the Hudson on the west side of the island. It is the principal retreat of the inhabitants, when the city labours under local and endemic fevers. By a removal two or three miles, they find themselves safe from harm. In this place the Bank of New York, and the Branch Bank have buildings ready to receive their officers and ministers in cases of alarm from distemper. And many of the citizens have houses and places of business, to serve turn, while the sickness lasts. And as this always disappears on the occurrence of frost, the fugitives all return to town before the cold becomes severe. At this place too, you see the *great penitentiary house*, erected by the commonwealth,

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

at a large expense, for the reception of prisoner criminals; thence called the *State prison*. It occupies one of the most healthy and eligible spots on the island.

Having surveyed this thriving settlement, you may return to town by the Greenwich road, which will conduct you straight forward by Richmond Hill, St. John's church, the old air furnace, the Bare market, and the Albany basin, to the Battery; or you may proceed by the route of the *public cemetery*, or *Potter's field*, to the upper end of Broadway and drive into town, leaving St. John's church, the new Sugar-house, the New York Hospital, the College, etc., on the right; and Bayard's hill, the Collect, the Manhattan water-works, the County prison for criminals, the new City Hall, The Park, etc., on the left.

What a change the rapid growth of New York has brought to the East Side! We can scarcely imagine that the large area now occupied by swarming populations of foreigners, hailing from every quarter of the globe, was once the site of beautiful, quiet country homes with grounds sloping down to the clear waters of the East River. The transformation is astounding in the extreme; and when we consider that the entire distance from the Battery to Kingsbridge, not so long ago a rural district, is now covered with dwellings and intersected with busy streets, one realizes that New York is marching on at a prodigious speed.

EDWIN BOOTH

Recollections of Commodore E. C. Benedict

BECAUSE of my intimate association with Edwin Booth during the later period of his life, for a large portion of which (at his own request) he made my house his home, I have been thinking over a few incidents occurring in our companionship which may be of some interest.

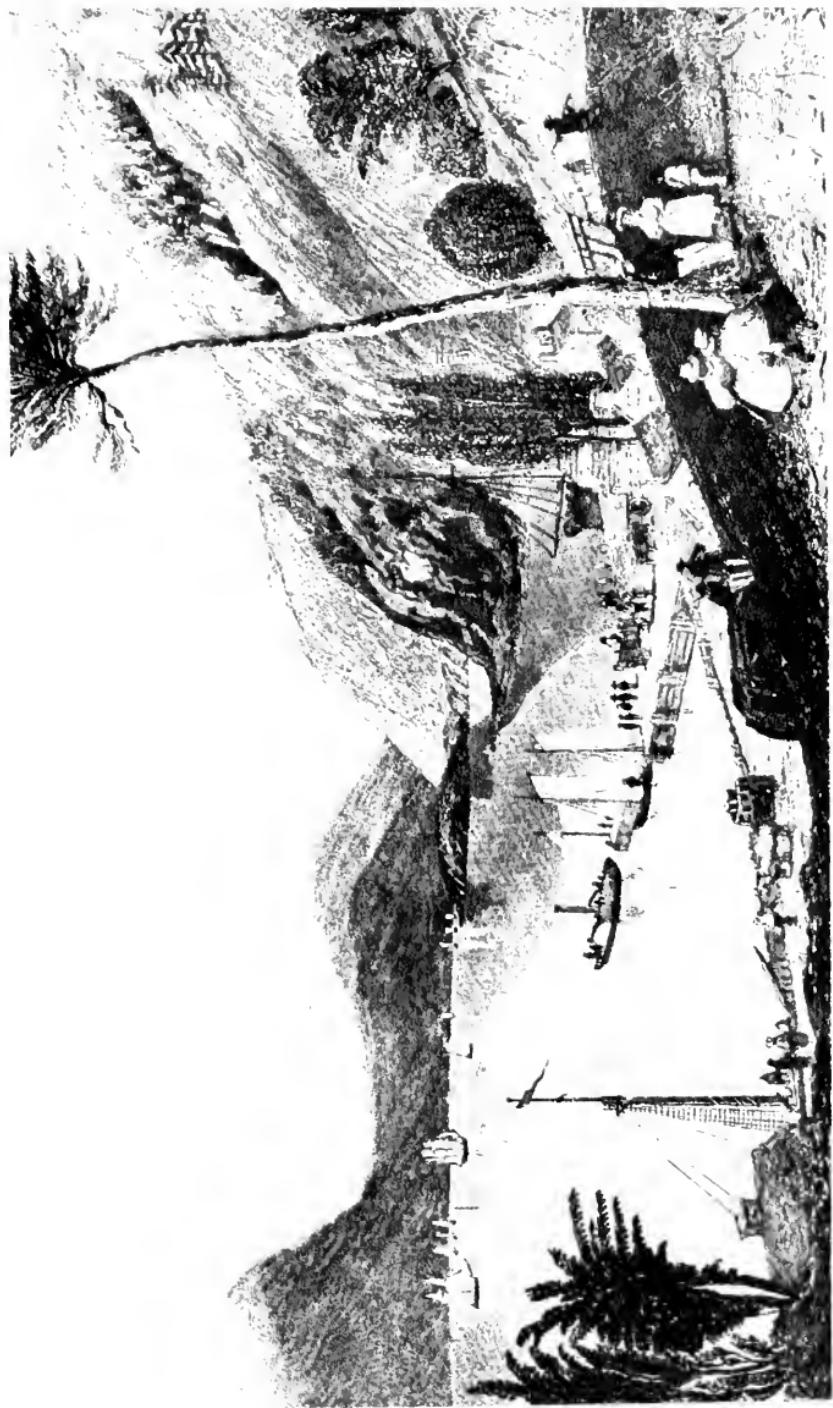
Mr. Booth located in Greenwich in the early seventies. I realized that he came for rest and fresh air and having seen millions of human faces, naturally desired to see no more. So I abstained from making his acquaintance. Some few friends of mine called upon him and reported that he and his talented wife received them all quite hospitably. His nearest neighbor, named Rose, had been employed by George Peabody, the Philanthropist, and had retired. He was hardly a fullblown Rose, being not over five feet two with his high heels on, but he always wore a dress suit and plug hat and at once assumed to take charge of everything within Mr. Booth's fence.

He found Mr. Booth had a well with tanks and pipes, but without pumping facilities. He told Mr. Booth that he had a friend named Benedict who had just bought an Ericsson hot air pumping engine and invited Mr. Booth to accompany him over to my premises and see it work. Mr. Booth naturally objected as he was not acquainted with me. Rose replied: "He is not at home during the day and his man will show it to us." Finally Mr. Booth consented to come over and inspect

it. On arriving home that day my wife told me she had had a visit from him. "Did you see him?" I asked. "No," she replied, "I did not know he had been here until he had gone; he came to see our new pump work." Fearing he may not have obtained full information in regard to it, I took my wife over to call on him and explain the machinery more fully. He was exceedingly hospitable and his wife played the piano and sang some songs. One entitled "Hamlet" I remember. We invited them to come to dinner. They accepted and came several times that season.

Mr. Booth was emerging from his financial difficulties and was to appear in October of that year for a month under Mr. Daly's management. One morning five or six weeks previous thereto, he started over to Stamford to get his groceries, having hitched up a colt and its mother for the drive. The harness broke, the horses ran away and he was ditched out against a telegraph pole, breaking his left arm and two or three ribs. I called day by day to see what I could do for him and to try to cheer him up. He felt he could not keep his engagement with Mr. Daly because his arm was not set properly. He never was able thereafter to tie his cravat but he went through with his engagement, which netted him about \$30,000. This he asked me to take care of for him and until his death I took charge of his finances and was one of his executors.

He narrated to me many interesting events connected with his career, beginning with the fact that on the 13th day of November, 1833, occurred that celestial phenomenon, which my parents, frequently enlarged upon as one of the most wonderful and thrilling sights that ever took place on earth. It was the



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PEEKSKILL, LANDING ON THE HUDSON AND VIEW OF THE HIGHLANDS ABOUT 1825.

night of a wonderful meteoric shower. During that night of falling stars, Edwin Booth—a star of the first magnitude—was born.

His youth was passed in the obscure little town of Belair, Maryland, where he made his first appearance on the stage as a youth of 12 years. He, with some other boys formed a negro minstrel club and Mr. Booth played the banjo, sang a darky song and danced a clog dance, which he used to do for my children without corking up. At the age of 13 he became his father's dresser and traveling companion so he had not the opportunity of acquiring very much of an education.

It was exceedingly interesting to have him recount important scenes in Shakespeare, as well as the literature that had been written about him. I think he said there was one book devoted to proving that Shakespeare was ignorant, placing seashore towns in the mountains and mountain towns at the seashore, and an illustration was given of Hamlet's statement to Polonius that he could be as young as Hamlet "if like a crab, he could go backwards." Nearly everybody thinks they only go sideways. One day Mr. Booth asked a fisherman to row him across the river. In passing over a shallow place, the boatman stopped and called his attention to a crab in the act of shedding its shell, a sight which is frequently witnessed by people who live on the Shrewsbury River. Almost immediately the shell cracked open and the crab shoved its shell over its head, backing outwards, and appeared with a fresh new baby's skin ready for an increase in its growth. Mr. Booth simply remarked: "I guess Shakespeare saw that and knew what he was talking

about." I myself never detected ignorance in Shakespeare, though I thought he was a little color blind in his orthography when he spelled my name with a "K."

As previously stated, when, because of his wife's incurable illness she was placed in a sanitarium (which grieved him deeply as he was a faithful and true lover) he asked if he might make my house his home, saying that he had no other. And so, from time to time, until he came to New York, he used to drop in unannounced, gripsack in hand, asking if I had any cold victuals and a night's lodging for a stranded actor. We treated him as one of the family and he acted the part. With his pipe and a book, sometimes without a coat or vest, and sometimes with Shylock shoes on his feet (his favorite slippers); he would sit and read to me and my wife as she sewed, or he would romp about with the children, who always called him Uncle Edwin. If a stranger, either male or female, appeared he became fairly stage struck.

His fortune increased, and as it did so, he frequently said to me he would like to do something for those of his profession which would not be alms giving, and foolishly consulted me as to how he might do it. Knowing the needs, he particularized in the following manner; "I have known some young actors and many old ones who are accustomed to meeting in good weather on Union Square—a sort of curb market for negotiations between actors and managers and if the weather was unfavorable, adjourning to some saloon, or some manager's dusty office."

In August, 1887, I had procured the Steam Yacht *Oneida* and I invited Mr. Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Lawrence Hutton, William Bispham and Thomas

Bailey Aldrich to accompany me on a trip to Labrador. We had continuously foggy weather. By a singular coincidence we drifted into Booth's Bay and dropped anchor. We were near enough to hear the voices on shore but were unable to see more than a boat's length. Mr. Booth suffered from a tobacco heart and stomach and was seldom free from pain. Every friend gave him a prescription which he felt he should try, so after we dropped anchor he took from his pocket a prescription which he wanted to get filled and lowering a gig, we found our way to the quiet little village, which at that time did not contain more than two or three stores. The apothecary was located at the corner. The store had big panes of glass with a frame work of little bottles of drugs tucked away like mugs in a little barber shop. The druggist with cap and gown, came out from another room and Edwin handed him the prescription. When the druggist retired to the back room the only noise that was heard was made by a big blue-bottle fly which bumped against the window panes. Presently the druggist returned and while standing behind his counter, Edwin with his back to the druggist asked in his delightfully deep tones: "Can you inform me how this town obtained its name?" The druggist replied: "There is a tradition that a ship captain by the name of Booth was shipwrecked here and remained and began the settlement. But I assure you, sir, he was no relation of that damned scoundrel who shot Lincoln." Edwin opened wide one eye, closed the other, screwed his mouth to one side but made no reply.

On our return to the boat he said, "Now boys, I have bothered you several times with a statement of

my desire to do something for my profession. You are all here now and we will make a finish of it." So he repeated what he had said to us separately and Mr. Bispham was appointed secretary to jot down the proceedings. Somebody suggested the forming of a club. The suggestion passed unanimously. "What do you propose to contribute towards this club?" My recollection is he said a quarter of a million dollars. "Who will compose the club?" "Actors and managers." Either Mr. Bispham or I suggested that neither actors nor managers were apt to be good business men. It was suggested having business men belong to the club, say: one-third actors, one-third business men and one-third managers. "But how can business men be admitted to such a club?" It was suggested that they could be by becoming patrons of art. I remember asking if I bought a chromo would it entitle me to membership and it was agreed that it would.

"Now, what will this club be called?" We all said the Booth Club. He immediately and firmly said: "Not a dollar will be given by me if it is to be called by my name." Well then the Garrick Club, the Beef-steak Club and other names were suggested. Finally Mr. Aldrich who was resting on a transom, rolled over and said: "Why not call it the Players?" That satisfied everybody at once.

On returning from one of our numerous trips Mr. Booth once told me of a peculair incident which had occurred to him. While he was on his way to Richmond with his manager (Mr. Ford, I think), to fulfill an engagement, it was necessary to change cars at Philadelphia. Just as Mr. Booth reached the plat-



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WHALES IN THE HARBOR AT MOUTH OF HUDSON RIVER. REDRAFT OF A SKETCH MADE BY
DANKERS AND SLUYTER, IN 1679.

form, a young man followed him and stepped off of the car without seeing another which was backing in. Mr. Booth saw his danger, grabbed him and pulled him over on the platform, the steps of the car hitting the young man's heels but not catching him. After receiving the young man's thanks, Mr. Booth hurried along and overtook Ford, who said: "Do you know. I think that was Tod Lincoln you saved from getting hurt." A few days thereafter, Mr. Booth received a letter from General Adam Badeau, who was on General Grant's staff, telling him he had a call from Lincoln's son who had described the occurrence as I have narrated it.

This accident, which I had never seen referred to in print, seemed to haunt me a long time after Mr. Booth told me of it. So many stories have been related of Booth's painful experiences in connection with the assassination of Lincoln that it seems only fair that this should be given wide currency as an antidote. That Edwin Booth should have been chosen to preserve the life of a member of that family seemed to me a special and kindly dispensation of Providence. I have always felt that so singular and withal so remarkable an occurrence, should not be lost to history. Many years afterward, I took steps to corroborate the tale, and it was with the greatest pleasure that I received the following letter from Mr. Robt. T. Lincoln confirming in all essential details the story as told me by Mr. Booth.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

1775 N STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 17, 1918

Dear Commodore Benedict:

Mr. Hastings has sent me the copy of your address on Founders' Night at the Players' Club and I have read it with very great interest and pleasure. I have often heard of the Players' Club and it is very interesting to read of your account of its origin and the memories of your intimate association with Mr. Booth. Mr. Hastings tells me that you would like to have a line from me in regard to the incident you mention in your address, having heard it from Mr. Booth.

It gives me great pleasure to give you the facts in the case which I remember very well. They differ in detail only from your memory of them as told by Mr. Booth, but the difference is not essential; the fact is that his service to me was much greater than is suggested and I was probably saved by him from a very bad injury if not from something more. The facts are these:

I being a student at Harvard was on my way to Washington by way of New York in 1863 or 1864, I can not recall exactly when it was. On the night of my journey from New York I with other passengers crossed the ferry and went to the waiting train at midnight in order to get a berth in the sleeping-car. In those days there were no sleeping-car reservations; one bought his ticket directly from the sleeping-car conductor standing on the platform of his car. The train was in the station with the platform of its cars level with the passenger's platform of the station, just as is the case now in all large stations, but it was a new thing with us. There was quite a little crowd attempting to get space and ten or twelve of the crowd at least formed a queue of which I was one. While waiting I was pressed against the car on my right side by the bunch of people at the left and while in this position, the train began to move slowly. There was a little commotion which resulted in my being so tightly pressed against the car that its movement screwed me off my feet and they dropped down into the space between the car and the platform and I was for a few seconds in a dangerous position from which I could not rescue myself. I was seized from behind by the collar and a powerful jerk of the owner of the hand brought me to my feet on the platform without my having sustained any injury. I turned to thank my rescuer and in doing so recognized Mr. Booth, whom I never knew personally, but whom I had often seen on the stage. The motion of the train had stopped, for it was only a movement of a few feet and not for a start on its journey, and the passengers went on with their business of getting berths and getting upon the train.

At some time afterwards, it may have been a year or more, when I was an officer on the staff of General Grant at City Point, I came to know Colonel Badeau and told him of this incident in one of our conversations there, but did not know until long afterwards that he had written to Mr. Booth about it. I never again met Mr. Booth personally, but I have always had most grateful recollection of his prompt action in my behalf.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

RÖBERT T. LINCOLN.

I was many, many times in the company of our greatest tragedian and our great comedian together, and heard them discuss actors and actresses and acting, the benefit of which I felt was all lost on one like myself outside the profession and I was grieved to think that the great privilege I had could not have been enjoyed by young actors. I remember many conversations and give you one as an example. The long runs of Hamlet and Rip Van Winkle were being discussed. Booth would say to Jefferson: "I do not see how you can stand it to play Rip Van Winkle so many times, to do so would get on my nerves." Jefferson would say: "I have to do as you do with Hamlet. The plan I have followed through so many performances is that during the afternoon and up to the time of the performance I try to divest myself of ever having heard of the play. Then I go to the performance as though every question was absolutely new to me and my answer must come as if I never witnessed the scene or heard the questions asked before." This was particularly interesting to me for I had seen so many society plays where the actors and actresses alike would begin to answer questions before the questions had been fairly asked. They seemed to be trying to hurry through the performance and get to the supper after the curtain went down. I

appeal to those who are not actors who recall occasions of the most meritorious performances by prominent actors and actresses and ask if the performances were not characterized by the apparent unpremeditated acting. Take the Music Master and Weber and Fields for examples. The latter Mr. Jefferson went to see three times and said it was the best bit of acting he ever saw.

Of course, I saw Mr. Booth in every character he appeared in in his later years. Many times while with him in his dressing room and while perhaps in the midst of a story, he would be called, and dropping his pipe, he went out to pick up his cue and I would skip out to the front. The sudden transition from the chum in the dressing room to Petruchio or Richelieu or Hamlet was startling. Who that ever saw him as the Fool can forget him in what seemed ecstatic agony, prancing, moaning and giggling in what I may call the poison scene, or as Richelieu launching the curse of Rome when he seemed to defy Scripture and add a cubit to his stature. Yet after all, when asked what character I preferred to see him in, I always replied—plain Edwin Booth.

It was the intention of Commodore Benedict to extend this article to include some further reminiscences of the great actor and to add his recollections of several other men whose lives have filled an important place in the history of our city, but failing health prevented him from accomplishing his purpose and these recollections of Edwin Booth with a few changes, are in part from an address given by him in his 84th year.—Ed.



OLD BUILDINGS AT THE CORNER OF WALL AND BROAD STREETS (1885), ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE WILKES BUILDING WHICH IN TURN HAS NOW GIVEN PLACE TO THE MAGNIFICENT ADDITION TO THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

AN INTERESTING OLD LETTER ABOUT
THE BATTERY

HIS letter comes from a correspondent in Newburgh—a descendant of Joremus Johnson—whose family has preserved it as a quaint bit of descriptive history of the Battery as it was years before the Revolutionary war. Besides the various items referred to and described by one who saw them, it is interesting to note the vigor of the language used in excoriating the plotters who attempted to poison the well used by General Washington's family. The veneration of the people for their great leader was remarkable.

New York, Aug. 11, 1840.

Respected Sir:

Your note of Tuesday, I rec'd in which you wish to know from me whether there was or was not a spring of fresh water in that part of the Battery then called the Bason & which I answer, there never was to my knowledge, of which fact I am positively sure that I am correct. I well remember when in heavy rains & high tides the Bason would be filled with water both fresh & salt, with a sluice on Whitehall side to let it off. At length it was filled up so as to prevent the tides flowing in at which time the other part of the Battery was raised all around the Bason, say from 3 to 4 inches to the Buttonwood trees. I well recollect when there was not over 9 to 10 inches at the butt. The cause of their being planted was for shading the reviewing officers as the Bason was then the place for parades, in the western part of which a brick barrack for the soldiers was built facing eastward with an L at one end for the use of the non-commissioned officers & their families, the foundation of which still remains tho now covered by filling the Battery grounds as they now are. The Battery at the Southern part was a perfect quagmire, salt marsh, even as far as the house & grounds on which John B. Coles built his house, until it came a little south of Pearl St. & now State St. I well recollect that there was a small Battery erected at or about where the boat house stands, built by the government, & where the Pier No. 1 on

the East River starts from, which was demolished when the Battery & Bason was raised & filled up years before our Revolutionary War. It was called the water Half moon Battery. The Materials used in the building of the new wall facing on the White Hall street was raised a little above the street. Many of the old inhabitants furnished red stones cut with the initials of their respective names, all which remained there until after our Revolutionary War. The Springs were north of the Battery along where Greenwich street now runs & enters Marketfield street, but none southward. There were wells of excellent fresh water on the Battery. The one was at or very near the large maderia nut tree (which is now standing or not, I cannot say), a little eastward of where Greenwich street commences at the Battery Grounds, which well of water was for the use of the Battery-keeper by the name of Blundle and a second was situated on the Battery a little north of where Pearl St. now faces the Battery & I think perhaps about from 70 to 80 feet from where State St. now runs, from which the British soldiers stationed at the lower Barracks (as it was then called) obtained their supplies of water for their family use. I seem to think that there were a kind of well & pump on the Battery of which I am not so sure of. There was two wells & pumps in the old High Stone Fort, the one for the Governors family use, & the other for the use of the soldiers & families stationed in said fort. That for the Gov. family use was at or very near the Northeast corner of John Hone's house on White Hall street; that for the soldiers use was at the southwesterly point of the fort wall & near their quarters which latter well was taken down, after peace, with the old High Fort, to the level of State St. The residue remained & when I built my Potash Inspection store in the year 1803 I had it cleaned out & a pump put in. It was excellent water and was generally used for drinking by Mr. Peter Kemble's family & of those in the neighborhood.

There was also another pump & well of excellent drinking water which was used for watering the Governor's garden & stable use which was situated fronting Bridge St. on White Hall street. There was also a well & pump of excellent fresh water at the north end of the Bowling Green & facing on Broadway the same as used by Gen. George Washington & family when his Headquarters was facing the Bowling Green & Broadway at the Commencement of Revolutionary War, & which being used as before stated. An old Hessian rascal, generally termed Col. Sedgewick who at the time resided in the city & who was the first general chimney sweep master ever known here who through the instigation of British villians & their Golden Fleece & their prototype, the Devil, inveigled some of our native born citizens of New York, &

ONE GA

1750

Remarks on Tuesday Aug 3

This 2d hour begins with North trades
Hence to the North all day long. Saw 1st lot at 7 M Shortens
Sail for the night. at 3 AM made S. S. Shetland S. S.

The South at 10 AM Shakes midday 2000 lbs
Shake the last 2000 Calidonia 200 at same time trades

S. S. S. S. This 2d hour Gaffed Dog St 4° 53' S
- - - - - Longitud 105° 00' W

MIDIAN

6 months out
2000 lbs

CORTE'S

13 months out
2300 lbs



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PAGE FROM A WHALER'S LOG BOOK. WHALE SHIPS IN THE 30'S HAULING FROM POUGHKEEPSIE AND HUDSON RIVER. LOG BOOKS, LIKE THIS, FORM AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THOSE ROMANTIC DAYS.

OF OLD NEW YORK

also Gen. George Washington's Orderly Sergeant to poison the water in said well for the sole purpose of destroying that Heaven-born Michael son, Gen. Washington & family; but as God is above, the old Devil as well as his satellites in the foul plot, it was fortunately exploded & those concerned got wind of it & decamped leaving the Orderly Sergeant to receive his just reward for his & their base villainies & which he did by the sacrifice of his own life as all traitors of right should, even in these days of Freedom & Independence.

Please excuse the length of this with bad writing & spelling as I am somewhat rusty in the way of writing, tho permit to say that you are mistaken as it respects the spring in the Basin.

Yours respectfully

James W. Lents.
old '76 veteran

Jeromus Johnson Esq.
Present.

AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND IN A
ROWBOAT IN 1872

Philip Corell

NO SOONER was it broached to take a trip around the Island than I hailed the idea with enthusiasm. It was not that I was so eager to pull an oar for eight hours at the rate of thirty strokes a minute—for I imagined it was laborious work to row the thirty seven miles which is the distance around the Island, but rather for the intimate and splendid view of the scenery which is so grand on every side and on the banks of the glorious Hudson. A few centuries ago Manhattan Island was bought by Peter Minuet from the Indians for thirty dollars, and the name Spuyten Duyvil was said to have originated from the fact that the old Dutch Governor Stuyvesant, wishing to send a despatch to Westchester County on a stormy night, informed the courier that he must go at all hazards, and the courageous fellow upon arriving at the creek found it to be greatly swollen and the waters very turbulent. Nothing daunted he sent the spurs into the flanks of his horse and bravely vowed that he would ford the creek in spite of the devil and since that time this little arm of water has held the characteristic and unique name that we are so familiar with today. Such reminiscences naturally impelled a desire to know more and when Fred proposed rowing around the Island I responded in the affirmative and agreed that it would be a sight worth seeing.

Imagine us then on a Sunday morning up early and in good trim. We ate heartily of our breakfast and repaired to the boat house of the "Gulick Club." There we found six of its members ready and after dressing ourselves, topped off with our white sailor shirts and hats, we stepped into the boat and were off. It was half past seven when we started. We rounded the Christopher Street Ferry just below our starting point and with steady rowing glided swiftly down to the Battery. The river was calm, ferry boats and pleasure steamers laden with their precious freight, studded the river, and the Battery seemed more beautiful with its stone embankments, its refreshing grass and its superb trees than it did of yore with its clayey banks and uneven shore. We rounded the Battery and pulled to the Brooklyn side where now stands the pier of the first bridge, thence across to the New York side and up by Blackwell's Island, stopping at Jones' Wood, where we refreshed ourselves with the beverage then so popular but now under the ban. Re-embarking we rowed up East River by Hell Gate to the Harlem River and under the bridge on the other side, where after a few strokes of the oars we were brought to the boat house of the Gramercy Boat Club of Harlem. Here we were hospitably received and

after a short stay we proceeded on our way up the river and soon reached High Bridge. The real scenery commenced at this point and we observed how fine the new park which the city was laying out would be in years to come and what a joy to the prospective inhabitants of this beautiful section of the city. We passed under the farmer's bridge up to the King's Bridge Hotel, ordered a dinner, took a walk of half a mile and then went in swimming. Returning we did justice to a good dinner of porterhouse steak, tomatoes, potatoes and other edibles, after which we regaled ourselves with a good cigar and at twenty minutes of one we again embarked and proceeded on our voyage.

Soon after we had the only exciting incident of our journey. The Harlem River flows by the Hotel, and a short distance above is the Spuyten Duyvil creek. Not very far from its commencement is King's Bridge which I had supposed was a large and grand structure but I was surprised to see instead a regular old country bridge made of stone, under which an arch was formed to allow a passage for boats. The water, as the tide flows in and out, rushed through at a tremendous rate and brings to mind the pictures in books of geography of the rapids of the St. Lawrence and other famous rivers. The fall of the water I think was about two feet, the coxwain safely brought the boat through but on the way we shot hither and thither amongst the waves, some of them dashing in and over the boat to the intense delight of the country youths who stood on the bridge witnessing our distress. However we got off with only a good soaking and experienced a little of the spice of Spuyten Duyvil.

The high mountain which was now ahead of us we admired and when told that we had to pass it we felt delighted. We stopped at a place called Cold Spring where we refreshed ourselves with some of the pure cold water and then proceeded. After a slight mishap in running against a railroad bridge we once more came to our own Hudson. The wind was blowing and the waves were pretty high and in attempting to row across to the Jersey side we shipped a lot of water and were made rather uncomfortable. We gradually neared home, stopping on the way at Hudson River Park where we refreshed ourselves and then proceeded down to the boat house where we arrived in excellent spirits and quite puffed up with our little adventure. When we reached home we did justice to an excellent supper well contented in having seen what few people in those days ever saw.

Here is the log for the trip—

Started 7:30 A. M., Battery and Brooklyn Bridge 8:10, Navy Yard 8:20, Blackwell's Island 8:40, Jones' Wood 8:50, remained five minutes; Gramercy Boat Club, remained 15 minutes; King's Bridge Hotel, 10:40 remained two hours; started 12:40, stopped at Cold Spring ten minutes; came through Spuyten Duyvil 1:25; arrived at Hudson River Park, 2:40; left 3:15; stopped at 34th Street, 15 minutes, and arrived at the boat house at 4:30.



EDGAR ALLAN POE. FROM ENGRAVING BY JOHN SARTAIN

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN NEW YORK CITY

Largely from hitherto unprinted memoranda and papers in possession
of the New York Shakespeare Society, Edited by
Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the Society

Second Paper

CHARLES F. BRIGGS, "Harry Franco" was a writer for the press of the day. He conceived a Journal to be called *The Broadway Journal* but unable to manage it he found a publisher in one John Bisco, elsewhere described as "a shrewd Yankee from Worcester, Mass., who had been a schoolmaster in New Jersey." Bisco is entered in the Directory of 1844 as "John Bisco, collector, 29 Av D," and in the directories of 1846-8 as "collector 249 Second Avenue." But in the Directory for 1845 he is given as "Publisher, 135 Nassau Street and *The Broadway Journal* is given in that same Directory as published at that number. In the directories following 1846, neither *The Broadway Journal* nor John Bisco as Publisher is entered at all.

The explanation appears to be that Mr. Briggs finding that he could not without capital swing his *Broadway Journal* made it over to Mr. Bisco, and that Mr. Bisco on finding himself publisher of a literary Journal realized that he had not an editor, and attracted by the rising star, sought out the author of *The Raven*. At least among the Bisco papers preserved by Mr. Sidney Fisher, we are shown an agreement, dated July 14, 1845, in Poe's copper-plate autograph, providing that John Bisco was "to print and publish *The*

Broadway Journal at his own cost and expense and to have one half the net profits thereof and that Edgar A. Poe is to be sole editor and to furnish matter for the paper from week to week uninterfered with by any party whatsoever, and to receive for such editorial conduct one half the entire profits over and above all the reasonable costs and charges of such publication."

This agreement however did not prevent Briggs from writing letters to Lowell and others complaining of the difficulty he experienced in getting along with Poe, whom he had "taken in as a sort of charity." Bisco, nevertheless appears to have dealt with Poe exclusively, and when approached by Briggs to sell out to him (Briggs) charged such exorbitant figures as to preclude the possibility. Though, as we shall see, he finally sold to Poe for a figure that even nominally was never paid, except the said fifty dollars which Horace Greeley was later to turn to such caustic account.

John Bisco lived until the early sixties and dying left to Mr. Sidney Fisher a well known real estate operator of New York City such of his papers and account books as covered the period of his dealings with Poe. And these papers in 1919, Mr. Fisher permitted the New York Shakespeare Society to inspect and take copies from to any extent. Among these papers was a Scrap Book kept by the firm of Poe and Bisco containing newspaper notices of *The Broadway Journal* from newspapers widely covering New England and the South as well as New York State. Without exception the notices are complimentary, and invariably speak of Poe as a distinguished

author and poet (certainly evidence of the esteem in which he was universally held) and of the still greater achievements expected of him, and presages of a splendid career for *The Broadway Journal* under his control. As to whether Poe was invariably considered the sole editor thereof there may possibly be some mystification.

At one time Poe was announced as co-editor with Briggs and one Henry S. Watson, as to whom Briggs writes to Lowell, "Mr. Watson's name commands the support of a good portion of the musical interest in this city and Boston, and by putting forth his name as musical editor I can gain his time for a pro rata dividend on the amount of patronage which he may obtain. He is the only musical critic in the country and a thorough good fellow." This letter is dated March 8th, 1845. But we find letters of about that date addressed to "Poe & Watson" as proprietors in which Bisco is not mentioned at all.

The above is very far from being the tale as told by Harry Franco Briggs. According to him, it was he who invited Poe to join him. And Poe was induced to consent and became a sort of assistant editor, printing pretty much what he saw fit, his old poems and stories to fill in and sometimes he signed these with a fresh pseudonym such as "Littleton Barry." For example, Briggs writes Lowell:

Poe is only my assistant and will in no way interfere with my own way of doing things. Poe had left *The Mirror*, Willis was too Willisy for him, and as it was requisite that I should have his or some other person's assistance, and as his name is of some authority I thought it advisable to announce him as an editor. Unfortunately for him he has mounted a very ticklish hobby just now—plagiarism—which he is riding to death, and I think the better way is to let him run down as

soon as possible by giving him no check * * *. Every body has gone Raven-mad about his last poem, and his lecture which W. W. Story went with me to hear has gained him a dozen or two of waspish enemies who will do more good than harm.

Every reader of Poe biography remembers that his constant ambition was to own and control his own mouthpiece. Here probably lies the truth, as nearly as abstractable today, from the Briggs - Bisco - Poe management of *The Broadway Journal*. When Bisco, apparently ignoring or brushing aside Briggs, offers to quit claim *The Broadway Journal* to Poe, the latter rushes to realize a sufficient sum. Horace Greeley endorses Poe's note to Bisco for fifty dollars and other parties evidently helped. But this fifty is all that Bisco ever got. This endorsement he afterwards sold to Greeley for \$51.50, and Greeley offered it for half the amount as an autograph of the author of *The Raven* to an autograph collector. In November 1845 Poe writes Dr. Chivers that he "had entirely paid" (by which he meant given notes) for *The Broadway Journal* except a note for \$140.00 which would fall due on January first, 1846. Possibly the latter was not inclusive of a note of hand for which Fitz Greene Halleck gave Poe one hundred dollars in cash, though Mr. Halleck made no such parade of the loss as did Greeley.

All that is certain is, that when Poe became sole proprietor either by handing \$150.00 over to Bisco or otherwise the days of *The Broadway Journal* were numbered. It made a sensation while it lasted.

Richard Henry Stoddard who seldom had a good word for his fellow scribes, least of all for Poe, says that that periodical under Poe "was a curious mix-

ture of bad and now and then good writing; a *Saturday Review* of Billingsgate: savagely critical and brutally personal, not to say insulting. But it amused even if it astonished its readers and kept Poe continually in hot water, but since this made him feared, it probably did him more good than harm." *The Broadway Journal* uttered its Swan song January 4th, 1846. In that issue appears the following:

VALEDICTORY

Unexpected engagements demanding my whole attention and the objects being fulfilled so far as regards myself personally for which *The Broadway Journal* was established, I now, as editor bid farewell as cordially to foes as friends.

EDGAR A. POE.

Mr. Woodberry claims that Mr. T. Dunn English was the one who managed to get out this absolutely last appearance of *The Broadway Journal* which had already actually given up the ghost. There are other names—Allen, Holman and so on, who are said to have officiated either with cash or credit to stand off the inevitable demise.

Simultaneously with, or soon after, the appearance of *The Raven*, Poe, Mrs. Clemm and Virginia forsook the Amity Street lodgings and took two rear rooms with board on the third floor of the tenement No. 195 East Broadway (site now occupied by the building of The Educational Alliance). Up to this time his city residences, No. 13½ Carmine Street, No. 130 Greenwich Street and No. 15 Amity Street, had been in a comparatively narrow precinct of the west side of the city. What should have moved him to take so far a departure to what was then the extreme east cannot be conjectured unless it may have been considered a social betterment. For East Broadway and Henry and adjoining streets were fashionable precincts

in those years, though not perhaps as fashionable as they had been a little earlier. (A letter of Poe's to one Thomas W. Fields, dated 195 East Broadway, August 9th, 1845, making an appointment at that residence, fixes our date here). Here Lowell called upon him and failed to impress him. At least he writes Dr. Chivers long after, "I was very much disappointed in his appearance, he was not half the noble person I expected to see."

We have seen that previously Poe had caused considerable fluttering among literary dove-cotes by a series of papers—six in all—contributed to *Godey's Lady's Book* of Philadelphia, in which he handled thirty of his contemporary knights of the pen under the title "The Literati of New York—Some honest opinions at Random Respecting their Authorial Merits, with Occasional Words of Personality." When quite at liberty to use his pen as he pleased in Willis's *Mirror* and in *The Broadway Journal* he returned to recapture the sensation which he had already created, and perpetuated it by adding criticisms of about thirty nine or forty more mostly names that sound strange to present ears, but among them Longfellow against whom he boldly brought a charge of plagiarism, iterating and reiterating it with acid comment until it was impossible to disregard it.

Among these "Literati" papers was a notable review of Dickens and especially of *Barnaby Rudge* of which one or perhaps two instalments had appeared; it being in this critique that Poe so accurately and circumstantially predicted the plot of the story, even so far as questioning Dicken's art in making so little (or so much) out of this or that character as to cause

Dickens himself to write him, "Mr. Poe, are you the Devil?" And it was one of these "Literati" papers that was to put a bit of real money beyond a daily wage into Poe's pocket.

A not unvoluminous literary character of the date was Thomas Dunn English, who survives as the writer of the words of Trilby's song "Ben Bolt". "Thomas Dunn English" suggested to Poe "Thomas Done Brown." Hence as a party who wrote under the pseudonym of "Thomas Dunn English" Poe handled him in this wise:

I place Mr. Brown upon my list of literary people not on account of his poetry (which I presume he himself is not weak enough to estimate very highly) but on the score of his having edited for several months * * * a magazine called *The Aristidean*. Mr. Brown has at least that amount of talent which would enable him to succeed in his father's profession—that of a ferryman on the Schuylkill. But the fate of *The Aristidean* (Brown had started a periodical of that title in Philadelphia previously which lived just one year) would serve to indicate to him that to prosper in any higher walk in life he should apply himself to study * * * *. The editor of *The Aristidean* for example was not the public laughing stock so much on account of writing "lay" for "lie"; "went" for "gone"; "set" for "sit" etc., or for coupling nouns in the plural with verbs in the singular—as when he writes

So harmless seems
Azthene, all my earthly dreams—

as on account of the pertinacity with which he exposed his lamenting "the typographical blunders which so unluckily creep into his (my) work" * * * *. In an editorial announcement upon page 242 of the same number he says, "This and the three succeeding numbers brings the work up to January, and with the two numbers previously published makes up a volume or half year of numbers." But enough! Mr. Brown has for the motto on his magazine cover the words of Richelieu,

MEN CALL ME CRUEL
I AM NOT; I AM JUST—

here the two monosyllables "an Ass" should have been appended, making the motto of *The Aristidean* read

MEN CALL ME CRUEL
I AM NOT; I AM JUST AN ASS!

They were no doubt omitted through one of those "typographical blunders which through life have been the bane and antidote of Mr. Brown." I do not know him personally. About his appearance there is nothing very remarkable, except that he exists in a perpetual state of vacillation between mustachio and goatee. In character a *windbeutel!*

Sneers like these levelled at a *soi-disant* editor and poet were rather hard to bear. And Mr. English, scorning the pseudonym, retorted as follows in *The Daily Telegraph* of June twenty-eighth, 1846.

Mr. Poe says in his article, "I do not personally know Mr. English (The exact words were 'I do not personally know him, *i.e.* Mr. Thomas Dunn Brown')." That he does not know me is not a matter of wonder. The severe treatment he received at my hands for brutal and dastardly conduct rendered it necessary for him, if possible, to forget my existence. Unfortunately I know him, and by the blessing of God and the assistance of a gray goose quill my design is to make the public know him also. I know Mr. Poe by a succession of his acts; one of which is rather costly. I hold his acknowledgment for a sum of money which he obtained of me under false pretenses. As I stand in need of it at this time I am content that he should forget to know me provided that he acquires himself of the money he owes me. I ask no interest, in lieu of which I am willing to credit him with the sound cuffing I gave him when I last saw him. Another act of his gave me some knowledge of him. A merchant of this city had accused him of committing forgery. He consulted me on the mode of punishing this accuser, and as he was afraid to challenge him personally I suggested a legal prosecution as his sole remedy. At his request I obtained a counsellor at law who was willing as a compliment to me, to conduct his suit without the customary retaining fee. But though so eager at first to commence proceedings he dropped the matter altogether when the time came to act thus admitting the truth of the charge.

Personalities such as Poe indulged in, were hard to endure but were not libelous, however scurrilous. But to accuse a man of an indictable crime like forgery was libel pure and simple. Besides, Poe was able to prove that the "merchant" in question had withdrawn the charge of forgery and apologised for making it. So Poe brought suit against English and recovered two hundred and fifty dollars and costs and his lawyer

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handed him the proceeds, two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Mr. English's matter, subsequently pronounced libellous, was reprinted by Willis's *Mirror* and Poe's attorney also sued that publication and also recovered two hundred and fifty dollars from it. The *Mirror* not interposing any answer but submitting to a judgment by default.

Poe's lawyer in the English suits was the afterwards distinguished Judge Enoch L. Fancher as appears from this letter recently discovered in our Fisher's collection.

New York, July 17, 1846.

My Dear Mr. Bisco:

You will confer a very great favor on me by stepping in when you have leisure at the office of E. L. Fancher, Attorney at Law, 33 John St. Please mention to him that I requested you to call in relation to Mr. English. He will also show you my reply to some attacks lately made upon me by this gentleman.

Cordially yours

Mr. John Bisco.

POE.

In the same collection where the writer of this paper discovered the above were several receipts given by Poe for sums received for literary matter which indicate that he was by no means suffering for temporary income from such sources between January 14th and April 16, 1845, whatever may have been his straightened circumstances later.

These last four years of Poe's New York City life were indeed passed "in the calcium." Pointed out everywhere as "The man that wrote *The Raven*" it became the fashion to invite him to read that poem at social evenings. Besides the exclusively literary homes of persons above enumerated, at Dr. Orville Dewey's, Horace Greeley's, Dr. Francis's, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's, Mr. Wyncoop in his Reminiscences

(1919) mentions Poe at his father-in-law's, and Poe speaks of being invited to the residence of a Mr. James Lawrence, whom he describes as "a mesmerist, a Swedenborgian, a phrenologist, a homeopathist and what else I am not prepared to say." Poe also now meets a Mrs. Barhyte whose husband owned certain trout ponds near Saratoga, an acquaintance leading to Poe's visits to that watering place on two successive summers. Of these visits, Woodberry (who, while not perhaps a malicious biographer, certainly is rigid in observing the Othellian injunction to "nothing extenuate") gives some gossip which does not fall into our concern of "Poe In New York City." But it may be noted as well here as anywhere that although mention is made of Poe's pallid features, pinched with want, and threadbare and carefully brushed garments, his dignified and courteous bearing is never forgotten. For Edgar Allan Poe came of a family of gentlemen, was the son and the adopted son of a gentleman and never permitted himself to forget it.

In these last years he became épris with the idea of a prose poem dealing with occult and cosmo-scientific matters—to be called *Eureka; or the Cosmogony of the Universe*—and for this his constant vision of *The Stylus* supplied a vehicle. As this vision faded he prevailed upon The Society Library, then the largest City library and the centre of the City's learned element, (it had been founded by William Alexander, who under the title of "Lord Stirling" had been a general of the Revolution, and was then at 348 Broadway, corner of Leonard Street) to permit him to present his prose poem as a Lecture. And on the evening of February third, 1848, some sixty persons paid fifty cents

apiece to hear the author of *The Raven* discourse upon *The Cosmogony of The Universe*. *The Express* next morning says,

Mr. Poe's lecture on *The Cosmogony of the Universe* was beyond all question the most elaborate and profound effort our citizens ever listened to. Starting from the deity as a comet from the sun it went careening in its march through infinite space, approaching more and more the comprehension of man, until bending its course nearer and nearer it grew brighter and brighter until it buried itself in the blaze of glory wherein it had its birth.

To about this time, if anywhere, must be assigned an alleged residence at Turtle Bay, now the foot of Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, East River, which we find described at much length by a Miss Sarah F. Miller in the paper (given in full below) read at the Poe Centennial Celebration at Fordham January 9th, 1909. Every attempt to verify this residence having failed, it is surmised that possibly Mrs. Clemm may have become acquainted with a family of Miller living in that precinct and that she and Virginia may have spent some time as guests there, possibly there learning of the Fordham College and proceeding to it from the Miller domicile. Under such circumstances Poe may have taken rooms at Ann Street. No. 4 Ann Street was a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Foster (the Directory for 1845 gives "Edward Foster late Strawpealer," 4 Ann Street) where some of the "freaks" from Barnum's Museum just across the way also boarded. That Poe lived here sans wife or mother-in-law at one time appears from a letter from one Charles G. Curtis in possession (1919) of a Mr. G. George Werner of West Hoboken. Or he may have sought lodging again in the familiar precinct of Amity Street, this time at No. 85, from which number

we find two letters of the date, one of them requesting that letters should be so addressed, spending his week ends at Turtle Bay meanwhile. The statement of Miss Sarah F. Miller above alluded to is as follows:

One of the most cherished memories of my childhood is the recollection of so often having seen Edgar Poe, when I was a little girl. We lived near the foot of what is the present Forty-seventh street in a house facing Turtle Bay. Among our nearest neighbours was a charming family consisting of a Mr. Poe, his wife Virginia, and his mother-in-law Mrs. Clemm. Poor Virginia Poe was very ill at the time and I never saw her leave the house. Mr. Poe and Mrs. Clemm would very often call on us. He would also run over every little while to ask my father to loan him his boat and then he would enjoy himself pulling at the oars over to the little island just south of Blackwell's Island for his afternoon swim. In the midst of this friendship they came and told us they were going to move to a distant place called Fordham, where they had rented a little cottage, feeling that the pure country air would do Mrs. Poe a world of good. Very soon they invited us to luncheon which was very daintily served in the large room on the first floor. I remember the front door led directly to this apartment, I recall most clearly their bringing me a small wooden box to sit on instead of a chair.

When Miss Miller made this extraordinary statement, extraordinary in that it relates an episode in Poe biography hitherto entirely unsuspected and unhinted at in any one of the hundreds of biographies of Poe with which our public libraries teem, she was upwards of eighty years old. She had been a resident of Morrisania (the vicinity nearest to Fordham) for many years, and was a teacher in the Public Schools of the City, and the sister-in-law of Rev. Robert Holden, sometime distinguished Rector of Trinity School New York City. The late William G. Appleton of Dobbs Ferry, son of the Rev. Samuel G. Appleton, (St. Paul's Church Rectory, Morrisania) writes: "I knew Miss Miller well in the early sixties. She was often at our house and often spoke of her early acquaintance with Poe, but never at any great

length." On reading it to Mr. Appleton, he expressed himself as certain that Miss Miller never related in his hearing the facts she puts into her Fordham statement.

Among the reasons for inferring that Miss Miller's memory might have failed her and her statement is to be accepted cautiously are the following: Although known by that name since the days of the Dutch Governor Van Twiller, when it was a tobacco plantation, down to the year 1845-9, "Turtle Bay" remained a rural precinct and a careful comparison of maps in the New York Historical Society's collections fail to find any dwelling houses therein save one or two built for persons finding occupation there either along shore or as market gardeners or otherwise. There is on all these maps noted a large tobacco warehouse of stone near the water's edge which during the revolution was used to store powder and munitions of war by the British, and was once raided by Col. Marinus Willett's patriots. Moreover to the latest date given there was no public thoroughfare from Turtle Bay to what was then the city nor were there any highways except the Western Post Road skirting the North River and higher up the Bloomingdale and Kingsbridge and Boston Post Roads to Westchester County. Altogether it was the last place that Poe, who earned his daily bread among the printing and editorial offices of Nassau Street and lower Broadway, would have sought for a residence. Never being able to lease more than two rooms with or without board from week to week, he could have found nothing within his purse at Turtle Bay! Moreover Miss Miller's account suggests a confusion of memory. Had the Poes been domiciled

at Turtle Bay, swept by breezes from Long Island Sound, Mrs. Clemm would never have spoken of inland Fordham's "pure country air" as likely to "do Virginia a world of good." Such a speech, however, might well have referred to the stuffy atmosphere of the East Broadway lodgings. And Miss Miller's remembrances of the apartment to which the front door immediately opened and the sparseness of furniture, suggest the living-room of the Fordham cottage quite as we see it today!

Might the facts of which Miss Miller's memory had become confused after a lapse of fifty years been something like this: Mrs. Clemm had become acquainted with the Millers who, touched by the sad face of the delicate Virginia, had invited them both to an indefinite stay at Turtle Bay while seeking for a country domicile. That Mrs. Clemm should have been guided by the worthy Millers to Fordham was not unlikely, for (as we have seen) a Miss Miller did afterwards make her residence there, and the Harlem Railroad had just been opened that far and there were undulating pastures and great cornfields, and along the Kingsbridge road many a small cottage like the one she ultimately selected for its romantic history?

And Mrs. Clemm found a doll's house in dimensions at least. A door between two tiny windows gave upon a narrow porch, above them two still tinier ones scarcely larger than the portholes of a ship! Inside, two rooms, a bit of a "lean-to" for a kitchen, while the two portholes peered out from a something which Mrs. Clemm thought might pass on a pinch for one room more!

The \$225.00 paid off all city debts except, the East Broadway landlady who continued to be unpleasant and held Poe's mail-matter as long as she could until some successor lodger sent it to him. And in the spring of 1846, as he himself put it, "between cherry blossom and cherry ripe," he took possession of his own front door. And there began the long story of poverty far from any city friend or acquaintance who might, with a dinner or a glass, lighten the daily load which, had it not been for Mrs. Clemm's neat touch, would have been not only abject poverty, but abject squalor. All this the little cottage recalls as now in repair and fresh paint it stands a stone's throw from where Mrs. Clemm found it, in Poe Park, Fordham, Bronx.

When in 1895 the New York Shakespeare Society rescued the poor little cottage, just as a sub-contractor on the widening of Kingsbridge Road was about to reduce it to kindling wood, and opened it to public inspection there was still standing about ten rods to the south a carriage shop and blacksmithy, substantially as in Poe's day. And one of its proprietors, then an employee, said to this writer: "He (Poe) went by the shop every morning, for he used to go to the city very often: and knowing that he was a bright fellow and from the taste and neatness with which he was dressed, we came to think that he was making quite a bit of money in a very few hours."

At the date of Poe's residence in Fordham Archbishop Hughes had just founded St. John's College, and a Priest, still connected with it said:

Mr. Poe came here very often. He seemed to like to be with us and about the college. Agreeably and gradually he became a privileged person among us. He never was other than a true

gentleman. His grave, tender face, his simple and unconscious graciousness, his quick and never failing sympathy, his honest yet gentle earnestness made him the most lovable of men.

Once settled there, Poe found himself, fourteen long miles from the offices where he could always earn a pittance, and there was no Post Office to act as his messenger. And here for the first time his poverty became absolute starvation. Of how the neighbours began to suspect and tried—(repelled by a pride like Chatterton's) to smuggle in wherewithal to keep alive the wasting bodies of Virginia and her mother, and by strategy of Poe himself, the story is better forgotten; for it is not a proud one for New Yorkers to remember. Mrs. Clemm with a case knife digging for herbs and greens where she could find them in the roadside turf; alleging that "Eddy" liked them but confessing by her own sunken features that if he had no greens there was nothing to eat. How at last they forced themselves in and found the situation what they suspected—surely there is nothing more pathetic in the annals of authorship!

The literature of the world has been written in garrets and in jails no doubt. The meagre shack we call Shakespeare's birthplace is painful in its pinched meanness. But what tale in letters touches this account given by a Mrs. Gove, a neighbour, of what she found in this Fordham cottage?

There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's military coat (a remnant of his West Point days of a quarter of a century before) with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of its great usefulness. The cloak and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth except as her mother held her hand and her husband her feet.

And then in that bitter winter of January, 1847-8, Virginia died and the kindness of a neighbor (let it not be forgotten that his name was W. H. Valentine) caused her poor pinched remains to be piously laid in his own family vault in the small cemetery—one craves to call it by the ancient name of "God's Acre"—near the old Fordham Manor Church. When long years afterward the Valentine vault was abandoned Mr. William Fearing Gill, who should be remembered gratefully for the deed, transferred her remains (keeping them in his own home until arrangements could be perfected for the reinterment) to rest beside those of her husband in the Baltimore Church yard.

In this cottage in an upper room—the only upper room—Poe wrote the most exquisite verses in any tongue, *Annabel Lee*, not after, but as it were in premonition, of poor little Virginia's death. And he read the poem there to Rosalie Poe, his sister from Baltimore, who spent a few days at the cottage the year before her brother's death. Two of Poe's most famous poems are now accounted for. The third, "The Bells," we can also fortunately locate.

One of the friends he made at about this time was a Mrs. Shew who lived at No. 5 East Tenth Street. And there he spent one night during his Fordham residence. That evening a chime or peal of bells in the vicinity disturbed him and he complained. But Mrs. Shew said to him: "Don't let them disturb you, why not let them instead inspire you? Perhaps they are silver bells." The silver bells caught his ear and the poem took shape then and there.

But even this is denied. A Judge, A. E. Giles, living on St. Paul Street, Baltimore, relates (Woodberry)

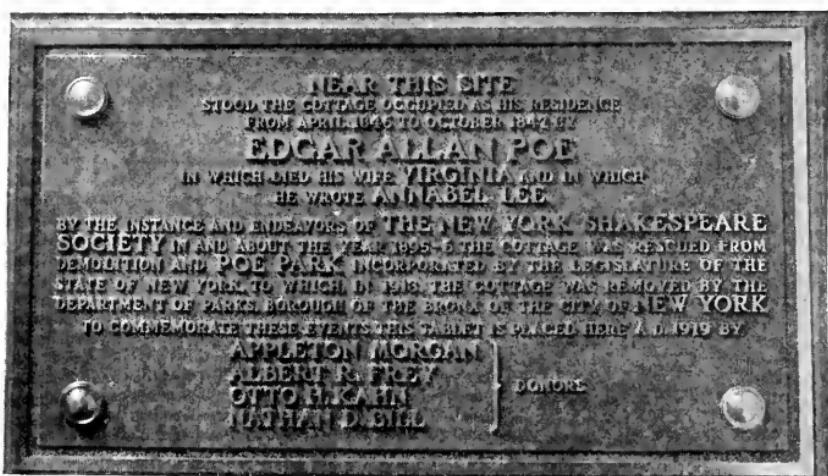
VALENTINE'S MANUAL

that a stranger once called upon him on a stormy night and obtaining admittance, demanded pen and paper, wrote *The Bells* and leaving the MS. behind him disappeared forever. It is added to this tale that Judge Giles has this clairvoyant manuscript framed to this day. And the story winds up of course with the legend "And this apparition was Edgar Allan Poe!"

The details of what followed after Poe's departure from the poor little Fordham cottage to his end in Baltimore does not pertain to the story of "Poe in New York City."

Doubtless Edgar Allan Poe, like other great men, had his moments of fatigue dress, when not coveting or anticipating inspection. And portraits of him do not always as fairly portray him as does Mr. Francis Gerry Fairfield (no over-partial biographer, either) :

An elegantly moulded and rather athletic gentleman of five feet six, somewhat slender, lithe as a panther, with blue eyes that darkened or lightened as passion or fancy was uppermost. A head that might have been set on the shoulders of an Apollo, with the exception of his nose, which was abnormally long and lynx-like.



BRONZE TABLET MARKING THE ORIGINAL SITE OF THE FORDHAM COTTAGE,
LATER REMOVED TO POE PARK

A MEMORABLE YEAR IN OLD NEW YORK, 1807

Mrs. Mary P. Ferris

THE total population in 1805 was 75,770, and in 1807 it had increased to 83,500. Of this number 2,048 were slaves.

Colonel Marinus Willett, the redoubtable Revolutionary patriot, was Mayor, the great-great-grandson of Thomas Willet, New York's first Mayor. Colonel Willett died at the good old age of ninety years. The coffin in which he was buried was made of pieces of wood collected by himself many years before from the different revolutionary battlefields. By a written request, which was found among his effects, he was clothed in a complete suit of ancient citizen's apparel, including an old-fashioned three-cornered hat.

Maturin Livingston, whose wife was a daughter of General Morgan Lewis, was Recorder, and lived on Liberty Street. On his removal from office he purchased Ellerslie, a valuable estate near Rhinebeck, and erected a splendid mansion, which was afterwards owned by Hon. William Kelly, and later was the country seat of ex-Governor Levi P. Morton.

William Cutting was Sheriff. The Aldermen were Peter Mesier, Samuel M. Hopkins, Abraham King, James Drake, John Bingham, John D. Miller, Jacob Mott, Thurston Wood, Nicholas Fish. The Assistants were John Slidell, John W. Mulligan, Simon van Antwerp, Abraham Bloodgood, Thomas J. Campbell, Stephen Ludlow, Samuel Forbert, Jasper Ward and Samuel Kip.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

Peter Mesier was one of the notable merchants of New York whom the revolution had ruined. He and his family lost fifteen buildings in the disastrous fire of August, 1778. His daughter married David Lydig, one of the richest merchants of his day. Mr. Lydig lived at 35 Beekman Street, and his extensive mills were at Buttermilk Falls, just below West Point. David Lydig's only son, Philip, married the eldest daughter of John Suydam, another old merchant, and one daughter by this marriage became the wife of Judge Charles P. Daly and another married Judge Brady.

Samuel Miles Hopkins was a man of much distinction. He was, in 1825, appointed one of the Commissioners to build a new prison at Sing Sing.

Colonel Nicholas Fish, who had been Superintendent of the Revenue under Washington in 1794, was the grandfather of Hamilton and Stuyvesant Fish.

John Slidell, the son of a respectable tallow chandler, whose manufactory was at 50 Broadway, lived at 60 Broadway. He had travelled extensively in Europe when he was a young man, and was quite the Beau Brummel of the day. On his return to New York he became attentive to Louisa Fairlie, a daughter of that courtly old citizen, Major James Fairlie, who lived at 41 Courtlandt Street. Telling her of his travels, she once asked him, "Did you go to Greece?" "No; why do you ask?" replied Slidell. "Oh, nothing; only it would have been so very natural that you should visit Greece to renew early associations."

John W. Mulligan was born in New York while it was under English rule. As a little boy, he remembered standing on a hill where Grand Street now



MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB COMPLETING HER GREAT HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN THE STUDIO OF HER HOME, THE COLEMAN HOUSE, BROADWAY AND 28TH STREET, 1875. FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

crosses Broadway, and seeing the English sentinel file off on the evacuation of the British. Governor King was a student in his law office. At one time, as secretary, he was a member of Baron Steuben's family and assisted at his entertainments. Baron Steuben bequeathed him all his library, maps and charts, and \$2,500 to complete it.

Broadway was the favorite promenade, and a walk from the lower part of the city to Canal Street was a great feat for pedestrians.

An English writer in 1807 says, "There are thirty-one benevolent institutions in New York," and calls attention particularly to the efforts of the ladies to provide for poor widows and orphans, "which is worthy of imitation in Great Britain." Among these institutions were the societies of St. George, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, the New England Society and the Cincinnati.

A "literary fair" was held every year, alternating between New York and Philadelphia. This fair was a social gathering of American publishers, which promoted acquaintance, encouraged the arts of printing and bookbinding and aided the circulation of books. High taxes and prices of paper and labor in England were favorable to authorship and the publication of books in this country. English works of note were reprinted and sold for one-fourth the original price.

There were nineteen newspapers in New York, eight of them dailies, with several monthly and occasional publications. "Art and literature had hardly an existence," it was said.

January 24, 1807, "Salmagundi" first appeared in the form of a little primer, six and a half inches long and

three and one-half inches wide. The publishers said they were all "townsmen good and true," and that the new paper would contain "the quintessence of modern criticism."

The Society Library—the earliest loan library in America—was on the corner of Nassau and Cedar streets, and its librarian was John Forbes.

Among the literary folk were the Irvings, who lived at 17 State Street, facing the Battery; William Dunlap, Thomas Paine, James K. Paulding, Josiah Ogden Hoffman and Philip Hone.

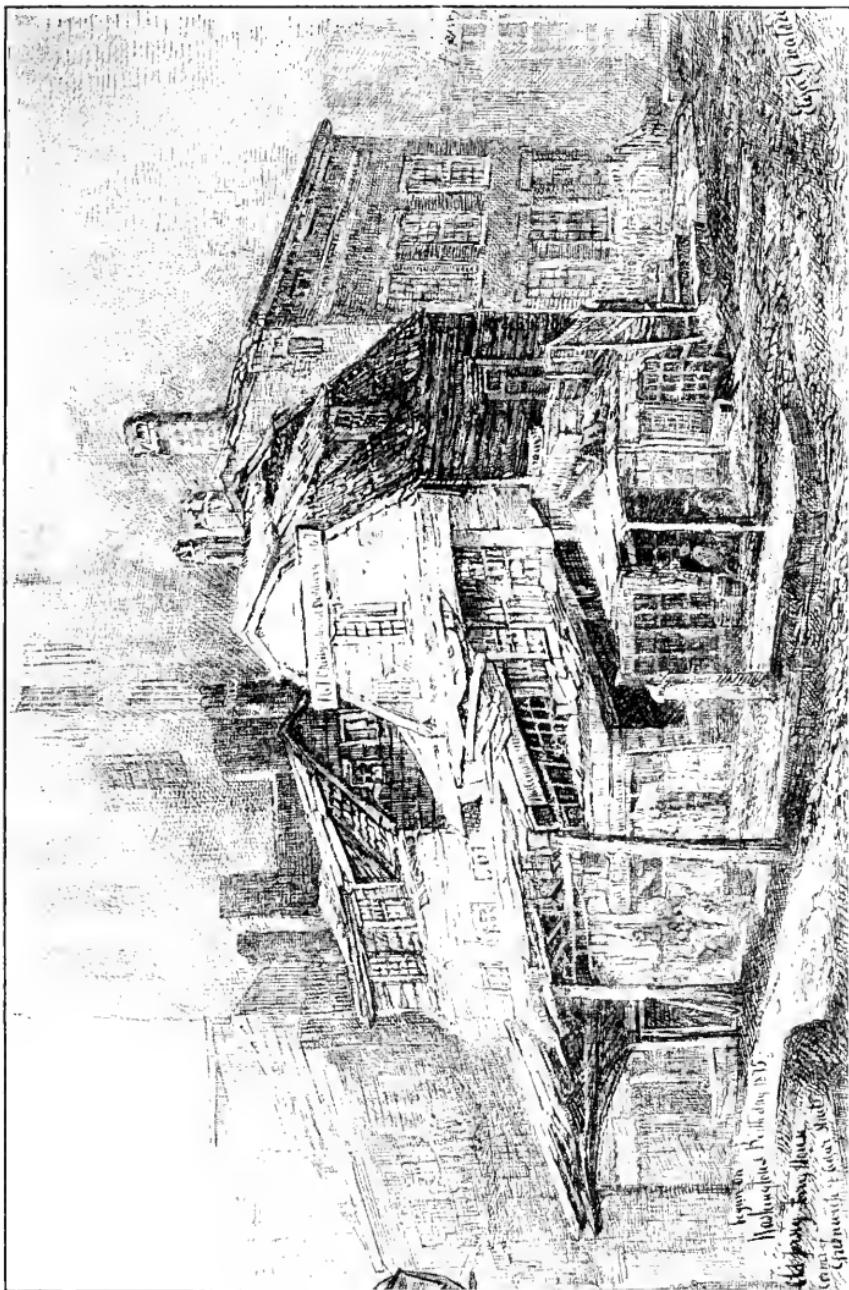
Kent's Hotel, on Broad Street, was a general gathering place for political and other meetings.

There was a Free School on Henry Street, opened a year before in Bancker (now Madison) Street. The school of the Dutch church was on Garden Street.

The only iron-rail fence in the whole city was at the Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway, put up in 1771 in honor of George III., and costing £800. The first one put up after this was partly around the Park, in 1818.

The Post Office was on the corner of William and Garden streets (now Exchange Place), in a house about twenty-seven feet front. The office was in a room about thirty feet deep, with two windows on Garden Street, and on William Street a little vestibule containing about one hundred boxes. Theodorus Bailey was postmaster and lived in the house. There was but one theatre (built in 1798), the red Pach. Performances were on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from the 1st to the 15th of May, and the 1st to the 15th of September.

There were nine insurance companies; and the Courts



THE OLD FERRY HOUSE, CORNER OF CEDAR AND GREENWICH STREETS, FROM A SKETCH BY MISS GREATOREX
FEB. 22, 1875

for the trial of Impeachments and Correction of Errors, the Court of Chancery, the Supreme Court, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the Mayor's Court, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, the Court of Probate, the Court of Surrogates, the United States District and Circuit Courts.

The leading physicians were Drs. Hosack, Bruce, Mitchell, Miller, Williamson and Romayne. Dr. Hosack was at the head of his profession. He was instrumental in establishing a medical library in the New York Hospital, in founding the Elgin Botanical Gardens—the Bronx Park of 1807—in improving the medical police of the city and in the advocacy of strict quarantine. It was said that De Witt Clinton, David Hosack and Bishop Hobart were the tripod on which New York stood. It was Dr. Hosack who caught Hamilton in his arms and heard the gasping words, "Doctor, this is a mortal wound. Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged and still cocked. Pendleton knows I did not mean to fire at him."

It was at a dinner at Albany, at which my grandfather was present, that the first trouble between Hamilton and Burr began, and it was about a lady.

Dr. Hosack's special pet, the Elgin Botanical Gardens, occupied the ground between Forty-seventh and Fifty-first streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues, and was the wonder of the day. He brought from London the first collection of minerals ever introduced into America, and his house was the resort of learned men from every part of the world. It afterwards became the property of Columbia University and is the main source of Columbia's wealth today.

Dr. Samuel Mitchell ministered to mind as well as body, and when Fulton was defeated encouraged him, stimulating Livingston to large appropriations.

Dr. Hugh Williamson penned the first notice for the formation of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The medical faculty reorganized by the Regents of the University went into effect in 1807, when Dr. Romayne was appointed President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons under their authority.

Gordon Baker's Museum was one of the sights of the town. The New York philosopher was a celebrated advertising genius named John Richard Dosbough Huggins, who lived at 92 Broadway, and whose advertisements were the wittiest productions of the day, and among some of his writers were eminent names.

Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard were the rival milliners. James Kent, Smith Thompson, Ambrose Spencer, Nathaniel Pendleton and William Van Ness were the leading legal lights.

The following is a fair estimate of current prices: Beef, 6½d. per lb.; mutton, 5d.; veal, 7d.; butter, 10d.; bread, the loaf of 2½ lbs., 7d.; cheese, 7d.; turkeys, 7s. each; chickens, 20 d. per couple; oysters, 7d. per dozen; flour, 27s. per barrel of 196 lbs.; brandy, 7s. 6d. per gallon; coffee, 1s. 6d. per lb.; green tea, 5s.; best hyson, 10s.; coal 70s. per cauldron; wood, 20s. per cord; a coat, £1 10s.; waistcoat and pantaloons, £4 10s.; hat, 54s.; pair of boots, 54s.; washing, 3s. 6d. per dozen pieces. Prices of lodging at "genteel boarding houses," from one guinea and a half to three guineas per week. After the embargo took place the price



AN EARLY BOOK AND PRINT SHOP IN NEW YORK, G. M. BOURNE,
359 BROADWAY, 1831. PUBLISHER OF MANY INTERESTING OLD VIEWS
OF THE CITY. THIS BUILDING WAS ALSO THE FIRST HOME OF THE
UNION CLUB, 1836

OF OLD NEW YORK

of provisions fell to nearly half the above sums, and European commodities rose in proportion.

The manufactures of America were yet in an infant state; but in New York there were several excellent cabinetmakers, coachmakers, etc., who not only supplied the country with household furniture and carriages, but also exported very largely to the West Indies and to foreign possessions on the continent of America. "Their workmanship would be considered elegant and modern in London," a visitor said; and they had the advantage of procuring mahogany and other wood at reasonable prices.

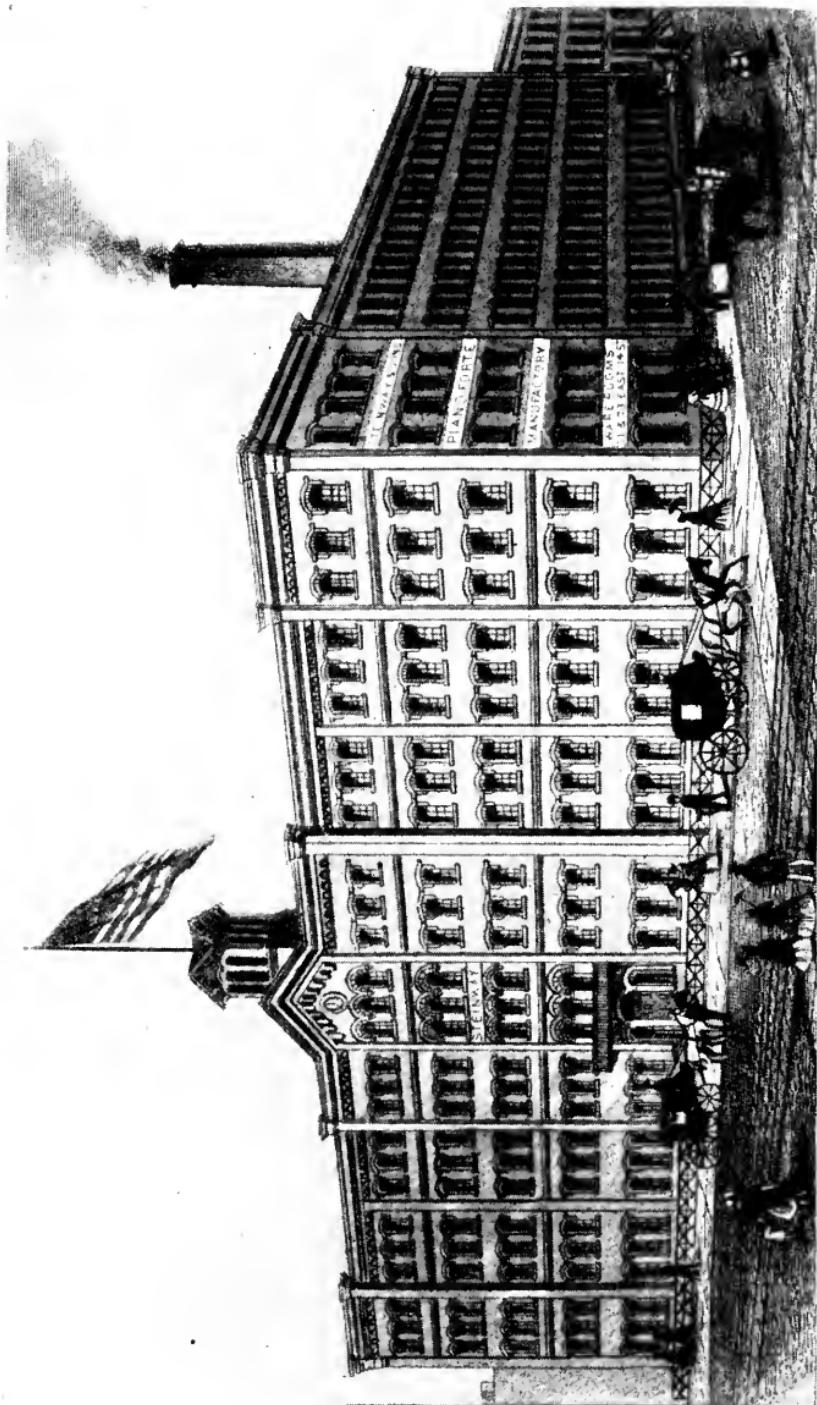
An English gentleman, visiting New York in 1807, says: "The day after our arrival, being the 25th of November, was the anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British troops at the peace of 1783. The militia, or rather the volunteer corps, assembled from different parts of the city on the Grand Battery by the waterside, so-called from a fort having formerly been built on the spot, though at present it is nothing more than a lawn for the recreation of the inhabitants and for the purpose of military parade. The troops did not amount to 600, and were gaudily dressed in a variety of uniforms, each ward in the city having a different one. Some of them with helmets appeared better suited to the theatre than to the field. The general of the militia and his staff were dressed in the national uniform of blue, with buff facings. They also wore large gold epaulets and feathers, which altogether had a very showy appearance. Some gunboats were stationed off the battery and fired several salutes in honor of the day, and the troops paraded through the streets leading to the

waterside. They went through the forms practised on taking possession of the city, manoeuvring and firing feux de joie, etc., as occurred on the evacuation of New York. One of the corps consisted wholly of Irishmen, dressed in light green jackets, white pantaloons and helmets.

"The whole harbour," says the same writer, "was covered by a bridge of very compact ice in 1780, to the serious alarm of the British garrison, but the like has never occurred since. New York is the first city in the United States for commerce and population, as it is also the finest and most agreeable for its situation and buildings. When the intended improvements are completed, it will be a very elegant and commodious town, and worthy of becoming the capital of the United States, for it seems that Washington is by no means calculated for a metropolitan city. New York has rapidly improved in the last twenty years, and land which then sold in that city for \$50 is now worth \$1,500.

"The Broadway and Bowery Roads are the two finest avenues in the city, and nearly of the same width as Oxford Street in London. Broadway commences from the Grand Battery, situate at the extreme point of the town, and divides it into two unequal parts. It is upward of two miles in length, though the pavement does not extend beyond a mile and a quarter; the remainder of the road consists of straggling houses which are the commencement of new streets already planned out.

"The Bowery Road commences from Chatham Street, which branches off from the Broadway to the right, by the side of the Park. After proceeding



PARK AVENUE, 52ND TO 53RD STREET, ABOUT 1870. BEFORE THE RAILROAD TRACKS WERE DEPRESSED
PRESENT SITE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MONTANA APARTMENT HOUSE

about a mile and half it joins the Broadway and terminates the plan which is intended to be carried into effect for the enlargement of the city. Much of the intermediate space between these large streets and from thence to the Hudson and East rivers is yet un-built upon, and consists only of unfinished streets and detached buildings."

Good old customs had not fallen into disuse in 1807, and New Year's Day was the day of days to the good citizens.

There was an old aristocracy which made no pretension, but it existed all the same, and we find there the names of Clarkson, de Peyster, van Rensselaer, Schuyler, Stuyvesant, Beekman, Bleecker, Stryker, Anthony, Cregier, van Horne, Laurence, Gouverneur, van Wyck, van Cortlandt, Provost, Kip, Dyckman, Verplanck, de Kay, Brevoort, Rutgers, de Forest, Kent, Jay, Phoenix, Walton, Wetmore, de Lancey, Bard, Pedleton, Lewis Livingston, Aspinwall, Woolsey, Newbold, Ogden, Grinnell, Howland, Sands, Ward, King, Lorillard, Gracie, Waddington, Barclay, Morton, Pintard and a dozen or more of no doubt equal note.

About Eighth Street stood the country seat of William Nielsen. At the corner of Broadway and Ninth Street was the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a brick octagon building, given by Captain Robert R. Randall for old seamen. It had been the residence of Baron Poelnitz.

The old Brevoort mansion faced Bowery Road. The Spangler Farm extended along the west side of the Bowery Road from Fourteenth to Sixteenth streets.

Matthew Clarkson—of whom De Witt Clinton said, “Whenever a charitable or public institution was about to be established, Clarkson’s presence was considered essential; his sanction became a passport to public approbation”—was President of the Bank of New York.

Gilbert Aspinwall, the representative of a family of princely merchants, lived on the corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

Frederick Gebhard was one of the recent comers to New York, and lived on the corner of Greenwich and Rector Streets. He had his office on the first floor and lived upstairs. He was the first importer of the celebrated Swan gin.

The Bayard mansion stood on Bayard Hill between Grand Street and Broome. Archibald Gracie’s country seat was at the foot of Eighty-ninth Street, opposite Hell Gate. He was spoken of as having “enormous wealth even after he had lost a million dollars.” Mrs. Gracie was a sister of Mr. Rogers, a prominent merchant and a brother-in-law of President Timothy Dwight of Yale College. The Beekman country place was on the East River near Fifty-first Street, and the Kip mansion on the line of Thirty-fifth Street. Between the last two houses stood the residence of Francis Bayard Winthrop, later known as the Cutting homestead. The mansion of Henry A. Coster was on the East River near Thirtieth Street, and he also had a handsome residence on Chambers Street.

Among the ladies interested in charitable work were Mrs. Bethune, the mother of the distinguished clergyman and author; Mrs. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. John McVickar, Mrs. Henry Coster, Mrs. James Fairlie and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

JONAS BRONCK'S LIBRARY

The Earliest in New York State

Mrs. Mary P. Ferris

OHE earliest library in this State of which we have any record belonged to Jonas Bronck, for whom the Borough of the Bronx was named.

He was one of those worthy but unfortunate Mennonites who were driven from their homes in Holland to Denmark by religious persecution. He was a brave and enterprising young man and gained rapid promotion in the army of the King of Denmark, who was very tolerant toward the sect known as Mennonites. He served as commander in the East Indies until 1638, when, with others of the persecuted, he set sail for America, and his name first appears on the records the following year when he receives a large grant of land in Westchester County from the Sachems of Ranachque.

His library contained the following volumes:

Two Schatkamers (Treasuries), sm. fol.	Calvin's Institutes.
Petis a Diani.	Ballingerus.
Danish Child's Book.	Schultetus Dominicalies.
Veertich Taffereelen Doots, 1 vol., by Simon Golaert.	Molineri Praxes, 4to.
Bible Stories.	German Bible, 4to.
Danish Calendar.	Luther's Psalms.
View of the Major Navigation.	Sledanis, folio.
18 old printed books of Danish and Dutch authors.	Tri Spiegel, fol.
17 Ms. books.	Danish Cronyk, 4to.
Bible, folio.	Danish Law Book, 4to.
	Luther's Catechism.
	Tale of Christi, 4to.
	Four Ends of Death.

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY'S IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK IN 1849

THE Bay of New York looked beautiful on the morning of our arrival (May 16th, 1849). It was a bright, warm, splendid morning; the sun shone gloriously and the sky reminded me of Italy.

* * * *

One of the first things that struck us on arriving in the city of New York—the Empress City of the West—was, of course, Broadway. It is a noble street, and has a thoroughly bustling, lively, and somewhat democratic air. New York is certainly handsome, and yet there is something about it that gives one the idea of a half-finished city, and this even in Broadway itself; for the street was literally littered with all imaginable rubbish which, we should imagine from appearances, is usually shot into that celebrated thoroughfare; indeed it seems a sort of preserve for this species of game. Piles of timber, mounds of bricks, mountains of packing-cases, pyramids of stones and stacks of goods were observed on all sides. The New Yorkers themselves grumble much at the inconvenience, and their newspapers often contain pathetic remonstrances with the authorities for allowing such obstructions to crowd the thoroughfare.

Besides this, it appears from their published complaints that their streets are very much too often torn up for sewage purposes, etc., and, in short, that this tiresome performance is frequently “unnecessarily encouraged,” without their consent, and certainly to their

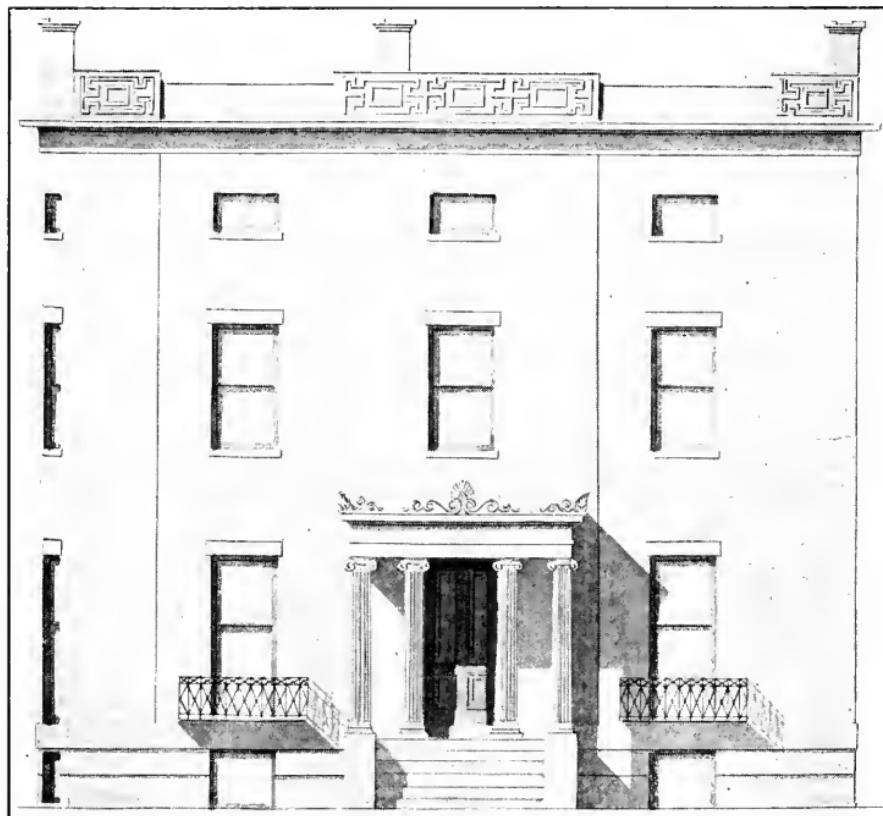
manifest inconvenience. They ask if their time is to be taken up (as their streets are) continually by having to stop every two or three steps and sit down on the next doorstep to take the paving-stones out of their boots? Cartloads of these same paving-stones adding to the confusion were to be seen on all sides, and sometimes felt, as our handsome, heavy, crimson-velvet-lined, hired vehicle (rather a warm-looking lining for New York near the beginning of June) swayed from side to side, and rolled and rattled ponderously along.

We went to the Astor House. * * * * * What a glorious sunny day it was! We had a glimpse of busy Broadway from our windows. We soon saw some evidence of the warmth of a New York summer, in the profusion of light, cool bonnets furnished with broad and deeply-hanging curtains, shading and covering the throat and part of the shoulders—a very sensible costume for hot weather. The fashion, or the custom, just now seems to be for all the ladies to wear large white shawls. I never beheld such a number of white shawls mustered before. I think the female part of the population seems all "*vouée au blanc*." It had rather too table-clothy an appearance, and from its frequency the snowy shawl soon became quite tiresome; besides, they made one think of "weird white women," sheeted spectres, and Abd-el-Kader's scouring Arabs in their "burnooses." This is, I dare say, however, only a temporary fancy; and probably when I return to New York they (the shawls, not the wearers thereof) will all have been swept away, like so many light fleecy clouds, to the four winds of heaven.

New York is certainly altogether the most bustling, cheerful, lifeful, restless city I have seen in the United States. Nothing and nobody seem to stand still for half a moment in New York; the multitudinous omnibuses which drive like insane vehicles from morning till night appear not to pause to take up their passengers, or it is so short a pause you hardly have time to see the stoppage, like the instantaneous flash of lightning. How on earth the people get in or out of them I do not know; the man behind surely must sometimes shut a person half in and half out and cut them in two, but neither he nor they have time to notice such trifles. You see them thrust and shoved and pushed and crammed through the hasty open door, as if they were the merest "live lumber." Empty or full, these omnibuses seem never to go slower. I have seen dozens and dozens of them go by perfectly empty, but just as much in a hurry, tearing and dashing along, as if full of people too late for the train.

* * * *

The park is pretty, but too small for such a city as New York. It has a beautiful fountain and is splendidly illuminated at night with thousands of lamps. There are numerous superior shops in Broadway, but the most preeminently magnificent is "Stewart's." It is one of the finest structures I ever saw, its front being composed entirely of white marble. Mr. Stewart is going to add immensely to this splendid store, and it will occupy almost as much space as the Pallazzo Doria at Rome. Crowds of carriages, private and public, are to be seen in Broadway, passing and repassing every moment, filled with ladies beautifully dressed in the most elaborate Parisian toilets,



ORIGINAL RESIDENCE OF HENRY BREVOORT, 24, FIFTH AVENUE. ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT THERE, ABOUT 1854. THE SCENE OF MANY LAVISH ENTERTAINMENTS INCLUDING THE FIRST MASKED BALL EVER GIVEN IN THE CITY. SOON TO BE RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION BY THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF MR. BREVOORT, MRS. GEORGE F. BAKER, JR.

OUR CITY HALL

THE corner stone of the City Hall was laid May 26th, 1803 by Edward Livingston, Mayor of the City.

For three years previous the question of building it had been under consideration, the city officials being in doubt as to the expediency of undertaking what was considered at that time a work of great magnitude; and had the old City Hall in Wall Street been in fit condition for the business of the city, no doubt the proposition to build a new one would have been abandoned or postponed for years, so that the condition of the old building was the immediate cause for the erection of a new structure. However, there were many far sighted and progressive minds inside and out of the Common Council who realized the propriety and benefit of a large and imposing building for a city which was fast growing into national importance.

After much deliberation the question of building reached a practical point and on March 24, 1800, the Common Council appointed a committee "to consider the expediency of erecting a new City Hall," to have plans made, to report on a site and to submit an estimate of the cost. This Committee was also charged with the duty of suggesting means for the disposal of the old City Hall. The Committee consisted of Aldermen Coles, Lenox and De la Montaigne. The more timid members of the Board who regarded the undertaking as altogether too pretentious and expensive for the little city as it was then, were a considerable handicap to the Committee which did not complete its work for more than two years. Acting on

the report of this Committee, October 4, 1802, the Common Council selected the plan made by John McComb, Jr. and Joseph G. Mangin jointly, and ordered the treasurer to pay three hundred and fifty dollars to these gentlemen for the successful plan. A few days later, October 11, 1802, the Board appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars, appointed a Building Committee and this monumental work was fairly launched.

For more than ten years the work was under way. It was obstructed and hindered from time to time by dilatory resolutions of over cautious members of the Common Council. The first of these was offered December 27, 1802, expressing dissatisfaction with the plans as being too ornate, too expensive and larger than required. In order to meet these objections another Committee was appointed February 21, 1803 to consider means of reducing the cost and of altering the plan so as to conform to the ideas of these members as to size. This Committee reported that the length of the building might be lessened by curtailing the wings, thus meeting the objection to size, and that by using marble for the front and sides only and brown stone for the rear the expense of the building would be reduced. This report did not bring harmony and was rejected without much consideration.

A new Committee was appointed to consider the question as to material, site and cost, and the most practical thing this Committee did was to select Mr. John McComb, Jr. as their agent. It is evident however, that Mr. McComb did not have a free hand, for the Committee made a report which did not differ greatly from the previous one. The report recommended the shortening of the length and depth of the building and of using brown

stone. The estimated cost of this plan was \$200,000. The Council confirmed this report March 21, 1803.

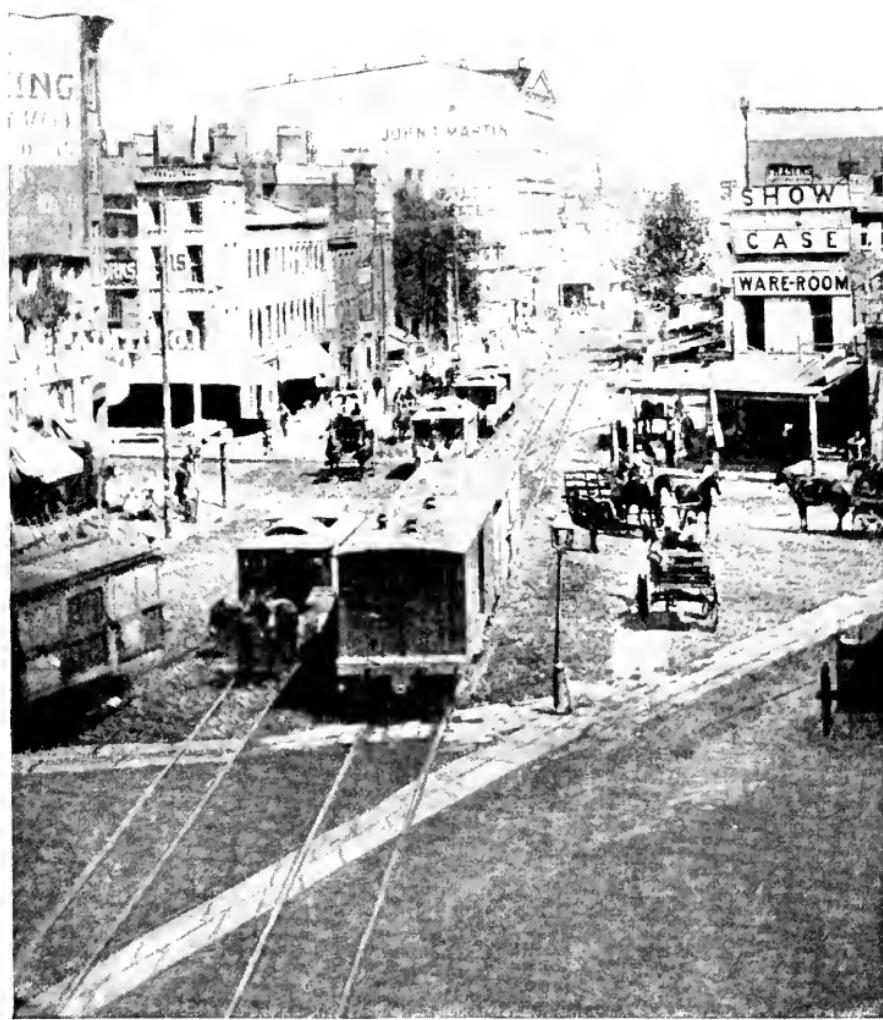
The dissatisfaction was not yet allayed and Mr. McComb, who in the meantime had been appointed Supervising Architect by resolution of the Building Committee at the munificent sum of six dollars for each day he should be engaged on the work, succeeded in bringing the Council back to something like the original plan so far as dimensions were concerned. There was no difference of opinion as to the site. That seemed to be settled in every one's mind, for on April 5th, Mr. McComb noted in his diary "marked out ground for building." Mr. McComb was given control of the entire work and his guiding hand brought order out of chaos and put the work into practical shape.

The only question which had now to be settled was the material to be used. Marble and brown stone and white free stone had their advocates, and the Common Council on September 3, 1803 took action in favor of white free stone for the principal fronts, only to be again changed in the following month. The marble idea would not down and it may be conjectured that the supervising architect was the moving force in favor of this material. The people too were beginning to realize the importance of making this new City Hall an honor to the city and an edifice which would rank among the noted public buildings of the country. The call for marble was therefore honored and the corporation entered into a contract for this material November 14, 1803. The architect's estimate, as appears in the Committee's final report, showed that "the difference of expense between marble and brown stone would not exceed the sum of forty three thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars," and this quite negligible

amount in such an important work had given occasion for grave apprehension and great perturbation of mind on the part of our early city fathers. Thus it was decided "that the front and two end views of the New Hall be built of marble." For the sake of economy the rear of the building was to be of brown stone.

The ten years that were consumed in building were years of trial and hardship. The work was interrupted and suspended frequently from causes over which neither architect nor workmen had control. The difficulty of getting the marble from Stockbridge to the river in the days before steam was often insurmountable. Snows blocked the roads, and the roads themselves presented enough of a problem without the snow drifts. The work in the city was impeded also by the elements and workmen were laid off for months during the continuance of these storms. There was also the consideration of epidemics which were quite frequent at that period and put an end to all activities in the line of building, and not the least of all, city finances which at that early time suffered as we do at present from an insufficient treasury, or to state it more accurately from careless and extravagant expenditure.

Although the building of the new City Hall went on slowly it was being done very thoroughly and from year to year rose to its present proportions of symmetry and beauty. Mr. McComb's energy and thoroughness were evidenced in every step of the work and only the dilatory actions of the Council prevented the completion of the edifice many years sooner. On December 1, 1807 the Building Committee reported an expenditure of \$207,000 and the building erected to the second floor. In 1808 the cry for economy resulted in the reduction of wages and



WEST BROADWAY AND HUDSON STREET, OLD LOCATION OF H. K. AND
F. B. THURBER & CO., THE LARGEST WHOLESALE GROCERS
IN THE COUNTRY, 1880

OF OLD NEW YORK

this, together with the disinclination of the Council to make sufficient appropriation, held the work back.

The outside work was completed in 1810 with the exception of the roof, which was made temporarily of shingles waiting the arrival of the copper roof which was brought from England. The interior was finished so far as providing a room for the Common Council, the Mayor, the Clerk and the Comptroller was concerned, but it was far into the next year—the month of August 1811—before the officials of the City bade farewell to their old quarters in Wall Street and made their official and permanent residence in this spacious and magnificent new City Hall. On May 5, 1812 the Common Council by unanimous action declared “that the building shall be the City Hall of the City of New York.” The entire cost of the building was about five hundred thousand dollars.

The first celebration held in the new building was the observance of the Fourth of July, 1811, while yet the interior was not quite finished, and a month earlier than the official entrance. This was only a perfunctory and formal observance of the day. Since then there have been innumerable celebrations, receptions and other functions of great public interest, which if compiled would make a most interesting compendium of events for the Old New Yorker.

The Cupola of the City Hall was not actually completed until 1830. The original design which was so much admired for its classic chasteness provided for a clock in the front window but this detail was neglected until the Common Council in 1828 ordered the clock to be put in. During the intervening years public sentiment had been veering toward the idea of having four dials instead of one and the Committee of Arts and Sciences submitted a

plan to satisfy this desire. Their suggestion was to cut off the round section on top and to place under it an octagonal section showing four dials. This plan was adopted and the change completed in the spring of 1830. The Common Council also ordered a bell to be placed in the Cupola but this order was rescinded before the work had proceeded very far.

The change made in the Cupola detracted from the classic simplicity of the original design and the wish was often expressed that the original plan might be restored. When the Cupola was destroyed by fire in 1858 at the celebration of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, an opportunity was offered to accomplish this desire, but the beautiful artistic conception of Mr. McComb was set aside and a replica of the one which was burned erected.

It was not until May 5, 1917, when another fire partially destroyed the Cupola that an opportunity offered again of restoring the original design. The fire occurred during the reception of the foreign war commissions. This time the world of art, as well as the general public, demanded a return to the classic original, which was in reality an integral part of the building, and was so perfect and fitting for that edifice that no substitute could take its place. The Cupola as it now stands is practically the one designed by McComb with a few minor changes hardly observable, so that we have now this noble edifice as it was conceived and planned by the architect over a hundred and twenty years ago.

SOME OLD TIME PARADES AND FESTIVITIES

FIIFTH AVENUE has become a national thoroughfare and as such has staged some of the greatest spectacles that have ever been seen. During the war, parades and processions were of so frequent occurrence that it seemed to the native New Yorker as if this great artery of city life had been appropriated almost exclusively for these purposes. These modern spectacles, so splendid in their equipment and effect, have dimmed to some extent the memory of the great processions and parades of former days, and it has been suggested that an account of the more important parades of long ago would be of interest to many old New Yorkers who remember the pleasurable excitement of the great celebrations of their own day.

The Great Columbus Celebration, October 10th, 11th, 12th, 1892

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated with a vim and enthusiasm surprising even to New Yorkers. For three days New York was in the streets and kept the city in a tumult of unprecedented excitement and amusement.

A notable incident of the occasion was the meeting of the two candidates for the Presidency just on the eve of the election and in the last days of a hot campaign—President Harrison and Ex-President Cleveland, and their meeting was of the heartiest. They approached each other wreathed in smiles, shook hands warmly and seemed to enjoy the humor of the meeting as much as the cheering mass of their ad-

miring fellow countrymen. Vice-President Morton and four well known Governors of States also participated in the festivities. Never before was New York so magnificently decked for a celebration and never before was a celebration more triumphant and successful.

**School Children's Day,
October 10th, 1892**

Grand March of the City Schools down Fifth Ave. from the Columbian Arch, made by Herts—himself a product of the public school, to the Washington Arch, designed by Stanford White, led by a line of mounted policemen, followed by the Grand Marshal and his staff, also mounted, and then by Mayor Hugh J. Grant alone and on foot.

Then came the Seventh Regiment band followed by twenty regiments of boys of the public schools ten thousand strong. Next a division from Long Island City, one from Jersey City, and one from the Catholic Schools and following these a division of private schools headed by a drum corps of boys with a very important drum major marching in front.

The College division was headed by six hundred students from the College of the City of New York, followed by Columbia College and finally the Art Students' League.

One of the features of the day was the representation of school girls, arrayed in white garments with a touch of bright color here and there. They were seated on a great stand built in front of the reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. The young ladies filled the air with their music, singing one song after another, and as their clear voices rang



PARADES IN NEW YORK. CELEBRATION OF EVACUATION DAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1883, AS SEEN ON BROADWAY LOOKING NORTH FROM FULTON STREET, SHOWING ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPPED WHEN PRESIDENT, AND "COPS" MAULING CITIZENS

out, the music of the bands ceased and the marchers themselves changed for the time being from entertainers to entertained.

The Naval Parade, October 11th, 1892

The naval parade of war ships started from the Narrows, proceeding up the inner bay and then into the North River as far up as 126th Street. The program provided for all other vessels to follow the line of battleships, but instead of falling into line as intended they moved about at their own discretion and made a very interesting escort to the great line of cruisers and men of war moving slowly up the river. All sorts of craft were out and were festooned with bunting and flying flags, making a gay and striking scene for the thousands of people who crowded the shores of Staten Island and the water front of Brooklyn. At the Battery there was a solid mass of humanity as far back as it was possible to see, and the windows and roofs of every building where a glimpse of the parade could be had was filled to its capacity.

As the ships passed Bedloe's Island and Castle William the national salute was fired and the battleships responded, and as the great parade ended at 126th Street the foghorns and whistles of countless river craft burst out and finished a day which will linger in the memory of many New Yorkers.

Military Parade, October 12th, 1892

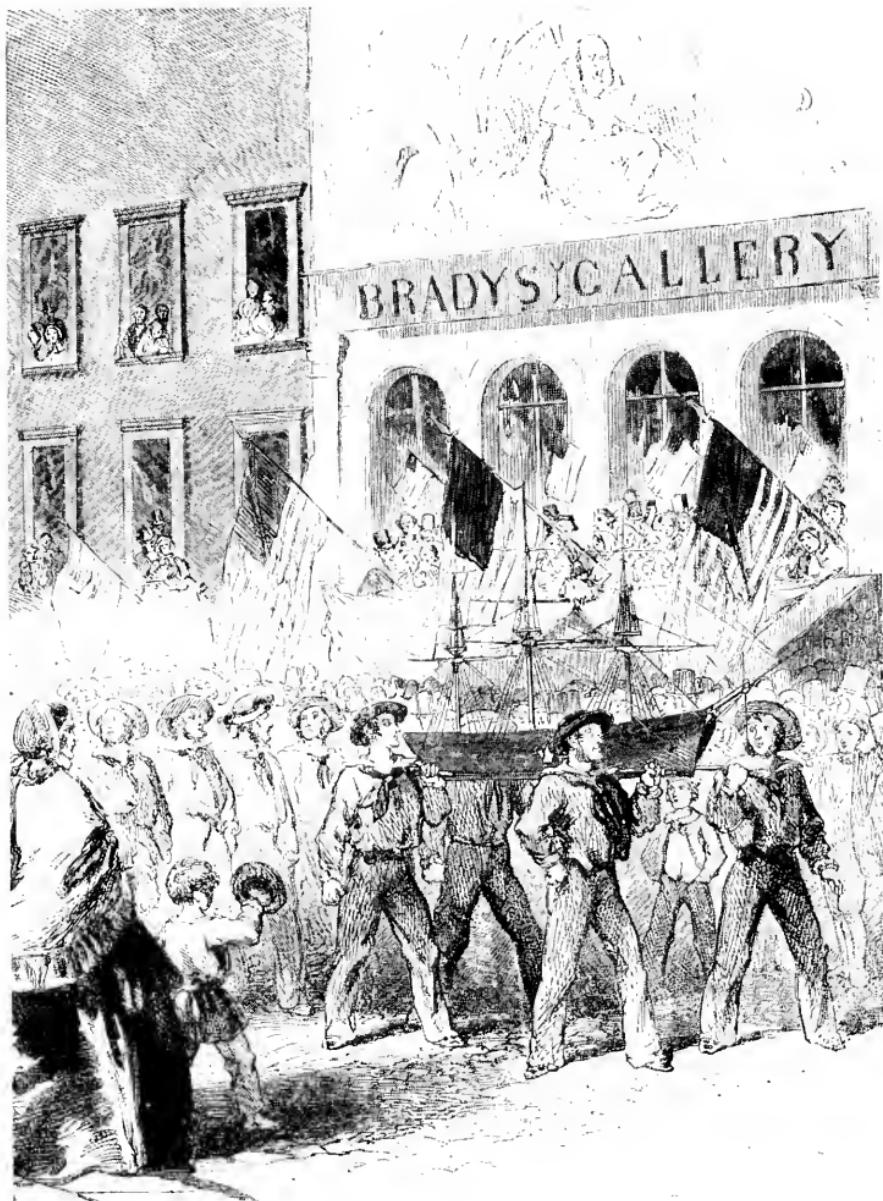
Shortly after eleven the vanguard appeared. The mounted police led the way, followed by the Marshal Gen. M. T. McMahon accompanied by several army

officers and followed by his aides. The West Point Cadets came next in order, then the men of the regular army, the marines and artillery making a fine showing. The sailors from the war ships next came along and made a splendid appearance, completely capturing the fancy of the populace. Next came the State Guards. First the Signal Corps and following them the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-Second, Seventh, Seventy-first and Sixty-ninth Regiments, the first Battery and the Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y. and after these the boys of the Naval Reserve.

The Second Brigade was composed of out of town regiments, including the Thirteenth, Twenty-Third, Fourteenth, and Forty-Seventh, the Third Battery and the Seventh separate company, all of Brooklyn. Next came the National Guard of Pennsylvania, a contingent from New Jersey, the Gate City Guard of Atlanta, and four regiments from Connecticut with the Governor of the State at their head. The Parade wound up with a stream of officials and civilians in carriages.

The Night Pageant

A million and a half is the estimate of the number of people who viewed the night pageant. A long procession of floats and equestrians occupying many hours in passing moved up Broadway and Fifth Avenue and made a display long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to secure a vantage spot to see it. The procession was a long and gorgeous panorama of striking tableaux and held the interest of the populace long into the early hours of the morning.



PARADES IN NEW YORK. CELEBRATION OF THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE, 1859. SAILORS FROM THE "NIAGARA" ON BROADWAY CARRYING A MODEL OF THEIR SHIP

Evacuation Day Parade, November 26th, 1883

The First Centennial Celebration of Evacuation Day was held on Monday, Nov. 26th, 1883, the actual day falling on a Sunday. The great military and civic procession marched down Broadway and was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people standing on the line of march and crowding the side streets as far down as it was possible to see anything. At every window which came within the plane of vision could be seen a bevy of laughing and cheering faces enjoying the fine spectacle. Besides the President of the United States there were the Governors of seven of the original Thirteen States and many other notables. In the procession there were over 20,000 men and their fine appearance and splendid marching did credit to both the military and civic authorities.

The other great pageant was the Naval parade on the waters of the harbor and North and East Rivers. These two pageants divided the attention of the multitudes and packed every important street in the city. From McGowan's Pass to the Battery and at all the vantage grounds of the North and East Rivers spectators occupied every foot of space and witnessed a scene both on land and water never to be forgotten. Superb bands of music, battalions of brilliantly uniformed soldiers, companies of veterans, fire companies, industrial and political associations, colleges and schools, representative groups of labor and finance, the civic and federal officials, with the glorious old battle flags and other time honored relics, moved and glittered by in seemingly endless procession.

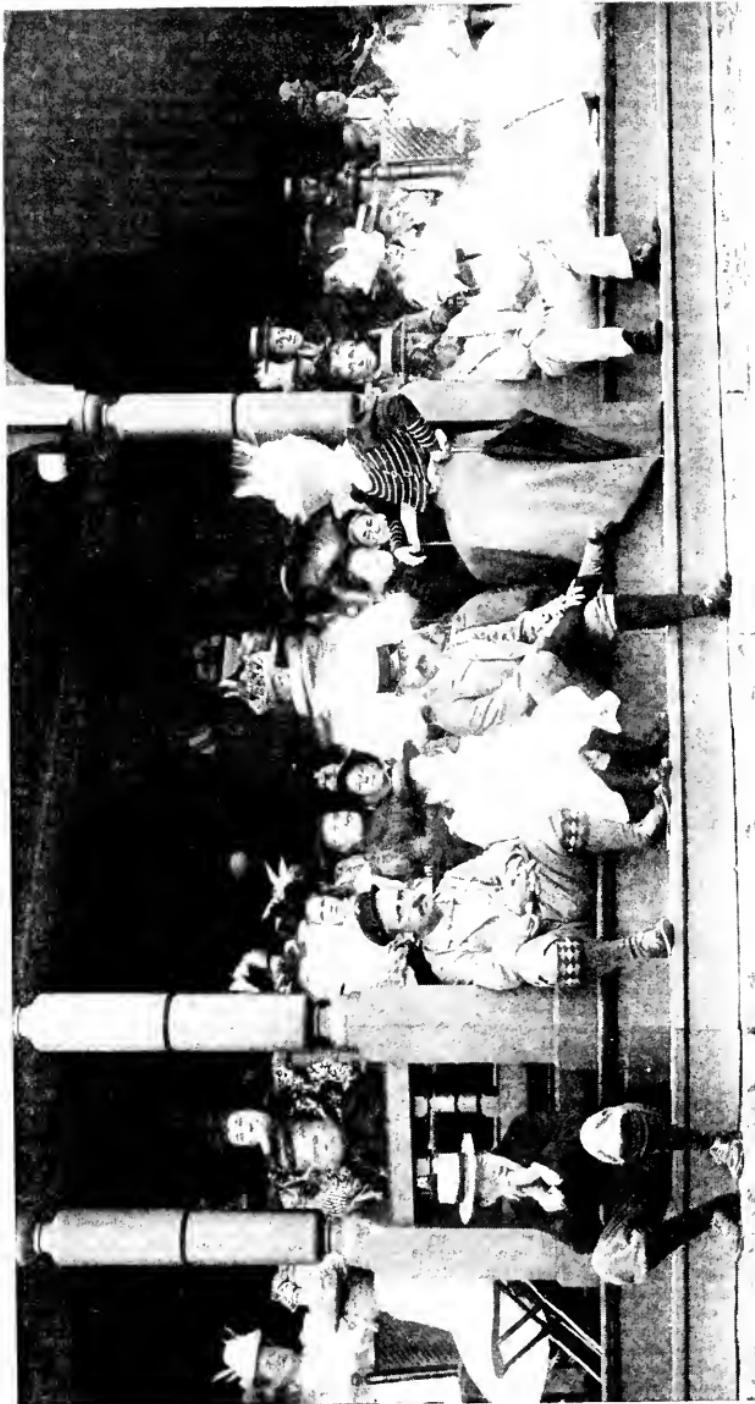
Brooklyn Bridge was crowded with a great gathering of people to view the water procession. From this point of view the scene that presented itself to the observer was inexpressibly inspiring and striking. The waters of the bay and rivers were alive with vessels of all sorts, and the orderly procession of this great fleet presented a panorama of picturesque and fascinating interest.

The line of vessels stretching far up the Hudson and filling the upper bay steamed around the Battery, up the East River as far as the Navy Yard, then turned back and headed for Bay Ridge where it dispersed. In the evening there were great festivities and a splendid display of fireworks. It was far into the following morning before New York's gaiety subsided and the people returned to their homes conscious of having fittingly commemorated this great historic event.

Washington Inaugural Centennial Celebration, April 29th, 30th, and May 1st, 1889

The Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of General Washington as first President of the United States was probably the most magnificent spectacular event in the history of the city up to that time. The Celebration lasted three days—April 29th, 30th, and May 1st—and during the entire period the festivities were carried on with no abatement of the enthusiasm and enjoyment of the occasion.

In commemoration of General Washington's arrival at Elizabeth, N. J. and for the purpose of reproducing the events of his progress toward and arrival at New



“LARCHMONT WEEK,” CHARACTERISTIC SCENE ON THE PORCH OF THE CLUB HOUSE DURING THIS FAMOUS ANNUAL EVENT OF THE YACHT CLUB. 1886.

York, President Harrison, who was then our chief magistrate reached the little New Jersey town in the morning, just as his predecessor General Washington had done a hundred years before. The little town was brilliant with decorations and every house was bedecked with flags and bunting. The streets were thronged with enthusiastic crowds, and the reception given the President was so whole-hearted and spontaneous that it will surely be talked of until the next centennial celebration comes around. President Harrison was accompanied by his official family and many of their friends.

The procession to Elizabethport, the point of embarkation, marched through the little town along the same road which Washington took when he went to embark on the barge that carried him to New York. At Elizabethport the President and the gentlemen of his escort, together with the officers of the various committees, boarded the government steamer *Despatch*. The ladies of the party and the invited guests were taken on board the steamers *Wiman* and *Monmouth* and these vessels proceeded to New York, with a swarm of minor craft following in their wake.

At New York the harbor and rivers were crowded with a collection of all kinds and conditions of steam vessels and floating craft, from the powerful and dignified man-of-war to the impudent little tug darting hither and thither as she cared with reckless impetuosity. All the river steamers were crowded with passengers going to view this unparalleled naval spectacle, and every vessel was radiant with color and bedecked from stem to stern with flags and bunting. The harbor was one mass of color and a perfect maze

of indescribable magnificence. The United States ships of war were anchored in a line on the upper bay headed by the *Boston* on which was Admiral David D. Porter commanding the fleet.

When the *Despatch* reached the position assigned her opposite the foot of Wall Street, the barge approached and the President and his escort boarded her. The scene as the President stood in the stern of the barge with his aides around him was a striking reproduction of the original event when Washington sailed over the same course in 1789. The barge was manned by a crew consisting of twelve retired ship masters with Captain Ambrose Snow as commander. Each wore a suit of black broadcloth, a high hat and a blue badge.

At the landing place the President stepped on a float covered with purple cloth and proceeded up the steps to the street. The landing was made at twenty minutes past one and the President was received by Governor Hill, Mayor Grant and Hamilton Fish. He was at once whirled off into the procession to the Equitable Building where a luncheon was served.

After the repast the President went to the City Hall and held a public reception, and when this trying ordeal was over he went to the residence of Vice-President Morton on Fifth Avenue to rest.

The next day, April 30th, was the actual Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington and the day began with divine services in the churches and the ringing of the church bells. Old St. Paul's Chapel was the center of attraction and here great crowds congregated. A procession in carriages consisting of the President, Vice-President, Governor, Mayor, Su-



A RARE PORTRAIT OF CYRUS W. FIELD, MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL
LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE, 1859

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preme Court Justices and Senators of New York, two ex-Presidents and the Bishops of New York, Long Island, Iowa and Tennessee and many other notables went to the old Church. The President occupied the pew that Washington used while in New York, and Governor Hill the one used by Governor Clinton. Bishop Potter preached the sermon and the choir performed its part with distinction. Services over, the line of carriages proceeded to Wall Street, Mayor Grant's carriage being first, the President and Vice-President and all the other dignitaries following.

Wall and Broad Streets, especially about the Sub-Treasury building, were packed with people eager to see and hear all that should take place. The bronze statue of Washington stood out in all its fine proportions and about it was grouped the notables who were to take part in the proceedings. The bible on which Washington took the oath of office, the table on which it originally rested and the chair Washington used during part of the ceremony were all brought out for this great centennial occasion. President Harrison occupied this chair. Chauncey M. Depew was the orator. The resplendent military uniforms of the officers on the platform and the sombre robes and gowns of the clergy made a contrast that was both striking and effective. When Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn came forward to pronounce the benediction, President Harrison rose and took his place beside him with his head lowered and his hand resting on the identical bible that Washington had used. Thus the exercises ended here.

In the meantime the great military parade was under way on Broadway. All the suburbs and the

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country around poured in streams of visitors to view this great event. The line of march was from the Equitable Building in Broadway to Waverly Place, into Washington Square and thence up Fifth Avenue to Central Park. The whole line of march was black with people and platforms were built on every spot of ground from which a sight of the parade could be obtained.

The great industrial parade, to many people the most interesting of all, was the third great event of this historic celebration and occupied the entire day of May 1st. The route was from Fifty-Ninth Street down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to Canal Street, passing the official stand at Madison Square where it was reviewed by the President and other dignitaries. General Sherman and his brother Senator John Sherman accompanied him.

The floats were wonderful. There were nearly a hundred of them and such an exhibition of industrial and commercial activities was never before witnessed. The Arts and Sciences also were represented and the tableaux illustrating the achievements made in these departments of human endeavor were not only of fascinating interest to the spectators but a wonderful tribute to the genius of the men and women who conceived and designed them.

Atlantic Cable Celebration, Aug. 17th—Sept. 1st, 1858

The celebration of the laying of the Atlantic cable was a great event in New York city and lasted for two weeks. On August 17th, 1858, the illumination of the City Hall and the splendid display of fireworks took place. A curious feature of this occasion was



AN EARLY POLICE PARADE IN NEW YORK, 1859. "PART OF THE FORCE" ON REVIEW AT THE BATTERY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD

the lighting up of all the windows of the building with the added brilliancy of three thousand seven hundred candles. Bands were playing "Hail, Columbia" and "God Save the Queen" everywhere and continued all night playing popular and enlivening airs. The first message flashed across the ocean from Queen to President was on August 16th, 1858, and the line was opened for general use Sept. 1st.

Shortly after the great display of fireworks and in the early hours of the next morning, August 18th, fire was detected in the tower of the City Hall. With great rapidity, and notwithstanding the efforts of the firemen, the flames climbed up to the top of the Cupola. It was not until after 3 a. m. that the fire was subdued, but by this time the Cupola was entirely destroyed and nothing but the skeleton of the tower was left.

It was not until September 1st that the great civic and military procession took place and the accounts of it given at the time pronounce it the noblest fete ever witnessed in New York. The outstanding feature of the procession was the crew of the *Niagara* marching behind a car drawn by six gayly caparisoned horses carrying a large coil of the Atlantic Telegraph cable. The streets were gayly decorated and as night wore on colored lanterns and lights of all kinds were shown. Broadway had trees then and every one of them was hung with colored lights, and paper lanterns of all hues were strung in brilliant lines across the streets. The houses and windows along the route were festooned and decorated with all manner of beautiful designs in light. New York had certainly a sumptuous and delightful celebration.

**Parade in Honor of the Prince of Wales,
October 13th, 1860**

The great parade of firemen was the chief event of the outdoor demonstration in honor of the Prince. This took place on the evening of October 13th, 1860. Nearly five thousand men all in uniform took part in the procession and the effect of the countless torches, lights, transparencies and other kinds of illuminated devices as they swept down Broadway was fascinating in the extreme. Immense crowds of people lined both sides of the route, and the youthful Prince reviewed the wonderful display from the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel with very evident enjoyment and apparent wonder at a sight which was entirely new to him and compelled his admiration. The celebration continued for several days and New York felt satisfied that she had given the youth a right royal welcome.

Metropolitan Police Parade, November 17th, 1865

On November 17th, 1865, the police force of the city, eleven hundred strong, marched up Broadway from the Battery where they were reviewed by Governor Fenton, to the City Hall where the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn viewed the procession. The procession continued up Broadway through the principal streets uptown as far as Twenty-sixth street and back by Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, where they were dismissed. The men were in excellent condition and created great enthusiasm in the immense crowds lining the sidewalk by the fine execution of their manoeuvres and their admirable marching order.

This grand parade was the finest of its kind ever witnessed in this city and the people were consequently filled with admiration for the force, and gratified that they should have such an able body of men to protect the city.

CONDITION OF THE STREETS IN 1836

From *New York Mirror*

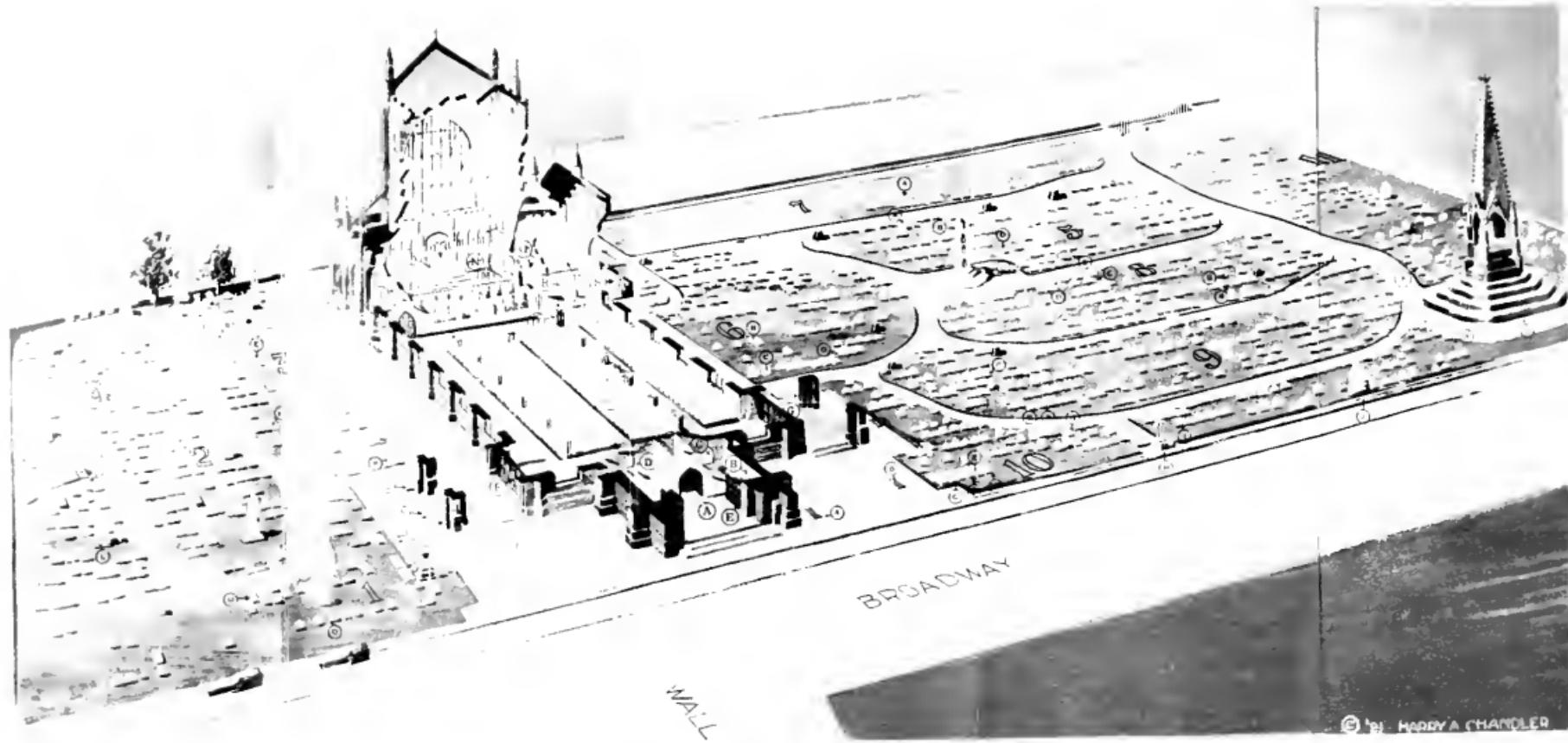
FOR some dozen years the editorial voice of this journal has been raised against the neglected state of our streets, and the unaccountable, inexcusable nonchalance of the inspector; yet, during the present winter, they have been more neglected and impassable than ever. This is encouraging. We feel like a counsellor who, after a six hour's speech, finds the judge has been asleep. Before the recent Siberian cold, New-York was a realm of mud, its vast floor inundated with a slimy alluvial deposit, of the consistency of batter, of bean soup, ankle-deep. For weeks even Broadway was uncrossable, except by such desperadoes as durst wade through the stagnant, universal pool. It reminded us of the Styx, except that the convenience of a Charon was looked for in vain, by the unhappy spectres of pedestrians who wandered upon its banks. Not a plank was flung out, not a crossing swept. Mud was "the universe." At the intersection of Cedar-street and Broadway there spread a lake, totally unfordable, which remained till Jack Frost, more merciful than the street-inspector, spanned its filthy surface with a bridge of ice. By and by came the snow. But snow or rain, mud or mire, the inspector snored on with the indifference of a stoic. In addition to the ordinary inconvenience of discomfort and filth, our lives were now in peril. Ponderous masses of snow hourly precipitated themselves from the roofs of houses, in thundering avalanches enough to startle an Atlas. But what is

an Atlas to a New-York street-inspector! In some of the narrow streets the snow was piled, and there remained for days, to the height of eight feet; and innumerable accidents, overturns, etc. passed unregarded except by the sufferers. No attempt, at least none with any visible effect, was made to clear away the masses, the mountains of ice and snow. Cliff-street was barricaded, and no one could ride up Broadway—the pride, the boast of New York—but at the risk of his bones. Call ye this republicanism! Call ye this the happiness of the people! Is there any “march of mind” in such a state of affairs? It may be that the “schoolmaster is abroad,” but the street-inspector takes especial care to remain at “home.” In the course of our sundry perambulations through the town, after having gone to the fruitless expense of india-rubber overshoes and water-proof boots, after having tried in vain the experiment of a carriage and nearly broken our valuable neck (valuable to “ourselves” at least) in a rash drive in a sleigh, it has struck us as a mystery, who is the street-inspector? “Come forth, thou man “of” (not “blood” but) “mud”! Reveal thyself to our wondering gaze. Here be some three hundred thousand drenched and bruised republicans desirous of thy further acquaintance! With what a conscience canst thou lie down at night upon thy pillow? With what face canst thou issue forth into this huge sty? With what air dost thou ask any of friends (thy “constituents,” faithless man) “how” they “do”? We will tell thee how they “do.” They go out “i’the morning” arrayed like gentlemen and ladies, with burnished boots, decent trousers, white stockings and wearable frocks. They come

home besplashed, bedrenched and bespattered, wearied with striding over stagnant pools, or toiling through banks of snow, or terrified at the report of each loosened mountain that topples down, ever and anon, upon their shrinking pates. They go forth after their breakfast, republicans in principle as well as profession; and they return with newly-developed ideas of the excellent effects of a despotism, and secret calculators of the worth of the Union. We appeal to the citizens against this inspector, whoever, wherever, whatever he is, whether, like the seven scholars of Ephesus, in the reign of Decius, he sleep a seven year sleep in some enchanted cave; or whether, like Nero, he fiddle on the City-hall cupola, while thousands beneath him are being suffocated in the mud. Publick cleanliness is allied to publick morals, and in that light alone demands attention; and, in respect to the "reputation" of our country, we do religiously believe that a walk through our streets, on a thawing day at this season, would go well nigh to "disgust" any intelligent foreigner with America and the Americans. What the impression of a Londoner, a Swiss, honest Hollander would be, heaven only knows; but Mrs. Trollope, without any considerable improbability, would from thenceforward be their "vade mecum."



MADISON AVENUE AND 26TH STREET, A VIEW FROM THE REAR WINDOWS OF
NO. 28 EAST 28TH STREET, SHOWING RESIDENCE AND STABLE OF
W. L. COGSWELL. NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BUILDING OF THE
BERGH SOCIETY. FROM A WAX NEGATIVE MADE BY PREVOST, 1854.
COLLECTION NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY



OLD PIGSTY AND THE RANDS PLAZA YARD
WITH A KEY TO TIME: 1 TO REST IN WHISKEY. HENRY PAUL

© by Harry A. Chandler

TRINITY CHURCH AND BURIAL GROUND

Written and Compiled by Harry A. Chandler,
Author of the Forthcoming Historical Encyclopedia
of New York City

IN illustration of this article we have inserted a large colored supplement containing a map of Trinity Church and grounds. The map designates the exact location of all the more prominent graves and is a carefully prepared chart of the burial place of those who have found their last resting place in this old and historic spot. The work has received the hearty endorsement of Bishop William T. Manning and the Vestry of Trinity Church, and also that of Mr. George Crane, Comptroller.

The first mention of this place as a burial ground was in 1673, according to Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, and it was referred to as the "new burial ground without the gate of the city." The "gate" was in the centre of Broadway opposite the north side of Wall Street which marked the boundary line of the little city. There was no church on the ground at that time.

The first church building to occupy the present site of Trinity Church was erected during the years 1696-7. This building was enlarged in 1735-6. It was this enlarged building that was almost destroyed by fire in the great conflagration of 1776.

The second church building to occupy this site was erected during the years 1788-90 and for over fifty years the sacred offices of the church were administered here to a rapidly increasing body of worshippers. In 1839 the building was found inadequate to the needs of the

growing parish and was demolished for the purpose of erecting a larger edifice.

Trinity Church, as we know it now, is the third church building on this site. It was begun in 1839 but the entire work was not completed until some years later. The consecration of the church took place in 1846. It was the most conspicuous building of its day and was also the most admired and venerated. Although dwarfed and partially hidden by the enormous buildings around it now, it still holds a proud place of eminence in the hearts of New Yorkers. The memorial chapel to Dr. Morgan Dix was erected during the years 1912-13.

The compilation of this work and data required a careful searching of the records of Trinity Corporation and a careful examination of the headstones in the churchyard. Owing to the fact that all records of burials prior to 1750 were kept in the clerk's office and that they were burned when the Trinity School in Rector Street was destroyed by fire, the writer had to confine himself to an unpublished book showing the epitaphs which were legible in 1897. By a careful perusal of these epitaphs and an examination of each stone in the churchyard after the map was completed, he was able to compile a list of one hundred and ten historical graves and to locate definitely ninety of them.

Up to the time of the Revolution, according to D. T. Valentine in 1869, there had been interred in the churchyard 160,000 bodies. In the great fire of 1776 many tombstones were demolished and others so flaked by the excessive heat as to be unreadable. The card index of all burials since 1777 was scanned most carefully and consultations were held with Mr. Boyd the sexton, Mr. Aigeltinger chief clerk and Mr. Foster deputy clerk, whose

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invaluable assistance the writer wishes to acknowledge here. This record may therefore be relied upon.

Trinity Corporation has a record of 88 tombs in the churchyard and under the church. About half of these have never been opened since the fire of 1750 and there is no list of the persons buried within, but when these vaults are opened for additional interments or other purposes the sexton makes a careful list of the contents therein. Since 1823 when the city passed an ordinance forbidding burials within the city limits, interments have been permitted only in the old family vaults.

The heavy faced letters at end of each name correspond with location of tomb as drawn on the map.

List of the Historical Graves in Trinity Churchyard

ALEXANDER, MAJ. GEN. SIR WILLIAM (Lord Sterling) and son of James, in whose vault he is buried. Died 1783—**1A**
ALEXANDER, JAMES (Earl of Sterling). Buried 1756—**1A**
APTHORPE (Family vault 1801)—**4C**
BAYARD, WILLIAM (Vault)—**1D**
BARCLAY, REV. HENRY (Rector of Trinity). Died 1764—**4A**
BARCLAY, ANDREW (Vault 1762)—**4A**
BLEEKER, ANTHONY L. Died 1790—**3F**
BLEEKER, ANTHONY J. (Grandson of Anthony L.). Died 1884—**3F**
BLEEKER, WALTER—**3F**
BRADFORD, WILLIAM (First printer in City, 1693). Died 1752; new slab placed here by church 1863—**6C**
BRADFORD, ELIZABETH (Wife of the first printer). Died 1731—**6C**
BERRYMAN, CAPT. JOHN. Died 1808—**8B**
BRANSON, CAPT. WARE. Died 1821 (Petitt-Branson-Ware vault)—**10**
BREWERTON, COL. GEORGE (Vault 1772)—**4D**
BREESE, G. SIDNEY (Ancestor of S. F. Breese Morse) Died 1767—**9D**
CARBERRY, CAPT. THOMAS. Died 1819—**9**
CHURCHER, RICHARD (Oldest gravestone). Died 1681—**9A**
CHURCHER, ANN (Buried the day that Gov. Leisler was executed at the corner of Nassau and Park Row). May 16th, 1691—**9B**
CANNON, ANDREW (Commander of British ship *Sutherland*). Died 1749—**9**
CADGER, JOHN (Gunner's-mate on the U. S. frigate *President*). Died 1813—**9**
CLARKE, MRS. GEORGE (Wife of Lt. Gov.) Buried 1740 in vault with her mother and Lady Cornbury—**under tower**
CLARK, JOHN and JOHN MASON. Sepulchre 1811—**1P**
CLARK, CAPT. SAMUEL. Died 1811—**8**
CLARKSON, JOHN (Vault 1811)—**3I**
CLARKSON, MAJ. GEN. MATTHEW. Died 1825—**3I**
CLARKSON, L. Vault—**1B**
CORNbury, LADY (Wife of Gov. Edward Hyde, "Lord Cornbury"), Nee Baroness Clifton. Died 1706—**under tower**

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

COUTANT, DAVID (Vault 1818)—**1U**
COLES, JOHN B. (Merchant, hero during epidemic)—**3M**
CRESAP, CAPT. MICHAEL (Son of Col. Thos Cresap). The accusation of the responsibility for the murder of Indian Chief Logan's family by Cresap's men caused him to die of a broken heart in 1775—**6A**
CRUGER, MAJOR JOHN, SR. Died 1744. Buried in vault under Choir Room.
CRUGER, STEVEN VAN RENSELEAR (Controller of Trinity and grandson of Mayor J. Cruger). In vault under Choir Room. Died 1898.
CRUCIFIX STATUE. A memorial to Mrs. Wm. Astor given by her daughter Mrs. Orme Wilson—**5E**
DALEY, CAPT. JOHN. Died 1730—**1K**
DAVIS, M. L. (Merchant and Aaron Burr's second in his duel with Hamilton). Died 1818—**1Q**
DEAN, CAPT. JOHN. Died 1730—**8**
DE LANCEY, LT. GOV. JAMES (Buried under Choir Room, back of altar). Died 1760
DE PEYSTER, JR., COL. J. W. (In Watts' tomb). Died in 1873. (Son of the General)—**1E**
DE PEYSTER, MAJ. GEN. J. WATTS. (In Watts' tomb)—**1E**
DE PEYSTER (Vault 1763)—**6B**
DIX, REV. MORGAN. Died 1908. Buried under altar of Chapel 1912.
DIX, REV. MORGAN. Effigy in the north side of Chapel.
DIX, MRS. JOHN A. (Mother Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity and wife of Gen. John A. Dix.) Buried in J. J. Morgan vault 1884—**3C**
DESBROSSES, JAMES (Vault 1799)—**3D**
DESBROSSES, ELIAS (Vault)—**3**
DRUMMOND, GEO. M. (Viscount Fourth). Died 1887 in Ireland. (Vault)—**3E**
DU PUY, SR., JOHN. Died 1854; stone restored 1882—**7A**
DU PUY JR., JOHN (M. D.) Tablet written in Latin on wall in Chapel.
FANEUIL, BENJAMINE (Father of Peter Faneuil of Boston.) Died 1719—**5A**
FIREMEN'S MONUMENT (Erected by Empire Fire Engine Co. No. 42, in memory of Col. Farnham and others who died at Manasses)—**10J**
FORD, CAPT. HENRY (Commander of British ship *Dunmore*). Died 1793—**8C**
FULTON, ROBERT (Builder of the first successful Steamboat.) Buried in R. C. Livingston's vault 1815—**3B**
FULTON, ROBERT. Monument—**1G**
GAINES, HUGH (Publisher of N. Y. Mercury 1752). Died 1807—**4B**
GALLATIN, ALBERT (Secretary of Treasury). Died 1849. Buried in his father-in-law's vault, Commodore James Nicholson—**3A**
GALLATIN, MRS. ALBERT (Wife of Albert). Died 1849—**3A**
HAMERSLEY, ANDREW (Vault). 1862—**3L**
HAMERSLEY, WILLIAM (Merchant.) Died 1752—**10I**
HORSEMANER, DANIEL (Chief Justice of State). Died 1778.
HAMILTON, ALEXANDER (Secretary of Treasury) Monument Cryptographical (written in secret characters). Killed in duel with Burr in 1804—**1H**
HAMILTON, MRS. ALEXANDER. (Wife of Alexander). Died 1854—**1I**
HAMILTON, PHILIP (Son of Alexander). Killed in duel with Geo. Eacker in 1801
IRELAND, SERGEANT MAJ. PETER (Royal Artillery). Died 1770—**7**
HOBART, BISHOP H. (Bishop of State and Rector of Trinity). Buried under walls of Chancel rail, 1830.
HUNT, OBIDIA (Tavern Keeper). Headstone only in wall north end of Chancel rail.
JEFFREY, CAPT. RICHARD—**9**
JAMISON, DAVID (Royal Chief Justice)
JOHNSON, REV. SAMUEL (Rector of Trinity and First President of King's College (now Columbia.) Died 1789—**10A**
JOHNSON, MRS. CHARITY (Wife of Samuel)—**10A**
KEARNEY, MAJ. GEN. PHILIP WATTS (Buried in Watt's Tomb 1862 and removed to Arlington, Va., 1912—**1E**
KEARNEY, MRS. (Mother of General Philip); nee Miss Watts—**1E**
LAWRENCE, CAPT. JAMES (Author of the immortal words, "Don't give up the Ship.") Buried in S. W. corner of yard in 1813 and removed to present location in 1844 when monument was erected; the cannon around grave were captured in War of 1812—**1T**

OF OLD NEW YORK

LAMB, COL. JOHN (Organizer of Liberty Boys). Died 1800.

LEAKE, ROBERT—

LEAKE, JOHN (Son of Robert)—

LEESON, JAMES (Cryptographical letters "Remember death") Died 1791—**10K**

LEWIS, FRANCIS (Signer of Declaration of Independence). Died 1803—

LISPENARD, LEONARD (Member of Stamp Act Congress)—**under Chancel**

LIVINGSTON, ROBT. C. (Father of Philip). Died 1725—**3B**

LIVINGSTON, PHILIP (Signer of Declaration of Independence.) Died 1778—**3B**

LIVINGSTON, JUDGE ROBERT R. (Chairman of Committee of Correspondence and son of Philip.) Died 1813—**3B**

LIVINGSTON, JOHN R. (Vault)—**1B**

LUDLOW, GABRIEL WM. (Vault—**4**)

LUDLOW, LT. AUGUST C. (U. S. Navy). Died 1813—**3J**

MASON, JOHN (In Mason and Clark vault 1811)—**1P**

MESIER, PETER A. (Alderman 1807-18.) Died 1847—**4B**

MC COMB, MAJ. ALEXANDER S. (Buried in J. Watts' tomb 1876)—**6E**

MILLS, A. (British Purser.) Died 1740—**1-O**

MCKNIGHT, DR. CHARLES (Chief Surgeon of American Army). Died 1791—**10D**

MCKNIGHT, REV. CHARLES. Died 1778—**10F**

MCKNIGHT, CAPT. RICHARD (Son of Rev. Chas.)—**10F**

MOORE, BISHOP BENJ. (Second Bishop of N. Y. and President of Columbia College.) Died 1816—**1F**

MOORE, CHARITY (Wife of Bishop Moore)—**1F**

MOORE, CAPT. DANIEL (British Commander killed at sea in 1777). Buried in John Moore vault.—**3N**

MONTGOMERY, CAPT. W. S. (Royal Infantry.) Died 1778—**2A**

MORGAN JOHN J. (Representative in Congress.) Died 1859—**3C**

NEU, ELIAS (Stone restored 1846 by widow of Comm. O. H. Perry)—**5D**

NANNESTAD, LARE (Danish Consul.) Died 1807—**1L**

NELSON, CAPT. JOHN. Died 1762—**8A**

NEWMAN, STEPHEN (Master of British ship *Hampshire*). Died 1758—

NICHOLSON, COMMODORE JAMES (Under Gallatin monument; his son-in-law). Died 1804—**3A**

ONDERDONK'S BISHOP WM. T. effigy. (He was buried in Trinity Cemetery in 1861)—**in chapel**

ORAM, JAMES (Publisher) Died 1825—

OGILVIER, REV. (Vault)—**1J**

PARK, CAPT. BENJ. Died 1807—**5B**

PICA, CAPT. R. Died 1768—**5C**

PECK, BENJ. (Vault 1768)—**1M**

RANDALL, CAPT. THOMAS (Vault)—**1C**

REA, CAPT. RICHARD. Died 1768—**5**

RICHARDS, CAPT. R. Died 1768—**5**

RIVETTE, CAPT. ROBT. (Master of British brig *Robert*). Died 1816—**9C**

ROSE, CAPT. JOSEPH. Died 1807—**6D**

READE, R. (Vault)—**3K**

READE, HON. JOSEPH (Member of Provincial Council in 1764). Died 1771—

READE, CAPT. WM. Died 1768—**6**

SCOTT, BRIG. GEN. JOHN MORRIN (One of the three famous leaders of the Liberty Boys.) Died 1784—**10C**

SCOTT, LEWIS ALLAIN (Sect. of Commonwealth and son of John Morin Scott.) Died 1798—**10E**

SCOTT, SHARP JOHN (Commander of British Packet *Leicester*). Died 1803—**1**

SLIDEELL, JOHN (Alderman 1807-8) Vault 1816—**3H**

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT "erected 1852 in memory of the brave and good men who died while imprisoned in this city for their devotion to the cause of American Independence." (There was a movement on foot to extend Pine Street thru the yard at that time.)—**10L**

SWORDS' DRINKING FOUNTAIN, memorial to Mrs. Swords given by her son Henry 1911—**10H**

TEMPLE CHARLOTTE (The Heroine of Mr. Rawson's "Tale of Truth"). She died in her home west of the north west corner of Pell and Bowery (now heart of Chinatown)—**10G**

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

TOLLEMACHE, CAPT. (Killed in duel 1777 in City Hotel, No. 115 Broadway)—
 TUDER, CAPT. THOMAS. Died 1770—**10M**
 WALTON, WILLIAM (Vault)—**1N**
 WARD, COL. JOHN H.—**2C**
 WATTS, JUDGE JOHN (Recorder in Colonial Days). Died 1836—**1E**
 WATTS, JUDGE JOHN. Monument erected by his grandson John Watts de
 Peyster 1892—**2B**
 WILLETT, BRIG. GEN. MARINUS (Hero of two wars). Died 1830—**4E**
 VAN HORNE, AUGUSTUS (Vault 1790)—**10B**
 VAN ZANDT, WYANT (Alderman 1789-94.) Died 1814—**1S**
 VAN ZANDT, WYANT (Alderman 1802-6 and son of Wyant.) Died 1831—**1S**
 VAN ZANDT, PETER PRA (Alderman 1791-94 and Assemblyman 1777-84)—**1S**
 VALLIRINE, CAPT. MARK. Died 1773—**8D**

List of Graves by Blocks (See also alphabetical list)

Block 1.

Alexander
 J. R. Livingston
 Capt. Randall
 Wm. Bayard
 John Watts
 Major McComb
 Gen. J. W. de Peyster
 Gen. Philip Kearney
 Bishop Moore
 Fulton Monument
 Alexander Hamilton
 Mrs. Alexander Hamilton
 Rev. Ogilvier
 Capt. John Daly
 Lare Nannestad
 Benj. Peck
 Wm. Walton
 A. Mills
 John Mason
 John Clark
 M. L. Davis
 L. Clarkson
 Van Zandt
 Capt. James Lawrence
 Capt. J. Sharp

Block 2.

Capt. W. S. Montgomery
 John Watts Monument
 Col. John Ward

Block 3.

Albert Gallatin and wife,
 J. Nicholson
 Robt. C. Livingston
 Walter Livingston
 Robert Fulton
 John Morgan
 Mrs. Rev. Morgan Dix
 J. Desbrosses
 Earl of Dunmore
 Bleeker
 J. Slidell
 Gen. M. Clarkson
 Dan Ludlow
 R. Reade

Block 4.

Andrew Hamersley
 John Coles
 John Moore, Capt. Dan Moore
 Rev. H. Barclay
 Hugh Gaines
 Peter Messier
 Aphorpe
 Col. Geo. Brewerton
 Gen. Marinus Willets
 Lt. Wm. Ludlow
 Benj. Faneuil
 Capt. Benj. Peck
 Capt. R. Pica
 Elias Neu
 Crucifix Statue
 Capt. R. Richards

Block 5.

Capt. Michael Cresap
 de Peyster Vault
 Wm. Bradford and wife
 Capt. Joseph Rose
 Hon. Joseph Reade
 Capt. Wm. Reade

Block 6.

John Du Puy
 Serg. Maj. Peter Ireland

Block 7.

Capt. John Nelson
 Capt. Isaac Berryman
 Capt. Henry Ford
 Capt. Mark Vallirine
 Capt. Samuel Clark
 Capt. John Dean

Block 8.

Richard Churcher
 Ann Churcher
 Capt. Robt. Rivett
 S. G. Breese
 Capt. Thos. Carberry
 Andrew Cannon

L

M

N

A

B

C

D

E

A

B

C

D

E

A

B

C

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A

B

C

D

A

B

C

D

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Block 10.

Samuel Johnson and wife
 August Van Horne
 J. Morin Scott
 Chas. McKnight, M. D.
 Lewis Scott
 Chas. McKnight, D. D.
 Charlotte Temple

A Swords' Fountain
 B Wm. Hamersley
 C Firemen's Monument
 D James Leeson
 E Soldiers' Monument
 F Capt. Ware Branson
 G Capt. Thos. Tudor

H
 I
 J
 K
 L
 A

Block 11.

Graves and Tablets Within the Church

Lady Cornbury and Gov. Clarke's wife	A	The Reredos	L
Evangelists' Tablet	B	Lt. Gov. J. De Lancey	M
Capt. P. Drayton Tablet	C	Mayor John Cruger, Sr.	N
Rev. Wm. Berrian Tablet	D	Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger	O
Bronze Doors by K. Bitter	E	Leonard Lispenard	P
Bronze Doors by Chas F. Niehaus	F	Cornerstone of second church	
Bronze Doors by J. Massey Rhinds	G	Obidia Hunt's Headstone	Q
The Pulpit	H	John Du Puy Tablet	R
The Chancel	I	Bishop Onderdonk Effigy	S
Bishop J. Hobart	J	Rev. Morgan Dix Effigy	T
The Altar	K	Morgan Dix Chapel	
		Rev. Morgan Dix buried under	
		Altar of Chapel	U

Graves not Located

Judge Daniel Horsemander	*	Robt. Leake
Judge David Jamison	*	John Leake
Francis Lewis	*	James Oram
Philip Hamilton	*	Col. John Lamb

* A record found of their burial.

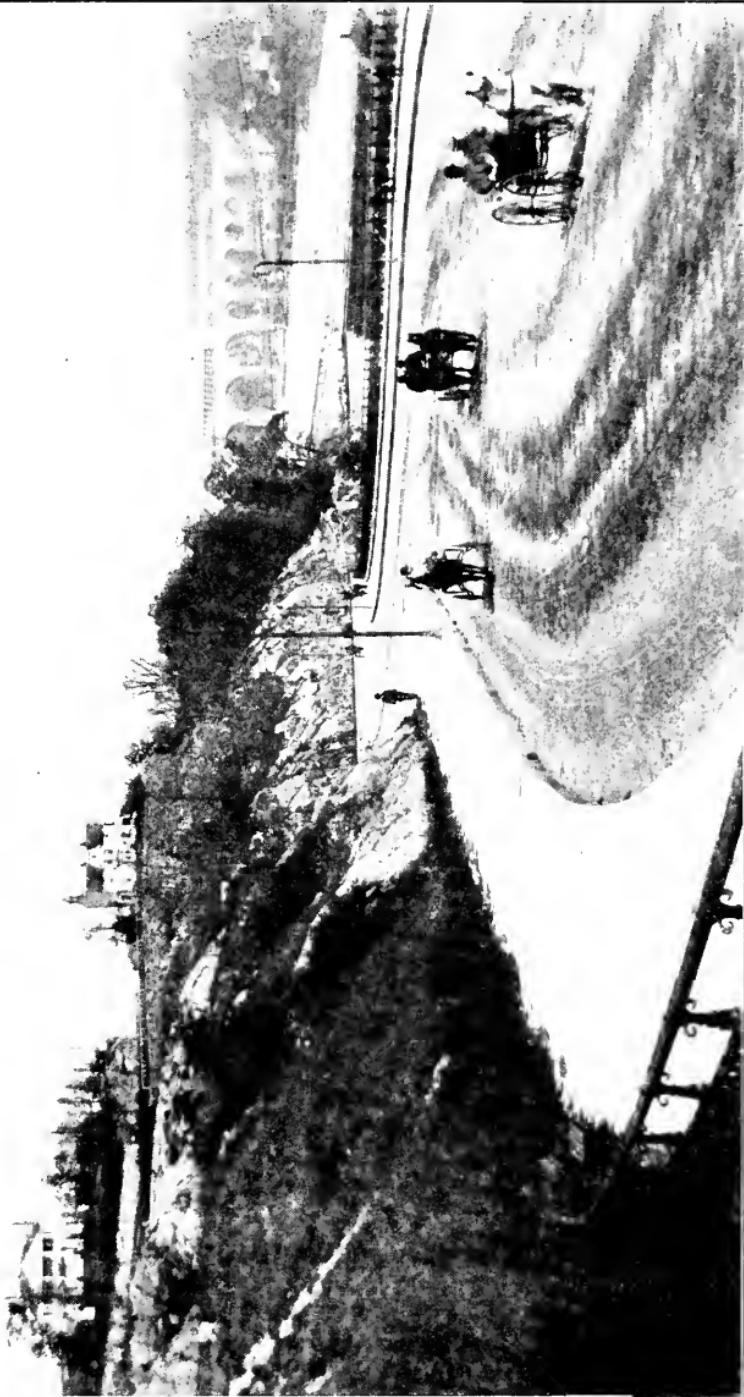
HOW
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS
HAS CHANGED
IN LESS THAN
TWENTY YEARS

Photographs by
MR. H. P. ULICH

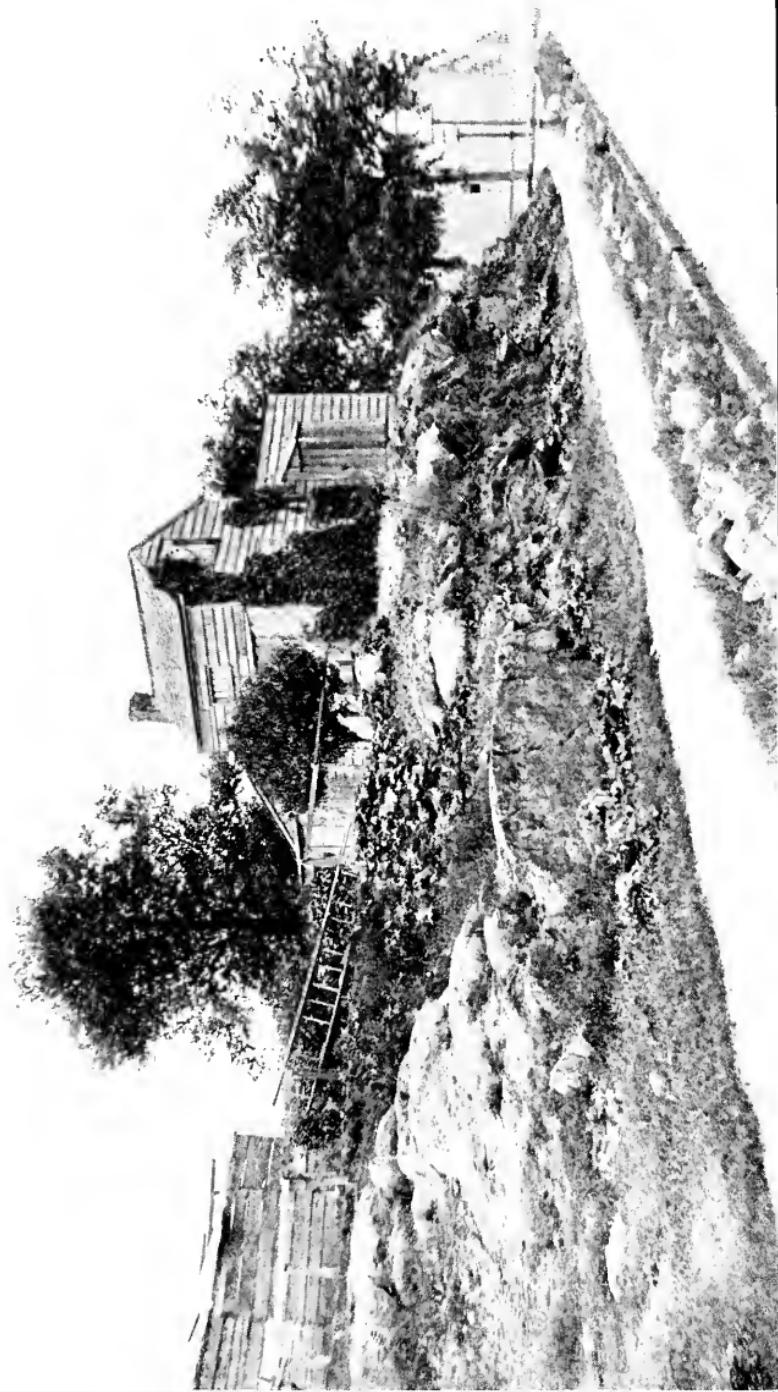


AUDUBON PARK, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, 158TH STREET AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE

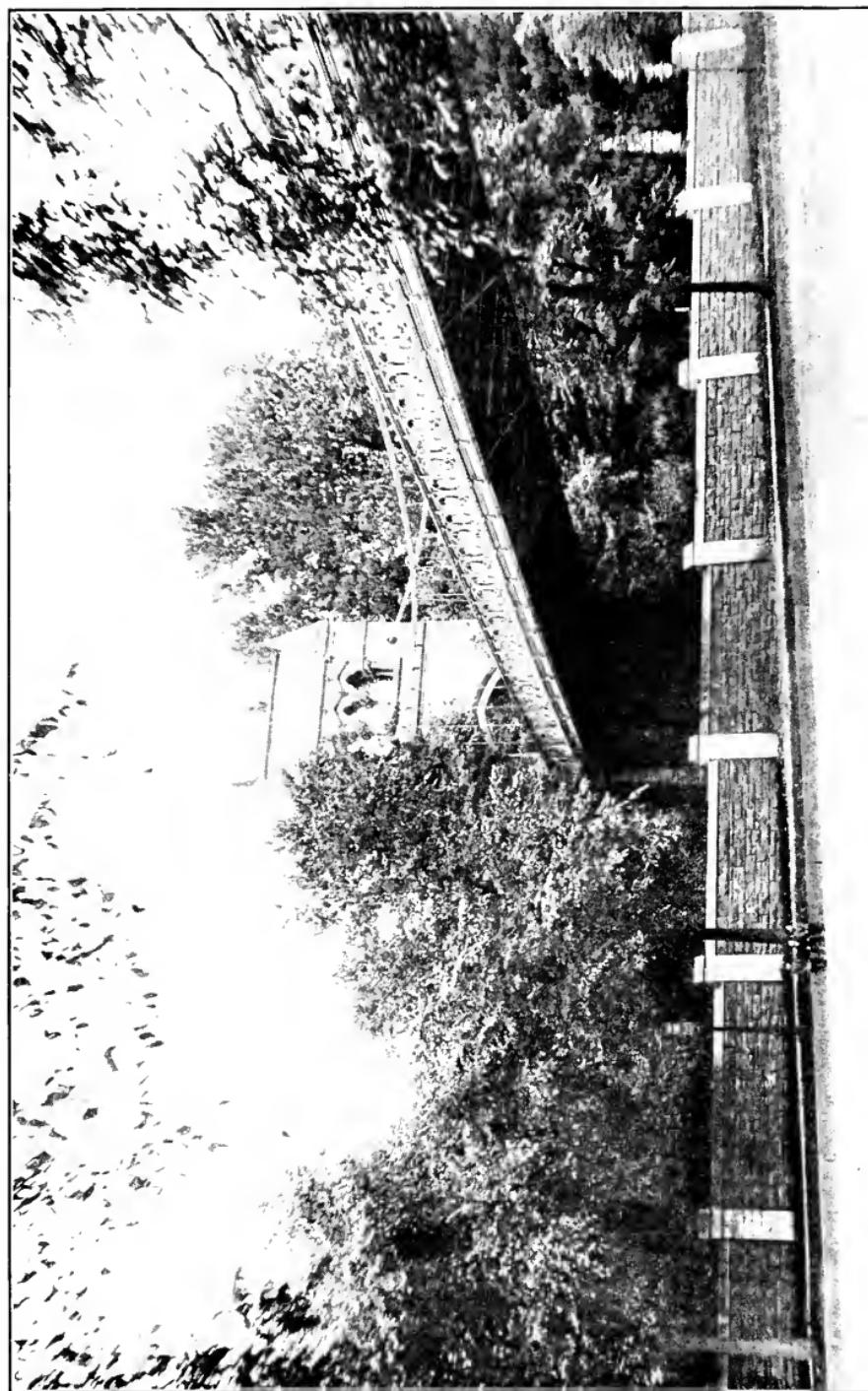




THE SPEEDWAY AT 156TH STREET AND THE HARLEM RIVER. THE JUMEL MANSION IS SEEN ABOVE AT THE LEFT.
WASHINGTON BRIDGE AND HIGH BRIDGE AT THE RIGHT.

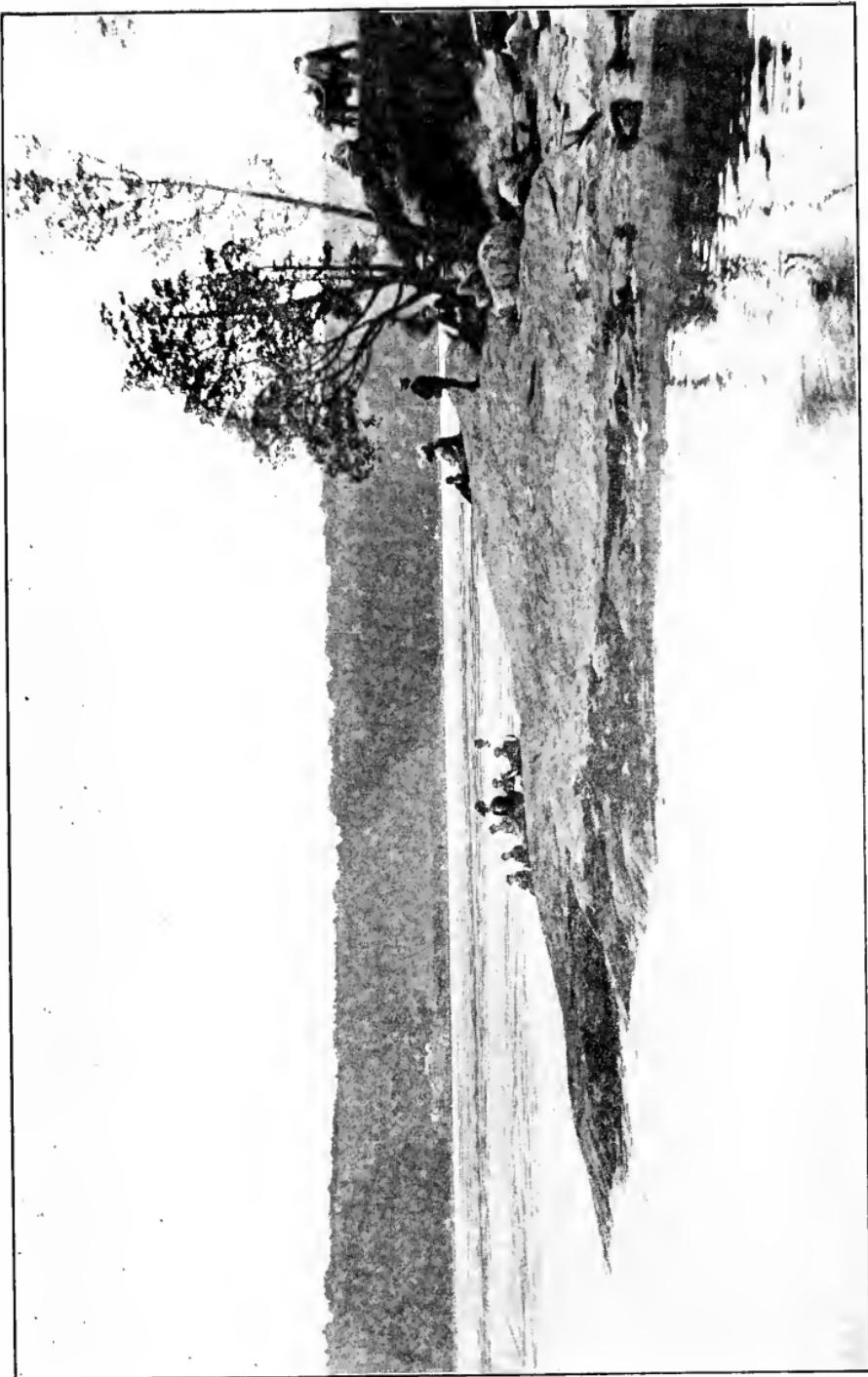


WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM BROADWAY AND 148TH STREET



BRIDGE OVER BROADWAY CONNECTING TRINITY CEMETERY, 154TH-155TH STREETS, ERECTED 1870,
REMOVED 1911

FORT WASHINGTON POINT AND VIEW OF THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON



**Another Little Girl in Old New York
Writes a Letter**

Our good friend Mrs. Charles E. Sherman of Lawrence, L. I. kindly sends us this copy of a letter written by a little seven year old girl, Lydia S. Lawrence, youngest daughter of John L. Lawrence, President of the Croton Aqueduct Board. It gives a quaint and amusing description of the great celebration which attended the formal opening of this great municipal improvement.

We follow this by an equally valuable contribution on the same subject which gives a succinct history of the various attempts that preceded the final accomplishment of the introduction of running water, and a fuller description of the ceremonies attending the event. They are both valuable contemporary documents, and we were glad to get them.

Thursday October 12 1842.

My Dear Brother

I returned home on Wensday from Mr. Tomlinsons where I have been boarding four months. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson came with us and spent the night here and went on to Connecticat the next morning. We remembered you in our morning and evening prayers as told us to do while we were at Bell Port and thought a great deal about you. We are all very busy, so I thought I would write you a letter because I thought they would not get ready before the ship sailed. We have a Fountain in Union Square of the croton water, which plays every morning and afternoon from half past six to seven. We have also a Fountain in the City Hall park. I have had my hair cut off, so I thought I would send you a lock of it. Our garden looks yet quite well, altho the flowers are all gone. The quince tree had more than three hundred quinces on this year, and Mother has been very hard to work making sweet meats. I am going to dancing school, Madame Ferrio's, with my three brothers Charles Thomas and Abraham. Brother Alfred came this morning to bid us good-bye, for he is going on a journey to the far west. Uncle Charles has got a very sore eye and is confined to bed with it. I will not write any more till after the Celebration, Saturday, October 15, 1842. The Celebration of the Fountain

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

comenced on Friday. We went (in all five of us) Sister Anny, Thomas, Abraham, Rosanna and myself, all went into Murrays to the procession. The soldiers looked very pretty and marched very fast. They exhibited an ox stuffed with straw and cotton. They also had a live sheep kissing the little live boy and a live calf was also exhibited. They had also a car drawn by four horses with the model steam boat of North America. They also had the printing press in which Doctor Franklin worked, a plate of silver and gold (Alique) which were cake baskets silver spoons and now I have told you all and must bid you good bye. I remain as ever

Your Affectionate sister
Lydia

Written by Lydia S. Lawrence, youngest daughter of John L. Lawrence, president of the Croton Aqueduct Board, being aged just seven years: it was to her brother who had lately gone to Manila in the Philippines.

A Memoir of the Croton Aqueduct

By Charles King

At a very early day the want of a sufficient supply and a convenient distribution of good water, was felt by the citizens of New York.

In 1774 and 1775, before the Declaration of Independence, considerable expenditures had been made in order to satisfy this want.

The revolutionary struggle which had even then commenced and of which the City of New York felt the full effects, appears to have put an end to this enterprise for furnishing water before it had made any great progress. Scarcely, however, had peace returned, with liberty and National Independence achieved than our citizens again busied themselves about good water.

In April 1785, Samuel Ogden made proposals to the Corporation for erecting and establishing Water Works to supply the city.

In January 1786, proposals for a like object were presented by the Hon. R. R. Livingston and John Lawrence, Esq., and were favorably reported upon by the Committee to which they were submitted, but, in the end, failed to be carried out. So imperfect are the records of that day that there is no trace of what the plans were that were proposed by Messrs. Ogden, Livingston and Lawrence for the supply of water.

Between the years 1786 and 1816 many other projects were considered, all of which failed to be put into effect, notwithstanding that during part of the intervening years the growth of the city was more rapid, and its prosperity and increase in wealth more obvious than ever before. In 1812 the causes of dissatisfaction between this country and Great Britain which had been gathering strength and irritation, having resulted in war, all

OF OLD NEW YORK

local enterprises requiring credit and capital were postponed, but peace having been concluded at Ghent in December 1814, the subject of supplying the city with water was again resumed in 1816, and at a meeting of the Common Council in March 1816—Jacob Radcliff being Mayor—a Committee was appointed to consider and report upon the matter.

This movement also had no permanent results, and after years of fruitless resolutions, enquiry and experiments, and the discarding of numerous other schemes, in March 1829 the plan was conceived that afterward resulted in the Croton Aqueduct.

The first contracts for work on this Aqueduct were made in April 1837, and it was so far completed as to permit water to be let in from the Croton dam on the 22nd of June 1842. On that date a boat prepared for the purpose called the "Croton Maid", and capable of carrying four persons, was placed in the Aqueduct, and was carried down by the current, arriving at Harlem River almost simultaneously with the first arrival of the water there on Thursday, June 23rd.

On the following Monday, in the presence of the Mayor and Common Council, the Governor of the State, William H. Seward and Lieutenant Governor Bradish, etc., the water was admitted into the receiving reservoir at Yorkville, while a salute of 38 guns was fired. The "Croton Maid" which arrived soon afterward at the reservoir, was hailed by the assembled citizens with much enthusiasm as she afforded indubitable proof that a navigable river was flowing into the city for the use of its inhabitants.

It was natural that so great an event as the completion of the Croton Aqueduct should be deemed by the citizens, at whose cost and through whose constancy it had been constructed, to be worthy of some public celebration, and the Joint Committee on the Aqueduct designated the 14th of October, 1842 as the date of the Celebration.

Invitations were sent to distinguished citizens and representatives of foreign countries. The President of the United States, John Tyler, wrote as follows:

Washington, Oct. 11th, 1842.

Gentlemen:—

I should be most truly happy to be present at an event so interesting to your city as the celebration proposed for the 14th, and to which you invited me. Circumstances, however, deny to me the pleasure of such a visit. I heartily rejoice with the citizens of New York in the completion of a work so vastly important to the health and comfort of its inhabitants. It is justly to be classed among the first works of the age, and is honorable to the enterprise of the great centre of American trade and commerce.

I tender to you, gentlemen, assurances of my high respect,

John Tyler.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

Regrets were also received from Ex-President John Quincy Adams, and Ex-President M. Van Buren.

The British-Consul J. Buchanan in his letter of acceptance, wrote: "Tyrants have left monuments which call forth admiration, but no work of a free people, for magnitude and utility, equals this great enterprise. Most happy shall I be to assemble and participate in the general joyful event."

The fourteenth of October arrived, a beautiful day with a brilliant sun and a breezy atmosphere in harmony with the occasion and with the joyousness of the multitudes which crowded into the city from all surrounding regions to witness and share in the grand jubilee.

At sun-rise one hundred guns were fired, the bells of all the churches and public places were rung and in less than an hour the streets were alive with moving masses.

The programme of arrangements provided for the formation at the Battery of the procession, the line of march to be taken up at 10 A.M. and to move from the Battery up State Street, around Bowling Green and up Broadway to Union Park (where the fountains recently constructed were to be opened with the display of Croton water), around the Park and down the Bowery to Grand Street, through Grand Street to East Broadway, down East Broadway and Chatham Street to City Hall Park. It was a most imposing procession, as well as a splendid military pageant.

One division of the Masonic Fraternity carried a Bible with this inscription:

"On this Sacred Volume,
On the 30th day of April, A. L. 5789
In the City of New York.
Was administered to
George Washington,
The first President of the United States of America
The Oath
To support the Constitution of the United States
This important ceremony was
Performed by the Most Worshipful Grand Master
of the State of New York,
The Honorable
Robert R. Livingston
Chancellor of the State."

Among the numerous features of the procession there was exhibited by *The Xylographic Society and Printers*:

A car drawn by four horses with model of steamboat North America. On another car was carried the Printing Press that Benjamin Franklin had worked upon in London, together with one of the new fashioned ones of the day.

The Butchers of the Cities of New York and Brooklyn made one of the best exhibitions of the day. Each butcher was in costume with his clean white apron, and a large number were on white horses. A large ox and lamb were upon one platform; upon another, enclosed as in a yard, was a cow, calf and a score of sheep, all alive, bleeting and kicking, and seeming amused and delighted at being the lions of the day, not bearing a load, but being borne and well fed by the corn and hay which had been abundantly provided.

The Gold and Silver Artizans bore in procession on a platform a splendid display of Silver Ware and Jewelry and specimens of pure Gold and Silver in bars. This display was of several thousand dollars value, and attracted from the admirers of these articles the attention they richly merited.

At twenty minutes past two, his Honor, the Mayor Robert H. Morris, and the members of the Common Council, foreign Consuls, and invited guests, took their stations on the front of City Hall, which then presented a most animated spectacle, every nook and niche being crowded with spectators. The troops then passed in review order before the assembly, and were followed by the other portions of the procession. By half past four o'clock the immense cavalcade had filed off and been stationed at convenient distances in City Hall Park, whereupon the Grand Marshal, Gilbert Hopkins, announced to the orator of the day that the Mayor was ready to hear him. Samuel Stevens, esq., President of the Board of Water Commissioners then advanced to the front of the platform and in an address which was listened to with the most patient attention, he delivered the custody of the Croton Water Works to the Water Commissioners of the Corporation. In concluding his address Mr. Stevens said that it was a source of great pride and satisfaction to him, as a native of this great city, to say that he had watched with care and some anxiety every person who had formed a part of this great and noble celebration, and that he had not discovered either a drunkard or a fool from the first to last.

As soon as the cheer had subsided a reply was made by J. L. Lawrence, esq., President of the Croton Aqueduct Board. After receiving for himself and his associates the custody of the work he closed by saying: "Sensible of the honor conferred by the constituted authorities of the city, in committing to us the trust confided to our hands it will be the effort of myself and colleagues to employ every power given to us, for the protection and advancement of the great work now in our charge. Long may that work endure to illustrate the wisdom of its founders—a monument of the enterprise and perseverance of our people—and the source of health, safety and happiness for successive ages."

After the singing by the New York Sacred Music Society, of "The Croton Ode" written for the occasion by Gen. George P.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

Morris, esq., the Grand Marshal of the day announced that the ceremonies were at an end, and he proposed that the assemblage join him in nine hearty cheers for the City of New York and perpetuity to the Croton water. The cheers were given with great heartiness.

After the ceremonies of the day were closed, three large tables were spread in the City Hall, where the Mayor, the Governor, the members of the Corporation, officers and several hundred citizens partook of a cold collation, and Croton water and lemonade. All was conducted with order and propriety, but with no ceremony; no chairs were provided, but a sufficient number of knives and forks for each to help himself—a well arranged republican repast. In response to the toast: "The Executive of the State of New York," Governor Wm. H. Seward addressed this company.



GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR

LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA. PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK
BY THE GOVERNMENT OF VENEZUELA. ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK,
NEAR WEST 85TH STREET

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE;
WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AND
LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH

GHERE are three great documents in American History which should be readily accessible to every citizen. They are the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg.

We have never yet known where to lay our hands quickly on a single book containing all three. So we have concluded to put them in the Manual for future handy reference.

Declaration of Independence

When, in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated in-

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juries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our Legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an

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example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-Citizens taken captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

WE THEREFORE, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be free and independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

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(Signers)

Adams, John	Lynch, Jr., Thomas
Adams, Samuel	McKean, Thomas
Bartlett, Josiah	Middleton, Arthur
Braxton, Carter	Morris, Lewis
Carroll, Charles	Morris, Robert
Chase, Samuel	Morton, John
Clark, Abraham	Nelson, Jr., Thomas
Clymer, George	Paca, William
Ellery, William	Paine, Robert Treat
Floyd, William	Penn, John
Franklin, Benjamin	Read, George
Gerry, Elbridge	Rodney, Caesar
Gwinnett, Button	Ross, George
Hall, Lyman	Rush, Benjamin
Hancock, John	Rutledge, Edward
Harrison, Benjamin	Sherman, Roger
Hart, John	Smith, James
Hewes, Joseph	Stockton, Richard
Heyward, Jr., Thomas	Stone, Thomas
Hooper, William	Taylor, George
Hopkins, Stephen	Thornton, Matthew
Hopkinson, Francis	Walton, George
Huntington, Samuel	Whipple, William
Jefferson, Thomas	Williams, William
Lee, Richard Henry	Wilson, James
Lee, Francis Lightfoot	Witherspoon, John
Lewis, Francis	Wolcott, Oliver
Livingston, Philip	Wythe, George

Washington's Farewell Address

(To the People of the United States on His Approaching Retirement from the Presidency.)

Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

The period for a new election of a Citizen, to administer the Executive Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country—and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire.—I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn.—The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last

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election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign Nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.—

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion.—In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable.—Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome.—Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country,—for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the stedfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal.—If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the Passions agitated in every direction were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious,—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging,—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.—Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop.—But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments; which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People.—These will be offered

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to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels.—Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your Interest.—Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The North in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal Laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise—and precious materials of manufacturing industry.—The South in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation en-vigorated;—and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted.—The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home.—The

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West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort,—and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest, as one Nation.—Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connexion with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our Country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from eternal danger, a less frequent interruption of their Peace by foreign Nations; and, what is of inestimable value! they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce; but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter.—Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown Military establishments, which under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty: In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind,—and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of Patriotic desire.—Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere?—Let experience solve it.—To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal.—We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. "T is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.—

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by Geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts.—You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations;—They tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.—The inhabitants of our Western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head.—They have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the Treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi.—They have been wit-

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nesses to the formation of two Treaties, that with G. Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our Foreign Relations, towards confirming their prosperity.—Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured?—Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their Brethren, and connect them with Aliens?—

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable.—No alliances however strict between the parts can be an adequate substitute.—They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced.—Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government, better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.—This government, the offspring of our own choice uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support.—Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty.—The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government.—But the Constitution which at any time exists, 'till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.—The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, controul, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency.—They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put, in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party;—often a small but artful and enterprizing minority of the community;—and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.—However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the Power of the People and to usurp for themselves the reins of Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.—

Towards the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts.—One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.—In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Governments, as of other human

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institutions—that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a Country—that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion:—and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty is indispensable.—Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest Guardian.—It is indeed little else than a name, where the Government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the Society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of Parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on Geographical discriminations.—Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally.

This Spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind.—It exists under different shapes in all Governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.—

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.—But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism.—The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual: and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of Party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise People to discourage and restrain it.—

It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public administration.—It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection.—It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the Government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country, are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the Spirit of Liberty.—This within certain limits is probably true—and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party.—But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged.—From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose,—and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it.—A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its

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bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.—

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal, against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be, in any particular, wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can, at any time, yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports.—In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens.—The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them.—A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity.—Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion.—Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'T is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.—The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government.—Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?—

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.—In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit.—One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible:—avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it—avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of Peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your Repre-

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sentatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate.—To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue—that to have Revenue there must be taxes—that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant—that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining Revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated.—The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.—Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.—Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests.—The Nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy.—The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject;—at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives.—The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.—

So likewise a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils.—Sympathy for the favourite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification: It leads also to concessions to the favourite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens, (who devote themselves to the favourite Nation) facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity:—gilding with the ap-

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pearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.—

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot.—How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even second, the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

OF OLD NEW YORK

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest.—But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand:—neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences:—consulting the natural course of things:—diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing:—establishing with Powers so disposed—in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our Merchants, and to enable the Government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that 't is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another,—that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the conditions of having given equivalents for nominal favours and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more.—There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favours from Nation to Nation.—'T is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which hitherto has marked the destiny of nations; but if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public Records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to You, and to the World.—To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting War in Europe, my Proclamation of the 22d of April 1793 is the index to my plan.—Sanc-tioned by your approving voice and by that of Your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me:—uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest, to take a Neutral position.—Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.—

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.—

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without any thing more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every Nation, in cases in which it is free

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of Peace and Amity towards other Nations.—

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience.—With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error—I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors.—Whatever they may be I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend.—I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations;—I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without allow, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good Laws under a free Government,—the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

United States, } 1796.
19th September, }

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

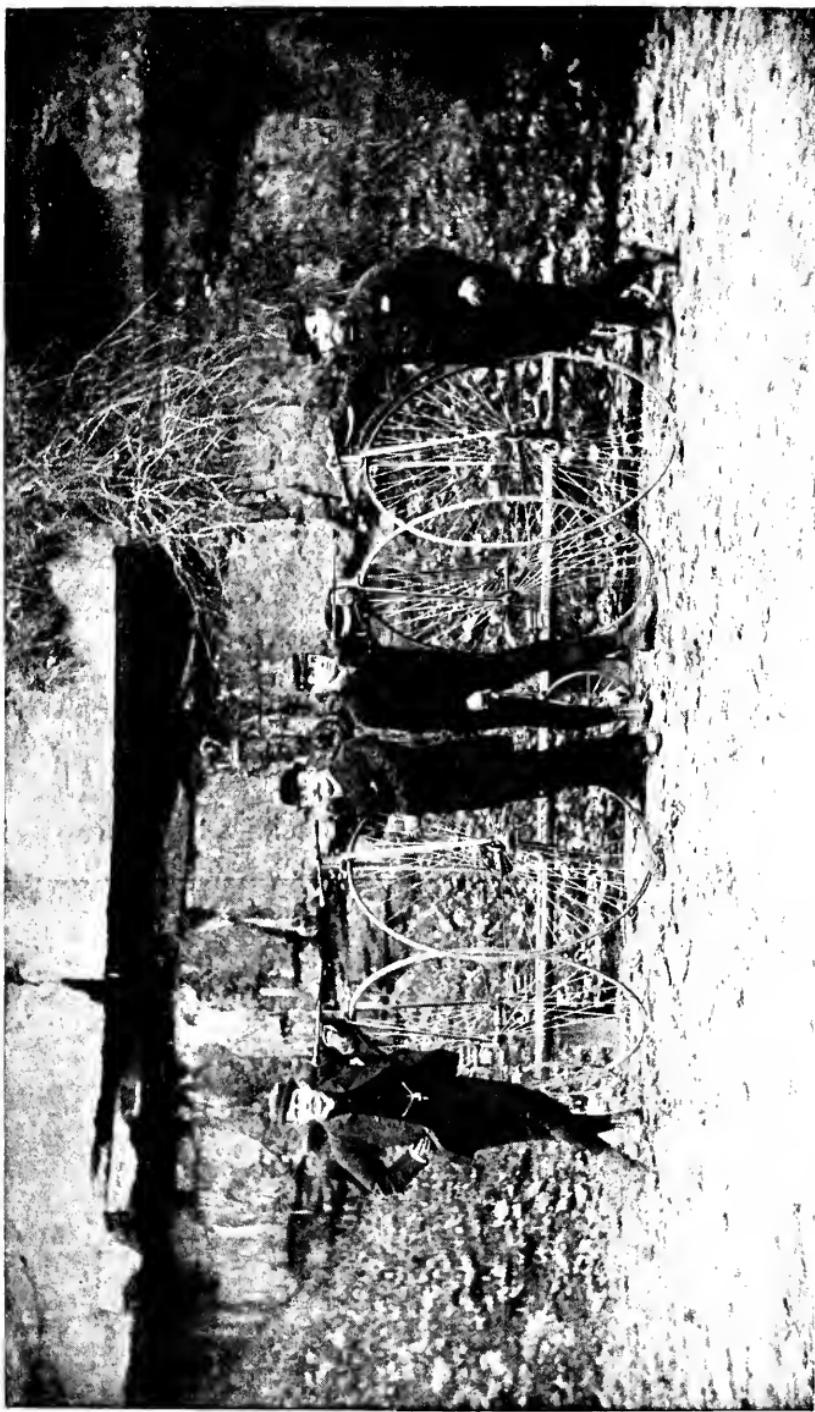
Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (An accurate version of the Gettysburg Address as revised by Mr. Lincoln and printed in "Autographs of Our Country's Authors," Balti., 1864.)

Editor's Note—

Abraham Lincoln and Edward Everett spoke at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863. The place, the occasion, the audience, the associations were in the highest degree inspiring. Everett was an orator of deserved renown, with copious and glittering vocabulary, graceful rhetoric, strong, cultivated mind, elegant scholarship, a rich flexible voice, and noble presence. His address occupied two hours in delivery, and was worthy of the speaker and his theme. At its close Lincoln rose slowly on the platform of the pavilion. From an ancient case he drew a pair of steel-framed spectacles, with bows clasping upon the temples in front of the ears, and adjusted them with deliberation. He took from his breast pocket a few sheets of foolscap, which he unfolded and held in both hands. From this manuscript, in low tones, without modulation or emphasis, he read 266 words and sat down before his surprised, perplexed and disappointed auditors were aware that he had really begun. It left no impression, so it was said, except mild consternation and a mortified sense of failure.

None supposed that one of the great orations of the world had been pronounced in the five minutes which Mr. Lincoln occupied in reading his remarks. But the studied, elaborate, and formal speech of Everett has been forgotten, while the few sonorous and solemn sentences of Lincoln will remain so long as constitutional liberty abides among men. Henceforth, whoever recalls the Battle of Gettysburg, will hear above the thunder of the reverberating guns, above the exulting shouts of the victors and the despairing, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."



"LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN." PREDECESSORS OF THE SAFETY MACHINE WHICH EVERYONE LEARNED TO RIDE AND DID SO UNTIL THE ADVENT OF THE FLIVVER. THE OCCASIONAL APPEARANCE ON BROADWAY OF ONE OF THESE ANCIENT BIKES IS A SOURCE OF WILD AMUSEMENT

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